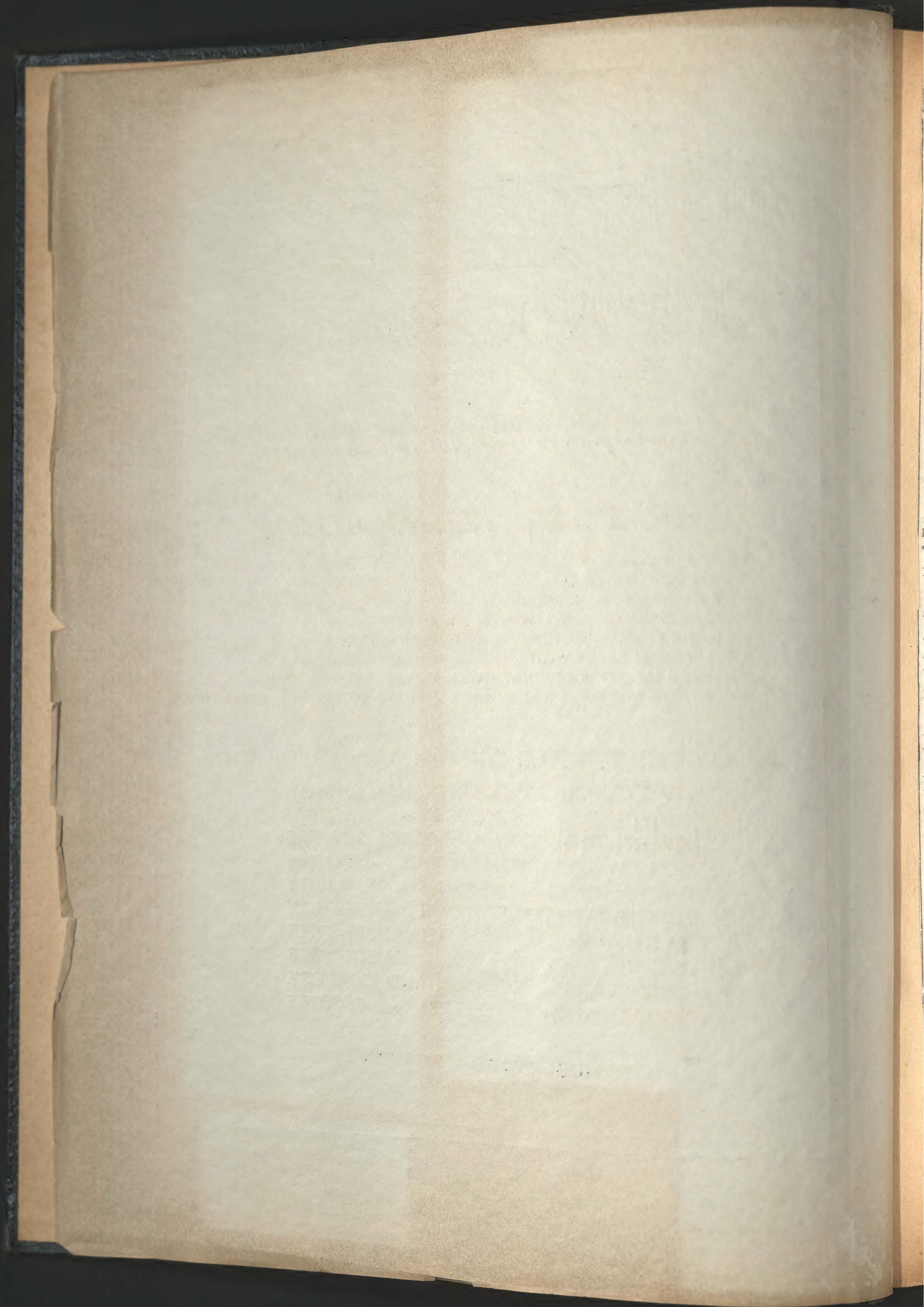


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SAMUEL WARD - BOSTON

Nantucket's Masonic Celebration Sixty Years Ago.

Editor of the Inquirer and Mirror:
Sixty years ago the 27th of this month the great Masonic Celebration was held at Nantucket, it being the Centennial Anniversary of the organization of the Union Lodge of Masons.

I remember very well the occasion and the various attractions of that day. It might be of interest to recall some side incidents which I think have never been published.

Byron DeWolfe, who styled himself as "The Wandering Poet," was among the many visitors who came to the island. He composed the following poetry on the Celebration which gave in verse the various events that were about to transpire. The poem was printed in circular form for general distribution.

To further show his skill as a poet and ready writer, Mr. DeWolfe gathered a crowd at the corner of Orange and Main streets and called upon any one present to give him a subject. Some one shouted out "Charlie Gardner." "What about him? What does he do?" asks the poet. "He is a fisherman," was the reply. Immediately he wrote:

"Charlie Gardner is no gardener,
His naught to do with flowers.
He deals in quahogs, fish and lobsters
He don't believe in hungry hours."

He then asked for another name and William Weston was mentioned. "What does he do?" was inquired. "He is a great talker" some one answered. Instantly he wrote:

"Weston is the famous walker,
He for fame doth walk around,
But there is no greater talker
Than the Weston of this town."

Other subjects were called for and written about, but I do not remember them well enough for repetition. I do remember, however, the speaker in the big tent, evidently fearing that he might be too long-winded, began his address by telling the story of a man with a cork leg. This man was a long time getting into action, but at last he "got to going," and the leg ran and bounded and increased in momentum until he was unable to stop. We know that nothing of this kind happened to the speaker, or he might be going yet.

F. A. Hillery.

The Masonic Celebration.

Away from the dusty and dense crowded cities,
To the lovely island that's washed by the sea,
The weary and sore, whom no gold grasper pities,
Might well be refreshed, old Nantucket, on thee.
Thy Ocean-sent breezes are sweet and delicious,
Let's thank the kind Giver of ev'ry good boon,
The smiles of thy children to day are auspicious,
Nantucket looks grand 'neath the sunlight of June!

Free-masons each other with joy are accosting,
Their ladies they've with them to cheer them and smile,
O, see how they haste from New Bedford and Boston,
And see how they haste to the Ocean-wash'd isle
See all the Knights Templars, how grand they're appearing,
And see all the Masons and hear the band play.

Good Gilmore is here, O his music is cheering,
His band will enliven us all on the way!

Let's honor the Order, the knave only taunts it,
Let's cheer for the Order of ancient renown.

We'll take from New Bedford, the swift Monohansett,
And then for a trip to the dear island town.

For there the Fifteenth's clever Masons shall muster,
The Union Lodge there is a hundred years old,
And there shall the ladies with gay dresses cluster,
And Nantucket's roses you there may behold!

Tonight, in Nantucket, will the Lodge of Sorrow,
O, Union Lodge, speak a few words of thy dead.

There will be a grand celebration to-morrow
And in the great tent will the brothers be fed.

At 1, afternoon, they will sit down to dinner,

I know at that time they will all like the job,

Whate'er will be relished by each hungry sinner

They'll have, at the end, a good Providence Cobb!

A Cobb that will speak when they've had the procession,

Will speak in a church by the Methodists owned,

He'll tell how the Masons are known to each nation,

And their Order's a monarch that can't be dethroned;

You'll next hear the ode was by Arthur Jenks written,

In honor of many a brave Mason sire,
An ode that you will not be quickly forgetting,

And long you'll remember the doctor and choir!

The wise king has said a time must be for sorrow,

He also has told us there's time, too, for mirth;

And so in the eve of the happy to-morrow,

There will be gay sons and gay daughters of earth,

Who'll have a grand ball in the mammoth pavillion,

And Gilmore's gay band you all know will be there,

Gilmore, whose music was heard by a million,

When the coliseum made countrymen stare!

The Chaplain will be Brother Ferdinand Ewer,

It was from New York to Nantucket he came;

That was something more than a summer day tour,

In gratitude you should remember his name

O, when you go home from the great celebration,

I hope you'll speak well of the town you were in,

And what has been done will have your approbation,

Though naught we do perfect in this world of sin!

—Byron DeWolfe.

June 26, 1871.

MRS. JENKINS'S WILL.—The last will and testament of the late Mrs. Eunice N. Jenkins having been entered in the Probate Court on Thursday last, and citation ordered, it is not improper to make public the substance of it, as curiosity has been generally aroused concerning its contents.

The larger part of the estate goes to Mr. Charles Hillman, a cousin of the deceased. He receives first, the legacy of \$800 and the estate on Orange street, and after all the other legacies and payments are disposed of, Mr. Hillman, and Mr. Joseph B. Macy whom she names as Executor, are made residuary legatees. Most of the money to be paid in legacies was given by a codicil prepared subsequent to the execution of the main will, which codicil was never legally executed. But the gentlemen named as residuaries, with a promptness highly honorable to them both, at once determined to carry out in full the intentions of the testatrix, and have signed an obligation to that effect.

A few of the persons named in the list of beneficiaries were distantly related to the deceased lady, others were neighbors and friends for whom she entertained kindly feelings, while many were persons who were in unfortunate circumstances, by reason either of age or of some physical infirmity. Among them not less than seven blind persons have been remembered. It is generally admitted that Mrs. Jenkins has exercised good judgment in the distribution, and has done a great amount of good with a comparatively small sum of money. The following is believed to be a correct list of the legatees, with the sums which they are to receive:

| | |
|-----------------------------|-------|
| Charles Hillman, | \$500 |
| Peter Folger, | 200 |
| Sarah Smith, | 200 |
| Hannah Ellis, | 125 |
| Joseph O. Bodfish, | 100 |
| Joseph W. Fisher, | 100 |
| Eliza Clapp, | 100 |
| Lucretia F. Macy, | 100 |
| Hannah Coffin, | 100 |
| Susan Coffin, | 100 |
| Sarah B. Coleman, | 100 |
| Winnifred B. Coffin, | 100 |
| Ruth Modley, | 100 |
| Lydia Davis, | 100 |
| Lucy Manter, | 100 |
| John Murray, Jr., | 100 |
| Uriah S. Manter, | 50 |
| Joseph Vincent, | 50 |
| Benjamin F. Wyer, | 50 |
| Lucy Starbuck, | 50 |
| Susan Randall, | 50 |
| Mary Coleman, | 50 |
| William H. Macy, | 50 |
| Charles H. Chase, | 50 |
| Susan D. Gardner, | 50 |
| Mary Pollard, | 50 |
| Isaac H. Folger, | 50 |
| Monthly Meeting of Friends, | 50 |
| Moses Hamilton, | 25 |
| Nathaniel Thurston, | 25 |
| Alexander H. Robinson, | 25 |
| Martha S. Fisher, | 25 |
| John Fisher, | 25 |
| Ann Eliza Morslander, | 25 |
| Phebe Barnes, | 10 |
| Willie F. Codd, | 10 |
| Sarah C. Raymond, | 10 |
| Francis B. Keen, | 10 |
| Charles J. Fisher, | 10 |
| Elma Folger, | 10 |
| Sarah C. Sayer, | 10 |
| Sarah Linell, | 10 |
| Mary C. Pease, | 10 |
| Susan C. Harris, | 10 |
| Mary N. Harris, | 10 |
| Ann M. Harris, | 10 |
| Rebecca Allen, | 10 |
| Sarah Clisby, | 10 |
| Eunice Chase, | 10 |
| Susan B. Dunham, | 10 |
| Mary H. Tracy, | 10 |
| Annie W. Bodfish, | 10 |
| Emeline Walker, | 10 |
| Adelia Bodfish, | 10 |
| Phebe A. Vincent, | 10 |
| Susan M. Fisher, | 10 |

\$3,495

What You Should Weigh For Your Height and Age

| Height in Inches | Age 20 to 29 yrs | Age 30 to 39 yrs | Age 40 to 49 yrs | Age 50 and Over |
|------------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|-----------------|
| 60 | 111 | 116 | 122 | 125 |
| 61 | 113 | 118 | 124 | 127 |
| 62 | 115 | 120 | 127 | 130 |
| 63 | 117 | 123 | 130 | 133 |
| 64 | 122 | 127 | 133 | 136 |
| 65 | 125 | 131 | 137 | 140 |
| 66 | 129 | 135 | 141 | 145 |
| 67 | 133 | 139 | 145 | 150 |
| 68 | 137 | 143 | 149 | 155 |
| 69 | 141 | 147 | 153 | 159 |
| 70 | 145 | 151 | 156 | 163 |

"Tu I Can't and Tu I Can."

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Here are the verses asked for by "Summer Visitor" in your last issue. They may be found in a little book called "Seaweeds from the Shores of Nantucket," published by Crosby, Nichols & Co., 1853. The writer was Charles F. Briggs, and the "harper," whose exploits are celebrated in the poem, was "Blind Frank," the fiddler, from Cape Cod, whose limited repertoire was performed, as related, at the annual "Shearing" festivities for many years in the olden time. The "tu I can," referring to the only tunes he could play, is easy to understand, but just what was meant by "tu I can't," I never could quite fathom.

Yorick.

THE HARPER.

Old Ocean's stormy barrier passed.
The Harper gained the beach at last;
He seized his harp, he leaped ashore;
He played his wild refrain once more,
The same old sixpence, tu and tu,
Echoed the shores of bleak Coatue—
'Twas tu I can't, and tu I can,
All the way to shearing pen.

Onward, but not unheeded, went
The Harper old; his form was bent,
His doublet wool, his hose were tow,
His pantaloons were cut so so;
The people gazed, the coofs admired,
And many stranger things transpired;
Coppers from many a hand were rung,
As, wading through the sand, he sung—
'T is tu I can't, and tu I can,
All the way to shearing pen.

'T was just midway of all the year,
When flowers and fleeces first appear,
When grass is grown, when sheep are
sheared:
When lillies, like a lady's hand,
Their scented petals first expand;
When flowery June was in her teens,
The Harper, 'mid his favorite scenes,
Played tu I can't, and tu I can,
All the way to shearing pen.

The streets are passed, the plain is
reached,
Whose uniqueness was ne'er im-
peached,
Dearer to him than Marathon,
Or any plain beneath the sun;
Dearer by far than hymns or psalms,
The bleatings of those new-shorn
lambs;
Dearer than all that homespun strain
The Harper wildly sings amain—
'T is tu I can't and tu I can,
All the way to shearing pen.

The Harper seats him 'neath a tent,
Made of a mainsail, patched and rent;
The curious folk, of every hue,
Looked on as though they'd look him
through;
He signifies his calm intent
To drink—of the liquid element;
He eats a large three-cornered bun;
And then, his slight refection done,
He takes his harp, and plays again
The same mysterious wild refrain—
'T is tu I can't, and tu I can,
All the way to shearing pen.

Soon as the Harper old appeared,
A ring was formed, a space was
cleared;
Three ladies, clad in spotless white,
Three gentlemen, all dandies quite,
Impatient for the dance, are seen
On the brown sward—some call it
green.

No light fantastic toes belong
To any of the joyous throng,
They're all prepared to reel it strong;
The Harper rosins well his bow—
His very catgut's in a glow,
With tu I can't, and tu I can,
All the way to shearing pen.

The sheep are sheared; the reel is
done,
The Harper back to Coofdom gone;
My lay is closed, you'll think it meet;
Pleasures are always short when sweet;
'T was so when first the world began,
'T will be so when the world is done.
Who was the Harper? what his strain?
Wait till you hear him play again—
'T is tu I can't, and tu I can,
All the way to shearing pen.

[We have been shown a copy of the book "Seaweeds From the Shores of Nantucket," which contains the above poem and numerous other old-time gems. It belongs to Thomas S. Ceely of this town, who will doubtless willingly loan it to "Summer Visitor," if desired.]

Mrs. Lucy Cooper—The Slave Who Died in Her 110th Year.

Last year saw the passing of the island's oldest resident—Mrs. Lydia B. Cushman—at the age of 103. At the time it was generally supposed that she was the only person in Nantucket's history ever to attain more than one hundred years.

This week, however, it was discovered that sixty years ago there lived on the island a woman who was 110 years old. She was Mrs. Lucy Cooper, who died on Feb. 3, 1866, in her 110th year.

Mrs. Cooper was a colored woman, the wife of the Rev. Arthur Cooper, who was well-known for years as the minister of the "Zion Church" on Upper York street. Both Mr. and Mrs. Cooper had extraordinary experiences before they found a haven on the island, safe from Southern slave owners.

Mrs. Cooper was stolen from her home on the African coast when a girl of 18. She was brought to a plantation in South Carolina, where she became one of those slaves known as field hands. It was a rice plantation and the youngster was put to work with the older hands, clearing swamps, hauling brush and digging ditches.

A year after her arrival in this country, the Revolution broke out. Her obituary records that she had a wonderful memory and could recall many stirring events of the war in the south, especially in the vicinity of the plantation.

In 1811, she was sold to a man in Newport, Rhode Island, being then in her 54th year. Here she first heard the gospel preached by a Rev. Mr. Webb, and became a Christian. Soon after, she married a Mr. Goadley, who died several years later.

Mrs. Cooper became the second wife of the Rev. Arthur Cooper and both lived the remainder of their lives on Nantucket. She preserved her remarkable memory to the last, history recording that her longevity as having no impairment upon those faculties.

WHEN NATHAN LED THE CHOIR

I s'pose I hain't progressive, but I swan, it seems ter me Religion isn't nigh so good as what it used ter be! I go ter meetin' every week and rent my reglar pew. But hain't a mite uplifted when the sarvices are through; I take my othodoxy straight, like Gran'pop did by gum! (It never hurt him, neither, and a deacon, too, by gum!) But now the preachin' 's mushy and the singin' 's lost its fire. I'd like ter hear old Parson Day, with Nathan leadin' choir. I'd like ter know who told these folks that all was perfect peace; And glidin' inter heaven was as slick as meltin' grease; Old Parson Day, I tell yer what, his sermons made yer think! He'd shake yer over Tophet till yer heard the cinders clink. And then, when he'd gin out the tune and Nate would take his stand Afore the chosen singers, with the tunin'-fork in hand, The meetin'-house jest held its breath, from cellar plum ter spire. And then bu'st forth in thunder-tones with Nathan leadin' choir. They didn't chime so pretty, p'raps, as does our new quartette, But all them folks was there ter sing, and done it, too, you bet! The basses they'd be rollin' on, with faces swelled and red, And racin' the supraners, who was p'raps a bar ahead; While Nate beat time with both his hands and worked like drivin' plow. With drops o' sweat a-standin' out upon his face and brow; And all the congregation felt that Heav'n was shorely nigher. Whene'er they heard the chorus sung with Nathan leadin' choir. Rube Swan was second tenor, and his pipes was kinder cracked; But Rube made up in loudness what in tune he might have lacked; But 'twas a leetle cur'us, though, for p'raps his voice would balk; And when he'd fetch a high note give a most outrageous squawk; And Uncle Elkanah was deaf and high when all the rest was done; And keep on singin' loud and high, I think I'd never tire Of list'nin' ter the good old tunes with Nathan leadin' choir. We've got a brand-new organ now, and singers—only four— But, land! we pay 'em cash enough ter fee a hundred more; They sing newfangled tunes and things that some folks think are sweet, But don't appeal ter me no more'n a fish-horn on the street. I'd like once more ter go ter church and watch old Nathan wave His tunin'-fork above the crowd and lead the glorious stave; I'd like ter hear old Parson Day jest knock the sinners higher, And then set back and hear a hymn with Nathan leadin' choir. —Joe Lincoln —Albert Brandt, Publisher

Rev. Cooper's Career Equally Varied.

The Rev. Arthur Cooper had a career fully as interesting. In 1821 or 1822, he escaped from Virginia with a woman who became his wife as soon as they landed on Nantucket. It is thought that the two slaves found refuge aboard one of the many Nantucket ships which sailed between Norfolk and the island in those days. At any rate, they were kindly cared for by sympathetic people here as soon as they arrived.

Late in 1822, Cooper and the woman were traced to Nantucket. It is believed that some member of the "underground railroad" in Virginia had betrayed the method of escape used by several groups of slaves. The Virginian owner immediately applied to the State marshal at Boston, asking that the runaways be apprehended. The marshal came down from Boston, accompanied by two deputies. The betrayer in Virginia evidently knew Cooper's new employer, for the Boston authorities set out for the home of Cooper, then situated on Pleasant street, in that section of the town known as Guinea.

Nantucket history records that the marshal and his deputies were surrounded by a crowd of angry colored folk who were ready to resist by force any attempt to re-capture Cooper and his wife. But a few secretive words from the Nantucketers set them aright. A good Friend answered the marshal's loud rap at the door, asked his business, inquired for his warrant, and in general consumed a deal of time. All the while, Cooper and his wife, frightened to the point where they were almost helpless, had been kidnapped by two other well-known members of this Quaker community and taken to the Folger home-stead on Main street, where they were safely hidden in the attic.

Rev. Arthur Cooper had a long record for good as minister of the Zion Church. He was not so versatile a man as the Rev. Mr. Crawford who came later, to preach in another little church, just below, but he lived an honorable life, devoted to the colored folk of the island which had saved him from slavery.

Jan. 17th - 1931
THE INQUIRER

A Thrilling Encounter at Sea During The Civil War.

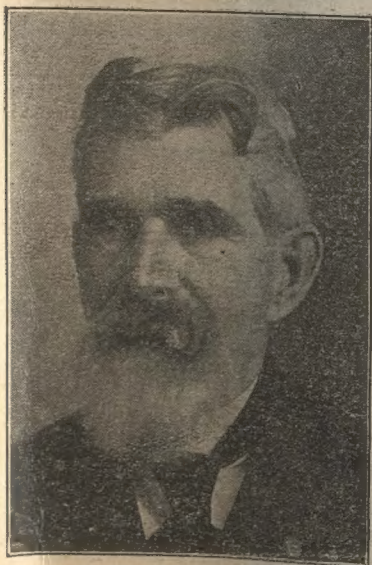
James H. Wood, Sr., one of Nantucket's three last Civil War veterans, herewith gives a vivid account of one of his experiences which he feels may be of interest to the present generation. His description of the battle between the "Sassacus" and the "Albemarle" records one of the encounters of the Civil War which was full of action. In relating the story, Mr. Wood says:

"I enlisted at Nantucket, December 22d, 1862, in the 2nd Mass. Cavalry, under command of Col. Howell. A week later I left with twelve others. We spent one night in Readville and twelve out of the thirteen of us were sent to Long Island, Boston harbor, where we remained about two weeks. We were quartered in common cotton drilling tents, and I must say that I suffered more during those two weeks than at any other time in the service.

The mercury ranged from zero to ten below nearly all the time. There were a number frozen to death while we were there. Every morning we were called out for roll call and immediately after the word was given to "fall in for the wood pile."

One stick of wood was allowed to a man, to last him twenty-four hours. Then there was a grand rush for the wood horse and saw, there being one saw to every hundred men. Just as sure as a man dropped his stick another was all ready to grab it, so it was policy for each one to keep his own.

From there we were sent to join our regiment. We took the train at Boston for Newport. There we took passage in the sound steamer Bay State to New York, from there to



James H. Wood as one of Nantucket's Last Civil War Veterans.

Philadelphia, then to Washington, and thence to Vienn, Va., where our regiment was in winter quarters with the 13th and 16th New York.

They were engaged in picket duty and guerilla hunting, and raiding through the country. I remained with them until early in the spring, when I met with a mishap which terminated

my army service. While on picket duty one day, my horse was shot from under me by one of Mosby's guerillas. The horse was only wounded, and, springing up, threw me from the saddle. One foot was caught in the stirrup and the horse ran, dragging me some distance, and injuring me so that I was unfit for active cavalry duty.

I then got transferred to the receiving ship Princeton, at Philadelphia, and from there was drafted to go on the United States steamer Sassacus, under command of Lieutenant-Commander F. A. Roe. She was a "double-ender". Her battery consisted of four nine-inch Dahlgren guns, and two one hundred-pound Parrot rifles. John Swain, a Nantucket man, was quarter gunner on her at the time. The steamer was stationed in the Albemarle Sound with the Mattabessett, Wyalusing and several smaller vessels.

On the 5th of May the rebel iron-clad ram Albemarle, with two steamers loaded with troops, put in their appearance. Our ship beat to quarters which we knew meant fight, and fight it was. Never will I forget it.

All eyes were fixed on this second Merrimac as she came down the bay.



James H. Wood when he went to War.

A puff of smoke from her bow port opened the ball, followed by another—the shells were aimed at the Parrot rifle of the leading ship Mattabessett, damaging her very much and wounding several of her crew.

The ram then headed straight for her, but by a skillful manoeuvre the Mattabessett rounded her bow, being closely followed by our own ship, Sassacus, which gave the enemy a broadside of solid nine-inch shot. The guns might as well fired blank cartridges as they struck her and glanced off in the air.

Thus far in the action, our Parrot rifle astern had but a small chance to fire and the captain of the gun was so wrought up at holding his gun in leash that as we came up to the "Bombshell", one of the Merrimac's

tows, he mounted the rail and shouted: "Haul down your flag and surrender or we'll blow you out of the water!" The flag came down and she ordered to drop out of the action which she did.

We were about four hundred from the ram and the latter shot off a little and lay broadside to. Our commander saw the opportunity which an instant's delay would have cost him and boldly met the crisis. He called to the engineer to "dump waste and oil into the fire, back side and then give her all the steam we can carry!" To the acting master said: "Lay her course for the case-ment and hull!"

Then came four bells with all the steam. The ship sprang forward like a living thing; it was a moment never to be forgotten. The guns ceased firing, the smoke lifted from the ram and we saw that every effort was being made to evade the shock. Straight as an arrow we shot forward. Then came the order, "All hands lie down."

With a crash like an earthquake we struck full and square on the iron hull, tearing away our bows and straining our timbers to the water line. The enemy's lights were put out and her men thrown from their feet. It was thought for a moment that it was all over with them.

Our ship held fast and by the splash of her paddles showed that the engines were uninjured. Just at that time if we had been assisted by one of the other gunboats we would have sunk her then and there.

Both ships were under headway, and as the ram advanced, our shattered bows clinging to the iron casement, we were turned around and brought broadside to the ram, with her guns almost touching us, when she sent a shot crashing through our side, followed immediately by a cloud of steam and boiling water.

Our over-charged boiler, pierced with a shot, emptied its contents with a noise which drowned for a moment the roar of the guns. The shouts of command and the cries of the wounded and scalded men, mingled with the rattle of the small arms, told of a horrid conflict.

Our ship surged heavily to port as the great weight of the water in the boiler was expended and over the cry "The ship is sinking!" came the shout, "All hands repel boarders!" The men below, wild with the boiling steam, sprang to the ladder with boarding spikes, and gained the bulwarks; but the men in the rigging with muskets and hand grenades soon baffled the attempts of the rebels to gain our decks.

The horrid tumult was intensified by the cries of agony from the scalded and frantic men. In the midst of all this, our chief engineer, Mr. Hobby, although badly scalded, stood with heroism at his post, nor did he leave it until after the action, when he was brought up, blinded and helpless to the deck.

Never did I experience such a sickening sensation of horror as on this occasion, when the bow of the Sassacus lay for thirteen minutes on the roof of the Albemarle. It was thought by the other steamers when the smoke and steam enveloped us, that we had sunk, till the flash of our guns burst through the clouds, followed by flash after flash as our men recovered from the shock of the explosion.

The captain of the "Miami" vainly tried to come to our assistance and use her torpedoes, but his ship steered badly and he was unable to reach us before we dropped away. At length we drifted off the ram and our pivot gun was kept at work until we were out of range.

Our ship was then disabled and placed out of commission. I was then transferred to the ship Minnesota and after the battle of Fort Fisher was transferred back to the Sassacus and remained on her until after the war.

James H. Wood, Sr.

G. A. R. Veteran.

NANTUCKET, MASS

The Departure of Ship Phebe in 1842.

Our readers will recall the historical matters in connection with the first attempt to use the "camels," in 1842, when the ship Phebe, just ready for a whaling voyage, was experimented with unsuccessfully, owing to the breaking of chains on the camels, the details of which eventful occasion are recorded in "The Story of the Island Steamers." The following letter, written by the owners of the Phebe shortly after this mishap occurred, is interesting:

Messrs. D. McKenzie & J. R. Shiverick.
Merchants' Ins. Office, New Bedford.

Gentlemen: Your joint letter of the 29th ult. is received and we are sorry to observe that you do not agree with us in regard to the loss on ship Phebe. It is a source of much regret to us that we feel under the necessity of making the demand at all, and our inexperience in such matters must account for the manner in which it was submitted for your consideration. In our previous communication, we did not enter into the history of any part of the transactions, not knowing where the explanation would be necessary.

When the accident happened to that ship, we did not feel warranted in sending her to sea without first ascertaining the extent of the damage. To do this, our first operation was to make a contract with the ship's crew to take the cargo out and put it on board again, at a stipulated rate of wages, which is exhibited in the account, and also to pay their board, believing this to be more economical than to put on a sufficient number of shore men to do it. The next was to hire a sufficient number of lighters to put the cargo on board, and this we did at as cheap a rate as could possibly be done by us. When the cargo was all out and the ship hove out, we were very agreeably disappointed to find that the bottom had received no injury; consequently, all the injury to the ship was in the upper works—such as knocking off chainwales, tearing out chain bolts and destruction of boat gear, which is covered by the bills of Meigs & Sherman & Atwood.

And now it became necessary to place the ship in the outer roads to reload her, and to do this with as much dispatch as possible, we put on an extra gang of hired men, whose wages you do not object to; we can discover no difference between those men and the ship's company, who were hired to do the same kind of work. The Elements we could not control, and these had a large share in increasing the expense of putting the cargo on board again; and yet, if we look at the whole time in which the operation was performed, it would not appear that much time was lost, for we commenced discharging the ship in the afternoon of the 29th August, hove the keel out on both sides and had her ready for sea on the 17th September, and she sailed on the 19th.

Thus much for explanation, and supposing your position to be correct in regard to repairs, we do not see where you can strike out more than the bills of Robert Ratliff, the rigger, Asa Meigs, the carpenter, and Sherman & Atwood, blacksmiths.

We cannot substantiate all the charges by vouchers, as we omitted taking receipts for the money which we paid to the ship's company. We paid them off on Saturday night, as the weeks came around, excepting the last week, for which we gave them credit in their accounts. For the other charges we will forward the vouchers, after having fixed the principle upon which the adjustment shall be made. Deducting the bills above named, it will reduce the account \$147.88, leaving the amount for which we claim contribution \$1,057.32. With a sincere desire that the above explanations may be satisfactory, we are, very respectfully,

C. Mitchell & Co.

P. S. Mr. McKenzie's letter of the 2d inst., in answer to ours of the 30th ult., is just received, together with premium note for the ship Phebe's last voyage.

C. M. & Co.

1936

Passing of the Old Hosier Shop.

The little tumble-down shack on Federal street that has been known as "the Hosier shop" for the past ninety years, is to be torn down. The Selectmen have decided that it must be done, as not only is the little building an eye-sore but it offers the possibility of accidents, with children frequently playing in the vicinity and the front "stoop" often a resting place for passers-by.

The little building was occupied for many years by the late William Hosier, with a hardware store in front and a junk shop in the rear. It was there that the boys would go to dispose of old lead, and iron, discarded rope, and any motley array of junk which they could gather up.

The genial old Friend, William Hosier, was always kind to the boys and they all admired him. Often he would pay more than the junk was really worth, and at other times he would hand out a roll of "lozenges" or a stick of striped candy with the dime he was paying for the old iron or lead.

The shop was built soon after the fire of 1846, when that section of the town was devastated by the worst catastrophe that ever befell Nantucket. It was only a temporary structure, as it was planned to replace it with something more substantial. As a place to do business while the town was emerging from the ruins of the fire, it served very well—and it has been used ever since.

For several years past the building has had "a cant to leeward", with a decided list to the southward. Its floors have been treacherous for years and often braced temporarily. There is nothing level or plumb anywhere about the building—it is simply all askew.

And now the Selectmen have ordered it razed in the line of public improvement. Residents in the vicinity will miss it; summer visitors will miss it; yet it has no place now in the business life of the town and must pass on.

Anecdotes About William Hosier Recalled by Mary E. Starbuck.

The tearing down of the old Hosier shop brings back happy memories of childhood days to many Nantucketers concerning the genial Quaker.

What a favor to be weighed on his scales, which were said to be the only accurate ones on the island! How the little girls envied the High School boys who had their heights measured off against the walls of the old shop.

There is a story told about two little girls, who, seeing their brothers selling rusty nails, thought that they could get twice as much by selling new nails. So they appropriated some horseshoes and nails from a nearby stable and sold them to Mr. Hosier for forty-two cents. However, when the owner found that the girls had taken the horseshoes he made them forfeit the forty-two cents; but the disappointment was dispelled by a gift of eight cents from the kindly Quaker, which he called "commission."

One day an elderly lady, walking along the icy pavement on Federal street, stopped in at the little shop to get a walking cane or an umbrella to aid her. Mr. Hosier had none but he loaned her a whaling harpoon—which, one must admit, was better than either cane or umbrella for her purpose.

For fifty years he went in and out of the little hardware shop—a man of integrity, giving honest and cheerful service.

During his early life he followed the sea, sailing in ships commanded by some of the island's most successful sea captains, having many thrilling experiences in foreign ports.

It is said that when he asked the girl of his choice to marry him, she refused him, saying, "Didn't thee miss thy first whale, William?"

Upon retirement he conducted the business in the little shop.

There were four brothers in the Hosier family and at each meal William would ring a huge dinner bell. Long after his three brothers had passed on he continued to sound the bell at each meal-time.

He was the last one remaining of those who frequented the meeting house on Centre street, which is now the north dining room of the Roberts House.

After he had passed away in 1899, a prominent clergyman who had spent the month of June here for more than forty years was surprised, or rather heartbroken, to find the old junk shop converted into a gift shop, and the marks showing his height eradicated. Incidentally, he built the first house on the cliff, it being anchored by cables under the sand to secure it against the strong winds.

The Hosier property, a gift to the town, is now partly used as a rest room. The little shop will be missed and many will sigh over the passing of an old landmark. But the memory of William Hosier, whose life was an illustration of the text "Let another praise thee, and not thine own self," will long be cherished.

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Nantucket's Historic Old Mill 1746-1934

Nantucket's Old Mill has had an interesting history during its 188 years of existence and many are the stories it could tell if it could bear witness of its experiences. It was constructed in the year 1746, thirty years before the American colonies declared their independence and ten years before the French and Indian War. It was built by Nathan Wilbur, a Nantucket sailor who had become familiar with the mechanism of the Dutch windmills during his voyages to Holland, and was convinced that wind-swept Nantucket would be an excellent location for a similar device. He received little encouragement from his fellow islanders, but nevertheless went ahead with his plans, and, almost unaided, constructed the windmill which was to prove such a success.

There is no question but that he must have been a master-carpenter, for every feature of the Mill's construction attests to a high degree of craftsmanship. There is not a square joint in the building, which has a pronounced taper from base to roof and is also eight-sided, yet every piece of timber is perfectly dove-tailed to its neighbor.

in such a state of disrepair that it was sold to Jared Gardner for \$20.00 "for firewood." But Gardner was a wheel-right by trade, and he put it again in good repair and operated it. He offered it for sale on several occasions, but no buyer was found until 1855, when George Enos purchased it. In 1864, Enos sold it to Captain John Murray who, after running it for two years, sold it to John Francis Sylvia, a Portuguese miller, who had as his assistant for some time Peter Hoy.

Peter had quite a reputation for his keen Irish wit and waggish ways and sayings. The mill was used off and on during the 1870's, but gradually the demand for its services declined, until it was no longer a profitable enterprise and for a decade or two it stood idle. In 1892 it was started and a few bags of meal were ground and sold as souvenirs of what was then believed to be the last time it would run.

In 1897, it was advertised to be sold at auction and it looked as if it would probably be taken down, but Miss Caroline L. W. French, of Boston, a public-spirited summer resident,

Nails and screws were expensive and hard to obtain in 1746, so our sailor-carpenter made ample use of strong wooden pegs to further secure the mortised joints. Eight massive foot-square timbers form the octagonal framework of the building, and these are braced and cross-braced so that the combination of heavy timbers and excellent joints gave a structure of unbelievable strength and sturdiness. This type of construction minimizes vibration and the tapering frame lowers the center of gravity.

The year 1746 is of interest to Nantucketers because in addition to being the date of the Mill's construction, it was also the year that the first lighthouse was built on Brant Point. Then the year before Nantuckeet had made its first shipment of whaleoil direct to Europe, thereby keeping for itself the large profits formerly made by the Boston-owned trans-Atlantic shipping lines.

King George's War between those eternal antagonists, France and England, was going on, and the Islanders were still talking about how the New England colonial troops, led by Colonel Pepperell of Maine, had successfully stormed the great French fortress at Louisburg, on Cape Breton Island, and taken it for Mother England. News from the South had to do with the new colony of Georgia which had just been started by James Ogelthorpe. And this same year a little college, which we now know as Princeton University, was being organized in New Jersey. Over in Europe, Maria Theresa, of Austria, and Frederick the Great of Prussia, were waging the War of the Austrian Succession, William Pitt, the Elder, was Prime Minister of Great Britain, and the inefficient Louis the Fifteenth was on the throne of France.

As Nathan Wilbur toiled away during that year 1746, a number of the greatest men of all time were making history in other parts of the world. Adam Smith, Goldsmith, Fielding, Sterne, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Clive, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Franklin were all living and making their contributions to the fields of art, politics, science and literature.

Although Wilbur built the Mill he didn't own it very long, but sold it in 1747 to Eliakim Swain and John Hay. In 1750, it was bought by Timothy Swain who died in it while on duty. After this it became the property of Charles Swain and for a long time was known as the "Charles Swain" mill.

His grandson, Nathan Swain, owned it down to 1828, at which time it was



THE OLD MILLER
JOHN FRANCIS SYLVIA.

who also gave the Episcopal Church to the Nantucket parish, bid it in for \$885.00 and presented it to the Nantucket Historical Association to be preserved as a historic shrine.

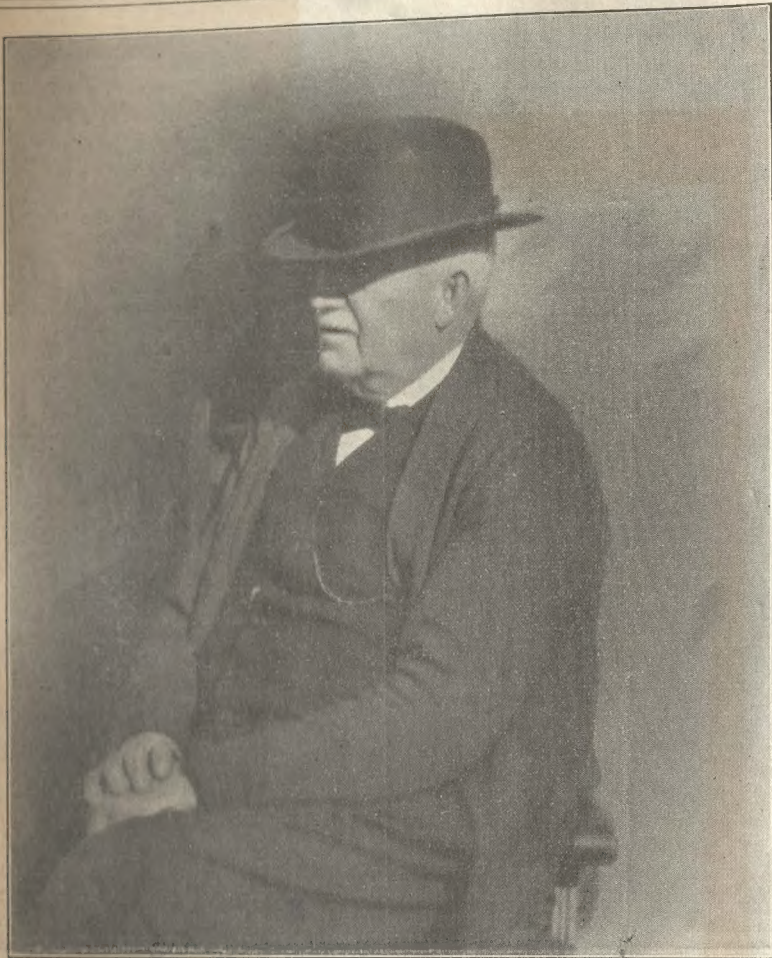
Some interesting stories are connected with the Old Mill, as would be expected in the case of such a venerable structure. According to local tradition it was used during the American Revolution to enable the Nantucket captains to outwit the British men-of-war and privateers. By the position of the mill, the native seamen could be warned of the location of the enemy in time to take the proper precautions against capture.

In 1848, a girl who attempted to hold onto one of the vanes as it went around was thrown violently to the ground. On another occasion an unfortunate cow grazed too close to the sweep of the vanes and was killed by the terrific blow it received from one of them.

Recently a woman visited the mill who in 1888, as a youngster of six years, had suffered a broken arm and other injuries when during a game of "tag" she ran around the corner of the mill into the path of one of the great arms. The present miller when first experimenting with the operation of the mill, had climbed halfway up one of the vanes to adjust a sail, when the vane started skyward. Even with this 160-pound "drag" it picked up speed, but fortunately the "drag" made swift descent before the ground was too far away for a safe drop. Needless to say, from that time on the huge propeller was securely anchored before any adjustments to the sails were made.

Mr. Terry died Feb. 26 1936

AND MIRROR, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.,



THE LATE JOHN TERRY

In a characteristic attitude while enjoying a sun-bath in front of his garage, with his familiar derby shading his eyes.

Death of John Terry a Distinct Loss to Nantucket.

Rounding out a life of seventy-six years, John Terry answered the final summons early on the morning of Ash Wednesday and passed into the Great Beyond. Residents and summer visitors will regret to learn of his passing, for "Honest John", as he was familiarly known, was something of a character as well as a fixture and was popular with all classes.

He was one of "the old school", a citizen highly respected who was a pleasing conversationalist, possessed of just enough of the old Nantucket traditions to make him entertaining at all times. Hundreds of summer visitors were wont to stop at his garage on Middle Pearl street for a brief chat on the topics of the day and to enjoy the fund of good humor which was always present.

Many are they who recall with gratitude the kindly help which they received from John Terry in various ways. He rarely turned away an appeal for assistance and often rendered substantial help which he knew could never be repaid. Yet he was most exact in his business dealings and was considered a close financier, keeping his books and accounts in his own way.

A devout Democrat and a strict adherent to the principles of the Democratic party, his place of business has for many years been popularly known as "Tammany", and it was there that a group of friends and acquaintances have gathered daily to discuss town, state and national affairs and imbibe of the unique philosophy dispensed by "Honest John".

State Treasurer Hurley, as well as Governor Curley, were among the men in public life who always "dropped in" for a chat with the local Tammany chief when they visited Nantucket. Many staunch members of the Republican party found equal pleasure in a visit to the garage and gained keen entertainment therefrom. Regardless of sect or creed or political affiliations, everyone was always welcome and there will be genuine regret at the passing of its genial, wholesome proprietor.

He took great enjoyment from human nature and his ready Irish wit was always manifest. Summer visitors always found entertainment in conversation with him and many who were aware of his rigid faith in the Democratic party always took keen pleasure in listening to his views on state and national affairs as they drew him into conversation.

John Terry was born on Nantucket, September 26, 1859, the son of Martin Terry. As a boy he was "bound out" to Alexander and Narcissa Coffin, the Friends who conducted a farm on what is now called Vesper Lane. He received very little "schooling" and when he reached young manhood, he engaged in "teaming" and was one of the men who worked on Polpis road when it was laid out in 1884, working from sun-up to sun-down for a dollar a day. For many years he was one of the group of men who made their headquarters each day on the lower square, and from there accepted jobs for teaming or carting coal. At that time coal was delivered for 25 cents a ton and the man who could gather in \$1.50 a day for himself and horse was lucky.

Nearly forty years ago he purchased the old barn on Middle Pearl street, where Terry's Garage now stands, and engaged in the livery business, which he conducted successfully until the horse-and-carriage was succeeded by the automobile in 1918. Since then the garage business has developed into the most active year-round establishment of its kind in Nantucket, operating a sight-seeing bus line in the summer and conducting the school bus the other ten months in the year.

Habitually an early riser, Mr. Terry was always on the job and never failed to be around long before the boat sounded her whistle in the early morning. In fact, it was the custom for many of our citizens to request him to "give them a ring" at 5.30 in order that they might not miss the boat. In his business relations he was most dependable and always took pride in serving the public. Nantucket will miss him.

His wife died about eighteen years ago. He is survived by a son, Ernest R. Terry, who has been associated with his father in the garage business under the firm name of John Terry & Son.

Funeral services will be held in St. Mary's Church, this Saturday morning, with the Rev. Fr. Griffin officiating.

The Passing of "Tammany"

"Tammany" is no more. The office where the late John Terry for so many years, in the corner of his garage, has been divested of pictures which have adorned its walls and gave it the title of "Tammany".

A large photo of President Roosevelt for a number of years held position over the door-way, and one side was a picture of Governor Curley and on the other one of Allen E. Smith. The pictures were seeped in smoke, dusty, dirty and discolored.

Without a Democratic Town Committee to whom they might be bestowed, and no claimants appearing it was fitting that these relics of "Tammany" should also pass soon after the death of Mr. Terry and the vanishing of the Democracy of Nantucket as an organized force.

"History Repeats Itself."

This is a phrase we often hear: "History repeats itself." And this seems to be true in regard to weather. Reference is often made to "old-fashioned winters", but when investigation is made it proves that the winters of other days were no more severe than those of today. Just for an example we have referred to the files of the Nantucket Inquirer of 1836—one hundred years ago—and we find that the weather experienced that winter was no more severe than the period through which we have recently passed. In fact, the two winters were very similar in most respects, as shown by the records of 1836 and 1936.

The "day-by-day" record of this year, compared to a like record of 1836, will be found on the third page of this issue. It makes an interesting study for those who enjoy talking about the weather, which is always the principle topic of conversation in all walks of life.

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*Triplets born Saturday
night Feb. 31, 1934
Total weight 15 lbs.*

February 23, 1934, Saturday
**Arrival of "Triplets" Biggest
News Event of Week.**

Triplets were born at the Nantucket Cottage Hospital last Saturday evening, their parents being Mr. and Mrs. George Sylvia. The mother, before her marriage, was Miss Ida Garland, grand-daughter of the late Alexander and Nancy Chase. The arrival of the three little ones naturally aroused community interest because such events are very rare, and with a total weight of fifteen pounds, all three of the triplets are in excellent condition and apparently husky and with a good chance to survive.

They are two girls and a boy, who have been given the names of Arline, Adelaide and Arthur. Dr. George A. Folger was the attending physician.

As far as we have been able to ascertain, this is the third time triplets have been born on Nantucket island. The records show that the first occasion was on the 25th of December, 1809, when two boys and a girl were born to James Coffin and Jedidah Lawrence. All three lived to a good old age, passing the three-score-and-ten, and one of them living beyond the age of eighty years. These triplets were given the names of James, Francis and Mary Lawrence, the latter marrying Edward Paddock, and becoming the grand-mother of Edward Paddock Tice, of this town.

The parents of the Lawrence triplets were the grand-parents of Mrs. Philip L. Holmes, of this town, (the daughter of Benjamin Lawrence) who has in her possession the family Bible telling about the interesting event in the family circle.

Mrs. Holmes' records show that a few months before the triplets were born, the father, James Lawrence, together with an older daughter, took passage on a vessel for Alexandria, Va., to which place the family contemplated moving. Nothing was heard of the vessel after it left Nantucket and the father never knew that three children had been added to his family in the personages of triplets. The pages of the Lawrence Bible contain the following memorandum: "The Lord has taken two and left three".

Nantucket tradition lends another native touch to the occasion of the second arrival of triplets on the island. In this place, so isolated in the old days but so vitally alive and independent, tradition closely parallels history; in fact, the two are closer than in any other community of like size and age. The following bears this out:

Hearing of the arrival of triplets, a Nantucket lady remarked to her choreman that she knew of another occasion when triplets were born here. The lady said she had been told an interesting story by the late Mrs. Edward W. Perry; who, in turn, had heard it from her father, Charles G. Coffin.

After passing down through three generations, the story continued to a fourth. But, in its passage down through the century, did the story become changed, or in any way altered as to date? Or, perhaps, (which is customary) was it added to? The answer is in the story itself compared to the facts. Tradition said:

Charles G. Coffin, a well-known Nantucket merchant, had in his employ a colored man named John.

One day John, who lived in that part of New-Town called "Guinea", was very late. As the man was seldom if ever behind time for work, Mr. Coffin sternly queried, when John put in an appearance:

"Why was thee late, John?"

John appeared very much excited, replying: "Ise sorry, Mr. Coffin, but my wife was havin' children."

"What? How's that?" Mr. Coffin asked, somewhat mystified.

"We just had three children at our house," went on John, "three boys."

Now for the facts: In looking back through the files of The Inquirer, we came across a notice which read:

"Died in this town, January 26—Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, the infant children of John Barber, of New-Town.

The issue was of January 30, 1839—ninety-five years ago. John must have been a devout Methodist, as most of the colored people in New-Town were in those days, for in naming his three sons he chose Biblical characters from the book of Daniel—Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego—whom the Bible tells us were three Hebrew youths who were thrown into the fiery pit by Nebuchadnezzar, but who came forth unharmed.

The editor of The Inquirer recorded the unusual event thus:

Prolific—It cannot be denied that Nantucket is becoming memorable "among the thousands of Judah". It is an old saying, and a very true one, for it has just come to pass that "whatsoever has happened once may possibly happen again." Thus is it yet upon records that, about thirty years ago, our Island was threatened with famine in consequence of a sudden and very alarming increase in its population.

Three little cherubs or cherubim pertinaciously made their appearance on this—but who will say hereafter inhospitable or barren?—soil, claiming affinity to each other, as having right to the maternal affections of her, from whom they derived their terrestrial existence, and who, at one and the same time had given them birth! Lest such an unaccountable occurrence should ever hereafter transpire, or pass into a precedent, it was said measures were at that time forthwith talked of to prevent consequences of a serious nature, but nothing, so far as we have heard, was done; and hence, within very few days past, a like affair has again taken place.

Our good people, however, believing that these incidents are now of very rare occurrence—like angels' visits, few and far between—though not less amazed, perhaps, than those were aforetime—flocked in shoals to the scene of the nativity to pay their respects to the fortunate mother and her triple offspring, congratulating her with substantial proofs of consideration and good will—being delighted to find that our Isle is still in so thriving a condition.

But suffice to add, the little strangers could not be reconciled to our locality, they could not be prevailed upon to tarry long enough to form an opinion of their own respecting us; but made their exits at once, before our harbor was closed.

It is said that they were amalgamationists, but of this we cannot speak for they came from the South, but certainly every possible attention was shown them whilst they were with us; and when their earthly remains were properly enshrined in the one and self-same casket they were consigned to the quiet repose of the tomb.

From this ninety-five-year-old editorial we learn that, while the previous set of triplets had lived, the three infant Barbers did not. What a pity it was that they could not have lived long enough to have enjoyed the full significance of their famed names.

[Note.—In case you do not happen to know about Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, may we suggest that you dust off your Bible and read the third chapter of Daniel.—Ed.]

History of the Wauwinet Trees.

My father, Mr. William F. Jones, has told me the interesting story of the Wauwinet trees and I have written here a brief history of them.

At one time there were no trees in Wauwinet. The place was wind-swept and bare except for a few "swamps". The fields and hills were bare of shrubs and had only grass on them.

My grandfather, Bassett Jones, Sr., bought our place at Wauwinet in 1881 and in 1890 began planting trees. He spent some time studying the climate and trying to find a kind of tree that would stand the wind and salt spray. Finally, he found that the island and the coast of Southern Japan had the same kind of climate and he asked the great tree expert of the Arnold Arboretum, Mr. Wilson, to bring some seeds of the black Japanese pine from Japan. Mr. Wilson brought the seeds and they were planted at the Arnold Arboretum and several years later the young trees were sent to Wauwinet and planted. This was the first planting of this kind of pine tree outside of Japan.

The young trees did well. Among them were planted other kinds—the Scotch pine, Austrian pine and Mugho pine. These would not have grown by themselves at Wauwinet but as the Japanese pines grew up, they protected the others from the wind.

The Japanese pines not only grew well but the seed from their cones began to grow into wild trees and some of the best looking trees in Wauwinet today are wild trees. This was the first time this pine tree had seeded itself outside of Japan!

Wauwinet is a very different place than it was in 1890. The trees give protection from the wind and all sorts of other trees like oaks and maples and willows thrive. Thickets of shrubbery have grown up and cover the land which used to be just open fields.

There are now many thousands of Japanese pines on Nantucket which were grown from seed taken from the original trees at Wauwinet. The first trees planted at Wauwinet have nearly reached their age limit and this year about sixty of them have been cut down so that young trees can be planted in their place.

William Jones, Jr.

From the *Boston Herald*.

Does the building of a Washington of a huge concrete swimming pool beside a beautiful lake in a rural town help the "forgotten man"? Does the construction of miles of sidewalks on highways for "convenience" and villages lead to "the new abundant life"? Does the building of the world's most foolish tide mill at a cost of millions of dollars bring "social security"? Does the building of postoffices and public buildings, not needed, but which must be maintained indefinitely, bring prosperity? Does the clearing under of grain fields for vegetables, the cutting down of great numbers of animal life for the sake of comfort to dwellers in big cities and cities? Caesar is still the day!

the world's great yachts.
Russell Benjamin.
Boston, January 22. 1936

So, the jinx came about by these
betters, making two-dollar wagers,
and losing so often that some one
imagined that the two-dollar bill was
a jinx, because it happened a few times
when he bet with one that he lost his
bets, and so started the story which
keeps going the rounds.

—Brainerd T. Judkins.

Deer Situation on Nantucket As Explained to the Traveller.

[At the request of the Boston Traveller, Judge George M. Poland wrote the following article, explaining the deer situation on Nantucket from his view-point. The article appeared in the issue of the Traveller on December 10th. We are re-printing it by request.—Ed.]

So much well-meant but ill-informed sentiment has been spilled over the Nantucket deer situation that a plain statement of facts may be pertinent.

Estimates of the deer population run from 300 to 400. As the killing of about 75 last February did not make a noticeable reduction in the quantity of deer seen, or in the amount of their depredations on farms and in gardens, the larger figure may not be unreasonable.

Whatever the population is, it is more than the natural deer food supply of the island will support. So much of Nantucket is bare, wind-swept moor, growing little or nothing that deer will eat, that their browsing territory is relatively small. The sparse pine woods where they shelter are not only limited in area, but also scanty in feed. The result is that the swamps and berry patches which alone contain feed are being progressively fed out, so that you find signs of deer hunting for food in all sorts of places, around the ponds and beaches, along the salt marshes, and principally in and about farms and gardens.

It is, of course, understood that deer do not graze grass like cows, but eat mostly browse, meaning the tips and growing sprouts of young trees and bushes.

When, some six or seven years ago, some adventurous deer discovered that they could safely raid gardens at night, it did not take the rest long to realize the advantage of succulent carrots and cabbages over dry browse.

The damage they do is very real. I cite only a few cases but ocular proof will be given of many more to anyone who will come here. Ed Gardner, a farmer and market gardener at the west end of the island, has been supporting a herd of fifteen or twenty all summer.

Fred Maglathlin, of Polpis, has a very large cranberry bog which has been the stamping and bedding ground of some 25 deer. The state awarded him substantial damages but less than his actual loss.

Bassett Jones, also in the east part of the island, has spent much money and infinite pains in raising and setting out quantities of Japanese pines and shrubs. Parenthetically, I suggest that Nantucket needs trees more than deer. Some of his seven-year-old pines have been broken down and the young shoots of his shrubs eaten off as fast as they appear.

Leslie Holm of Nobadeer farm spent \$300 in money and much labor to lime and seed down a field of alfalfa. He got a good patch, but a herd of deer came nights and wholly destroyed the field.

Small gardens in town suffer also. Last fall two were rooting up Edgar Wilkes' garden on Orange street, opposite the Island Home. I tried to raise some vegetables and left a bushel of parsnips in the ground, but deer came during the last January thaw, and I didn't save a single parsnip. This fall it was a race to see if they or I would get the carrots. They are cunning enough to come on dark nights and no scarecrow device works after a few days.

There is no remedy except to reduce the deer population to something like equilibrium with their natural resources. I don't pretend to say what this would mean in numbers, but it would be vastly less. From present information it appears that perhaps 60 deer were killed last week. Next summer there will be more deer than ever, for there are more does than bucks, and after their first fawn, three-quarters of the does have twins. Dr. Leach, the veterinarian who examined many of the does killed last February, tells me that 80 per cent of them carried twins. The island farmers are thus faced with something like the case of the unfortunate express agent in the story, "Pigs Is Pigs."

No practical way to reduce deer here has been suggested except to kill them. One who has experience with wild deer knows that it isn't practical or possible to corral and catch them alive. It would take miles of 10-foot wire fence and a small army of men. Personally, I do not favor an open shooting season here, although that seemed to the General Court and to the Governor a proper thing. My dissent is not because of any danger peculiar to Nantucket, for there is the same danger of careless shooting everywhere in settled country, but because the shotgun is a most inefficient way to kill deer cleanly, and because so many estimable people get all stirred up about it.

Perhaps the department of conservation may be empowered to deputize some skillful riflemen to do the job, neatly and quietly.

The intent of this article is not to suggest a remedy, but to try to convince the uninformed sentimentalists, editorial and otherwise, that it is unreasonable to expect the farmers and gardeners of Nantucket, after fighting all day the innumerable pests that walk and creep and fly, to spend their nights keeping their crops from being devoured by deer.

I further hope that it will now be plain that we were wholly justified in insisting that the lawful open season here should not be arbitrarily curtailed. There was no disorder, disturbance of the public peace, or any unhappy incident after shooting was resumed, and a few deer were changed from pests into good deer.

A Sportsman's Advice.

A subscriber living in County Cork, Ireland, sends us the following clipping, which was used by a dealer in sporting goods at Wexford, in reaching his customers:

A Sportsman's Advice.

If a sportsman true you'd be,
Listen carefully to me:—
Never, never let your gun
Pointed be at anyone;
That it may unloaded be
Matters not the least to me.
When a hedge or fence you cross,
Though of time it cause a loss,
From your gun the cartridge take,
For the greater safety sake.
If 'twixt you and neighboring gun
Bird may fly or beast may run,
Let this maxim e'er be thine—
Follow not across the line.
Stops and beaters, oft unseen,
Lurk behind some leafy screen,
Calm and steady always be;
Never shoot where you can't see,
Keep your place and silent be;
Game can hear and game can see;
Don't be greedy, better spared
Is a pheasant than one shared.
You may kill or you may miss,
But at all times think of this:
All the wild ducks ever bred
Won't repay for one man dead.

The Old North Cemetery.

We started out on Tuesday morning to visit the Old North Cemetery, knowing that it should offer an opportunity for a good story.

The Historical Association was made custodian of the cemetery in 1923 and it has been instrumental in getting the WPA men to grade the cemetery. The men have taken out some of the weeds and bushes and are making headway with the rest of them. When the project is finished the Nantucket Historical Association intends to plant a hedge around the outside. If the appropriation holds out, another intention is to plant grass among the tombstones.

The oldest tombstone believed to be there dates back to 1709 and is that of Abigail Gardner. She died on March 15, 1709 at the age of forty-two, and for many years her tombstone was the only one in the cemetery. As yet, it has not been located by the workmen. The oldest that has been found is that of Mrs. Margrit Hussey, dated 1746.

Slabs of slate and wood have been located buried under two feet of ground, with the names and dates worn off.

The following is the epitaph on the tombstone of Robert Ratliff:

"He was born in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England, February 23, 1794. He was one of the sailors of the ship "Northumberland" which took Napoleon to Saint Helena in 1815. In December, 1820, a ship which he was on was driven aground on Nantucket South Shore. He died in 1878 and was buried in the Old North Cemetery."

The following is an account of Reuben Chase, who is believed to have been the inspiration for the character of Long Tom Coffin in the famous novel "The Pilot" by James Fenimore Cooper. He fought with John Paul Jones on "Bon Homme Richard" as midshipman. Later he was 2nd Lieutenant of "La Bonne Adventure" a French privateer fitted out by John Paul Jones.

He was born at Nantucket, June 23, 1754, and died here. The following is an epitaph written on his tombstone by his brother Capt. Joseph Chase:

Free from the storms, and gusts, of human life
Free from the noise of passion, and of strife
Here lies Reuben Chase, buried,
Who hath stood the sea
Of ebbing life, and flowing misery.
He has no Dandy rigged, his prudent eye foresaw
And took a reef at fortune's quickest flaw,
He luffed, and bore away, to please mankind
The duty, urged him still to head the wind.
Rheumatic gusts, at length his mast destroyed,
Yet, jury health awhile he still enjoyed,
Laden with grief, and age, and shattered here
At length he struck, and grounded on his Bier,
Heaven took its Ballast, from its deepest hold
And left his body a wreck, destitute of soul.



FRED PARKER AMID THE PEACE OF HIS HERMITAGE AT QUIDNET

The Romance of Fred Parker Hermit of Quidnet.

The "Hermit of Quidnet" passed away nearly fifty-five years ago. Only a few people are living on Nantucket today who can recall Fred Parker and the little building where he lived alone summer and winter so many years. He was known to be eccentric, cared naught for companionship, yet was always courteous, although not exactly sociable at any time. That there was some hidden story in his life was well known, yet few people ever dared venture beneath the old man's stern exterior, even on one of the rare occasions when a twinkle slyly crept into his eyes as a visitor on seeing a penny on the floor would stoop to pick it up only to find that the hermit had it nailed there.

A short time ago a subscriber inquired whether there really was a romance lurking somewhere in the early life of Fred Parker that caused him to prefer a life alone in the little village of Quidnet, far from the town proper, where the quiet and peace that the man sought were broken only by the lapping of the ocean on the shore or the sound of the wild birds seeking the shelter of Sesachacha pond. It seems that there was more than a mere romance connected with the life of the Quidnet hermit. Fred Parker had a sweetheart who played him false; he afterwards had a wife with whom he was not congenial. His life was not without its sadness—fate did not deal kindly with him—so he sought the hermit's life, where he might do as he desired, apart from the rest of mankind—and womankind.

In the halcyon days of this old whaling town, Fred Parker was a tall, well-built, rather gawky youth, who served customers from behind the counter of an island grocery. He had a very moderate salary for those days, but his slender means were snugly invested, in common with all others who made money in ships which were chasing the whale. His ventures were successful, and he labored diligently and

enough to buy a sixteenth share in the ship *Franklin*, which Nantucketers were then fitting away for the oil fields of the ocean. The oil excitement was at its height. Money was pouring rapidly into the strong boxes of the rich, and business of all kinds was in a booming state. Everybody was on the lookout for fresh adventures.

Young Parker's share in the *Franklin* brought him good returns. Under Capt. Thaddeus Coffin she made a couple of good voyages and each time when she returned home Parker was able to buy another sixteenth. He was economical and denied himself many of the pleasures that other young fellows enjoyed. Folks said that he had an eye to the future and if everything broke well he would be a rich man.

Skilled with tools, he secured employment as a carpenter and during the evenings did cabinet work on his own account. The next voyage of the *Franklin* was a successful one. Capt. Joseph Chase had taken her out that time and brought in nearly 2,100 bbls. of sperm at a time when the market price was high.

Elated by the success of his venture, young Parker bought a couple of more shares in the ship and hoped she would repay him his investment with large interest. With others who were deeply interested in the *Franklin* he watched her sail out around Brant point one spring morning, unfold her snowy wings outside the bar, and head away by Great Point for distant seas. Then he went back to his work.

Time sped on. Meanwhile Fred Parker had met and loved blue-eyed Mollie Coffin, a laughing, rosy-cheeked lass from Edgartown, on the neighboring Vineyard, who had spent the summer with her cousin at Nantucket. They met at one of the features of the island, a "pound party," and she was escorted home that night by the enamored fellow. Intimacy followed, and young Parker made her his confidant. He was madly in love. When she left the island for the Vineyard in the fall her hand was pledged to him. They were to be married when the ship came in. He would then be of age.

Through the long, cold winter that followed, the straggling New Bedford mail packet made only now and then a trip to the Nantucket shore. But each time it came and went it transferred letters and pledges of love between young Parker and his affianced. Her notes were tender and assuring, his responses ardent and truthful.

The *Franklin* was much overdue, he wrote the following spring, but she was a staunch vessel and in most skillful hands. A competency and happiness could not fail to be in store for them. Other months of waiting followed. Then there was a break in Mollie's letters. The young lover could not account for it. A two weeks' gale prevailed, and then the mail boat came, but he got no word from her. He wrote her upbraidingly.

After this there came another fortnight's storm, and the mail boat was not seen again for fifteen days. When she did arrive she brought a bulky delayed mail, and the late New York and Boston papers were eagerly sought for by the ship owners and business men. In one of them Fred Parker found a dispatch then over two months old. It read as follows:

Maccio, Brazil.—The Nantucket ship *Franklin* was abandoned 300 miles off this point in a gale. She was waterlogged with 700 barrels of oil loose in the hold. She will probably break up.

Vessel insurance was not popular in those days. There was not a cent on Fred Parker's interest in the *Franklin*, and it was with blanched face and reeling brain that he read the tidings which made him worse off than a poor man—a debtor without a cent in the world. People talked about his misfortune, but he did not say a word to anyone.

The next trip of the mail boat carried him to Edgartown, where he at once repaired to the home of his intended bride. He arrived just in season to see a shower of old shoes and rice thrown out of the front door upon a little party that was clustered about a carriage in the street. The carriage drove rapidly away toward the harbor as he went in. He inquired for Mary. Her thin-lipped,

grey-eyed mother struck him down as with a thunderbolt, announcing that she had just been married.

Then, while he listened in a dazed sort of way, she told him coldly that the storm which had intercepted Nantucket's mails blew into Edgartown a Bangor ship bound to the East Indies. She halted for repairs, and her delay was lengthened while the captain wooed and won Mrs. Coffin's daughter. The ship had sailed from New York, but was driven out of her way by a gale.

The captain brought ashore late papers, one of which contained the account of the loss of the Franklin. By the advice of her mother, Mrs. Coffin coldly said, Mary at once consented to give up young Parker, and after a three-weeks' courtship she became the stranger captain's wife, and had sailed away with him in his bonnie ship that very day.

The same norther which bore the false-hearted Edgartown girl out past the painted clay cliffs of Gay Head drove a light fishing dory from the Vineyard over to Nantucket. In it was seated the now broken-hearted Parker. After he reached Nantucket he kept his troubles to himself, apparently not caring for the company of other young people.

An excellent workman, he found plenty of employment and one day, while seated with their lunch pails, he told a fellow worker about his love affair. They talked things over frequently after that and gradually his friend drew from Parker the whole story about his investment in the Franklin and his love for the Vineyard girl who had turned him down.

One day a young woman came along—an attractive girl in every sense. She stopped to inquire about their work, queried whose house it was they were working on, and gradually drew young Parker into conversation. Occasionally they would meet when he was bound homeward after work and a friendship gradually developed.

Casually she asked him if he would not like to come to a husking party to be held the next Saturday. There would be a lot of fun, she said, and she felt sure Parker would have a good time. He agreed to go, and, whether by chance or design on the young lady's part, he found a red ear right when they were sitting there together.

Fred Parker was interested—he cast aside all lingering thoughts of the girl who had turned him down, and in a short time he was courting Sally. She lived in a house which stood on Lily street and Parker found in her what he thought he desired in a wife. He proposed, was accepted, and for a short time after the wedding they lived together.

But it seems that Sally had been brought up to be a lady—she was not interested in house-work or a family. After a short married life together, Parker's dreams were again shattered. They could not get along. She was a poor house-keeper and scorned washing and ironing, as well as cooking.

Sally finally went to live with her sister, Mrs. Peter Raymond, and, now thoroughly disgusted with women, Parker went to Quidnet and started his hermitage. It is said that he took Sally's silver spoons with him and

melted them to make buttons for his coat.

Howbeit, days, months and years passed, but no amount of persuasion could coax Parker away from his little shack—he wanted nothing more to do with women and cared naught for the companionship of men. He wanted to be let alone, to be permitted to live as he desired in the little house at Quidnet that had been built for fishermen early in the century.

There he lived ever after, a silent man. The storms fed him with wreckage, which he pulled up and gathered about his castle. Nailed up on the habitation were a score of faded gilt name-boards of vessels which had been driven over the treacherous shoals in the last half century. Many lives he saved by burning fires near his door for the guidance of fishermen and sailors, and many were the blessings he received. Of himself, however, he would say nothing, and finally his story became as much of a mystery to the newer generation of islanders as to the stranger.

Until the last, the old man preserved the sphinx-like mystery which hung about him. He was stricken ill and for several days no one knew it until a fisherman, passing by his shack, happened to glance within. The old man was huddled in his chair. A ray of light from the window shot over his shoulder and fell upon the closed Bible on his knee. His bowed head was upon his breast, shrouded in the white hair which reached far below his shoulders, and his wonderful, heavy, snowy beard rippled down almost to the floor. He was clad in his customary threadbare, coarse garments, the patches on which were piled one above the other, but stitched with the neatness and precision of a woman's hand.

Kind hands brought him to town and he was given tender care in the institution now known as "Our Island Home." There he passed away on the 18th of December, 1880, carrying with him memories of a shattered romance, of a short and unhappy wedded life.

During his last hours he made just one request. He wanted his Bible buried with him. On the fly-leaf, written by his mother many years before, were the words: "To my boy, Fred. Always be true!"

Dr. M. Ella Mann.

By the light of Faith she lived;
With the light of Faith she passed
Into the shelter of those Arms
Where Faith finds rest at last.
As a candle, gleaming bright,
Becomes a central fire,
She shared with other lives her light
And kept our Guild entire.
By the light of Faith, with love,
She built her life indeed;
We can keep alive her memory
By following her loved lead.

R. H. N. for The Candlelight Guild.

Those Gloom Spreaders Of Life

"It's Just Their Way"—but It Isn't a Good Way at All—Thinks Winifred Black

By WINIFRED BLACK

Blind—stone blind—not a ray of light—not even a flash of lightning—that was what was coming to her. The woman knew it—for the doctor said so and if he didn't know—w h o did?"



WINIFRED BLACK

He could have helped the woman if she had come to him a year ago—the doctor said.

But now—the doctor shrugged his shoulders, and looked resigned and more than a little irritated.

People were so stupid—they abused their eyes and they ate the wrong things and lived the wrong way and then they were surprised if they dropped dead or went blind or something.

It was really so provoking.

And the woman went out into the street—she did not know that she was walking—but she was.

She couldn't see, she couldn't think, she could just ache from head to foot.

The Optimist

"I will go home and make my will," said the woman to herself.

"I won't live—I can't live blind. How will I know where I am or who is standing beside me, or whether the faces of my friends are smiling or sad?"

"I can't even read the paper, and just think yesterday I grumbled because my new dress didn't suit me."

But just as the woman started to make her will a friend came to see her, and the friend said:

"Why not get the opinion of another doctor?"

And so the woman went to another doctor. And the other doctor made a little clicking noise that sounded like "tut, tut," and he said:

"Well, this is rather a serious business, but I think we can manage it. You will have to go on a diet, and you will have to rest your eyes, and I think there is a good deal of hope."

Then the woman told the new doctor, what the first doctor had said.

The Black Veil

"Listen," said the new doctor, "he meant all right. I guess that was just his way."

"I have been through that kind of thing myself. I just came down town the other day. I had recovered from a severe case of infantile paralysis. I was walking with a stick, and I met one of my old professors, a fine man and a good doctor."

"Been in an accident?" said the good doctor.

I told him about the infantile paralysis, and he said:

"Queer kind of mystery, isn't it? I had a patient not long ago, a man about your age. He got perfectly well, and four weeks later he was stricken down in the street and choked to death with paralysis of the lungs."

"You could imagine how cheerful I felt."

"No, he didn't mean any harm. It was just his way, that's all."

"Now I wonder just what ought to happen to men like that."

Men who draw a black veil across the sun and never seem to realize what they are doing.

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THREE MASTED SCHOONER T. B. WITHERSPOON.
Wrecked near the head of Little Mioxes pond.

The Wreck of the "Witherspoon" a Half Century Ago.

Within the memory of many Nan tucket long before, the most fearful disaster ever befell any crew in a vessel navigating in these waters. One of the crew of the three-masted schooner, T. B. Witherspoon, which was wrecked off the beach of Little Mioxes pond 9000 years ago last week, with fifty two souls out of the crew, is now being rescued.

Despite the fact that the schooner was barely a hundred yards from the shore, the ship was driven out to sea by a heavy sea, and the crew, frozen to death, were launched and buried by the surf; and it was only after many failures that a life was finally lost before the vessel was wrecked.

On Sunday night, January 8, 1886,

a heavy sea swept the island, the wind at once blew from the north, many islands were seen, and the night watch in the morning, the first risk was taken in their journey. Steam whistles were blown, a loud consultation on the deck of the ship was followed by a heavy sea. Steamer Island H. was seen, but the ship was back into port after an hour or so.

The gale increased in intensity as day advanced. Before daylight the snow had become wholly frozen, and more snow than the air. Again the night watch was troubled by additional men.

It was during these two days of severe storm that the Witherspoon, bound up the coast from Surinam, with a cargo of sugar, molasses, cocoa, lime, sugar, etc., was making her way toward home. Capt. Alfred Anderson and a crew of seven men found themselves hard put to keep the vessel on her course. The mate's wife and two children accompanied him on the voyage.

The wind was from the east-northeast. Before midnight on the 9th, all sail was taken in and the Witherspoon drove on before the storm under bare poles. Capt. Anderson figured he was in the latitude of Sandy Point at the time. No observation then could be taken and so, after running on a west and west by south course for 11 hours, the wind hauling into the west by north, the crew wore ship, heading her northeast and northeast by east.

It continued to snow heavily all day Saturday, the 9th. Some hawsers were put out to break the seas, it being a difficult task to steer the vessel at all. Capt. Anderson kept the ship on the course until three o'clock on Sunday morning when, through the snow squalls a lighthouse flash was sighted.

Sankaty Light Mistaken for Montauk, The Vessel Struck the Beach.

Capt. Anderson and Mate Berry conferred. The light was off the starboard bow, and as best as could be discerned through the snow the light-flashes were timed, and it was determined that the light was that of Montauk. Orders were given to keep the craft to the eastward.

A short time later the lookout called that heavy rollers were ahead. Capt. Anderson rushed to the deck and quickly ordered the fore-stays' set and the mains' loosed—but the sails and ropes were a mass of ice and before they could be cleared the lookout shouted "Land ho!"

Working frantically, the crew tried to head the Witherspoon off shore, but it was too late—she struck, pounding a little over the sand bars, then fetching up with a crash of falling spars.

The Tragedy in the Cabin—Berry's Family Perishes In His Arms.

All hands went below into the main cabin. It was then about 5 o'clock, Sunday morning. The cold was bitter, and as they huddled together for warmth the sound of the staunch vessel breaking up struck terror into their hearts.

It had stopped snowing but the gale roared as strongly as ever. Around 7 o'clock the life saving station men were sighted on the beach and hope flared anew in the breasts of the shipwrecked crew.

The cabin skylight broke soon after, letting down torrents of water and driving the men out to the deck and into the rigging. Mate Berry and his wife and 6-year-old boy remained below with the steward, a kind-hearted colored man who had shipped at Surinam.

No clearer picture of the stark tragedy can be drawn than that appearing from the words of the mate, himself, who was one of the survivors. He said, afterwards:

"The cold told upon my wife and boy rapidly. The steward tried to help me but he was not used to such cold, and early in the forenoon he succumbed. The cabin was full of water, and the furniture and doors were floating about in the greatest confusion, and each succeeding sea would dash them about in a manner that threatened to injure all of us, so I put my dear little boy on a wash stand, secured my wife, and then, standing waist-deep in water, kept back the floating stuff as well as I could.

My poor wife soon felt the effect of the water as it dashed over us, as did also my little boy who was crying bitterly all the while. As long as my strength would permit I held my wife up, but as she drooped my strength failed, and very shortly afterward she kissed me good bye and in about five minutes expired. Her face had been somewhat bruised by the debris, but I did what I could to protect her remains.

Then I looked after my boy, who clung tenaciously about my neck crying, "Oh, papa, won't God save us."

The brave little fellow soon chilled and drowned as had his mother. Completely overcome by my affliction I dashed upon deck and rushed forward, scarcely knowing what I was about, but with the purpose of going into the fore-castle and giving myself up to the sea, and determined not to make an attempt to save my life by hauling out any line that might be thrown to us.

As I passed the mizzen rigging, on the lee side, I said to the captain, "My wife and boy are gone." "Well, we can do no more for them, then; look out for yourself," was the reply. I rushed forward and threw myself down in the house on deck, ready for

God to take me. I was in a stupor until Charlie (the other survivor) came along and shook me, and somehow got me alive to a sense of my duty to myself and others. And how I got ashore you know, and will have to tell it for yourself."

Lines Shot Over the Vessel But Crew Unable to Pull Blocks Aboard.

The *Witherspoon* was first seen from shore by Patrolman Freeman at 6 o'clock that morning. He hurried to the station at Surfside, called all hands, and the apparatus was hauled to the scene of the disaster, arriving after 7 o'clock.

A line was shot out to the vessel, landing almost in the arms of one of the seamen, but he failed to go after it, as did his fellows, who were in the mizzen rigging. A second line was shot over the stern. One of the bravest men aboard, Jack Mattis, secured it, but in attempting to pull the attached block through the main rigging, without his mates' aid, Mattis fell over the side when the smaller line parted. He could not swim and soon perished within sight of all.

A third line was shot. This was the best placed of all, going over the vessel amidships. Charles Wulff, the rescued seaman, went aloft, caught it and brought it to the deck, where he and a shipmate attempted to draw the attached line and block out from the beach. This failed, the block being caught by the current and sea and pulled away from the frantic mariners.

Soon after this the three men in the mizzen rigging began to droop. While those on shore watched, powerless to help, a sailor named Maurice Ryder fell from his perch into the sea, followed by Captain Anderson. The latter's body was picked up later in the morning by Wallace C. Folger, and Medical Examiner Kite ordered it sent to town to be left in charge of the sexton.

Launching of the Life Raft.

Meanwhile, the life-raft belonging to the Massachusetts Humane Society was brought from town, and a large wrecking boat was also on the spot. An attempt was made to reach the *Witherspoon* with the raft, which was manned by Capt. C. E. Smalley, Benjamin Beekman, John P. Taber, Everett Coffin, Charles W. Cash, Horace Orpin, Joseph M. Folger, Jr., William Morris and Benjamin Fisher.

As the launching party sent the raft into the surf they saw it being tossed about as if it were a cockleshell. Smalley and Beekman were washed off, but pulled to safety as the shore party hauled the cumbersome and unmanageable raft back to shore.

The only signs of life on the vessel at this time were the mate in the forecabin and the seaman, Wulff, in the mizzen rigging. Wulff soon made his way back to the deck and crawled forward to join the mate.

The life-savers on shore now determined to make another attempt with the line and shot. The first shot went over the fore-topmast cross-trees and was hauled back to the beach. A second shot, aimed higher, dropped close by the vessel's side. A third shot struck the fore-topmast, snapping the line. The fourth try was well placed and was promptly secured by Wulff and the mate. Soon, the arduous task of drawing the big block aboard began anew.

Wulff, who proved a man of courage throughout the disaster, had his wrist caught in the fore-rigging by the whip-line on shore which was being hauled against the current by the life-savers. The brave fellow stood by the line despite the pain until the men ashore released the line, allowing it to be pulled back toward the vessel, releasing Wulff.

Saved As Darkness Hid the Scene.

By the time the thick hawser had been hauled, inches at a time, aboard the schooner, night was falling so rapidly that the watchers ashore expected the two men to slacken the pull and fall exhausted to the deck to perish. To make matters worse, the whip-line snarled. Joseph H. Folger, Jr., volunteered to get into the buoy and attempt to haul himself off, but the effort, though brave enough, proved unavailing.

At last, with minutes like hours, a line was made fast to the breeches-buoy and in the fading darkness it was slowly hauled out by the two men aboard the schooner. The life-savers were in the wash of the surf, straining their eyes and ears for an indication that both men had got into the buoy. Finally a faint cry was heard.

Many hands grasped the rope and pulled. Out of the darkness over the angry waters a form was seen in the breeches-buoy. Soon he was safe ashore and was being carried to the station. It was the mate, Berry. The brave sailor, Charles Wulff, had allowed his stricken shipmate the first chance for life.

The combined shout of a hundred voices told Wulff the buoy was ready to be pulled back again to the ship. As it moved off-shore again the suspense was so great that not a sound came from the throats of the crowd.

The faint cry from the ship was the signal for a lusty yell by the men at the shore end of the line. The breeches-buoy with its human freight made a swift passage to the beach, and Wulff was placed in a wagon and rushed to the station.

Deep Gloom Enshrouded the Island.

The sense of relief that prevailed by the rescue of these two survivors was soon replaced by sorrow at the knowledge that no one was left on board. Nantucket mourned the worst disaster since the ill-fated Christmas season wrecks of 1865, when the two ships *Haines* and *Newton* were lost with all hands.

Other shipwrecks which had occurred on the island shores had taken a greater toll of death, but none was more harrowing than the loss of the *Witherspoon*, when the victims died by inches, slowly freezing to death, while the horrified folk on shore stood by, helpless to aid them.

Finding Bodies of "Witherspoon's" Ill-fated Crew and Passengers.

During that night the *Witherspoon* broke up considerably, the fore and mainmasts going over, but the mizzen stood until the following morning.

Watchers on shore the following morning were shocked to see the figure of a man frozen to the shrouds. It was the corpse of the sailor Nicholas, still in the rigging, a solid mass of ice. It was afternoon before the seas subsided enough to allow the life-

savers to approach the schooner and cut the sailor from his resting place.

The captain's body was picked up as already noted. His remains were buried by the Masonic fraternity. At 6:30 Monday morning (the 12th), the body of John Mattis was picked up by Charles Norcross near 'Sconset. At 9:30 o'clock the body of the mate's little boy was recovered near the Surfside Hotel by John C. Ayers and James Terry. About 3 o'clock on Tuesday morning, the body of the mate's wife was found by patrolman Gibbs. As Mate Berry was a Mason, Union Lodge also took charge of the burial of his wife and boy.

The shipping list of the *Witherspoon* had the following names: Captain Alfred H. Anderson, Mate Burdick Berry, Mrs. Berry and Chester Berry, Charles Wulff, John Mattis, John Phillips, —Nicholas, Maurice Ryder.

It was found impossible to take the frost from the remains of the young sailor Nicholas, taken from the rigging, and only an unshapely box could be made in which to inter the body.

The vessel was owned by O. P. Shepard and others, of Camden, Me., and the cargo was consigned to Williams & Co., of Boston.

But little of the cargo was saved. Cocoa was about the only commodity taken in quantity from the hull. Along the beach for miles pieces of wreckage were strewn.

The battered hull was sold for \$55, while the bare remnant of the cargo brought \$225 at auction.

Impossible To Launch the Life Boat.

When Mate Berry had recovered his composure enough to talk about the wreck he gave out most of the details. When he was apprised of the fact that the Surfside Life-Saving crew had been criticized for not attempting to launch the big life boat, Mate Berry replied:

"I have but this to say regarding any such criticism, and this is that such an attempt would have represented foolhardiness. What can be done with a boat in the eye of a man, and what can be done with her by a man's hand, are two different things. A boat perhaps could have been put off and come half way to us, but no nearer the vessel as she rolled and produced a sort of whirlpool. The current was fearful, as shown by our drawing the block to windward with so many hands on the line as there were at times. If there is anybody to criticize, I should be that one, for did I not have at stake more than any other soul on the vessel? No boat could have got to us. The water which poured over the schooner would have swamped any boat coming alongside."

"The time was better spent in getting us the line," the mate concluded. "If our men all had the nerve that Wulff and Mattis had they would have got the first line shot over us early in the morning, and they all would have reached shore; but they lost courage too soon and got into the mizzen rigging, where the water broke over them and they perished."

Wreck of "Earl of Eglinton" at Nobadeer in March, 1846.

Among the anniversaries of marine disasters which are occurring this year is that of the *Earl of Eglinton*, wrecked off the south side of this island in March, 1846—ninety years ago. It was the worst disaster in view of the number of lives lost, since the wreck of the brig *Packet*, on Miacomet Rip in 1828.

The *Earl of Eglinton* was a new bark from Liverpool, bound for Boston, with a cargo of 300 tons of salt, 100 tons of coal, 50 cases of copper, and 50 bales of dry goods. Her commander was Captain John Niven, of Greenock, Scotland.

The bark had a good passage over the Western Ocean until she neared this coast, when she ran into a series of gales that drove her off her course. Capt. Niven was not aware of her proximity to Nantucket shoals, however, until she struck on South Shoal after dark on evening of March 13.

Both anchors were immediately let go, and all sail taken in, but although the bark lifted clear of the shoal she drifted shoreward, dragging her two anchors, and at 2 o'clock the next morning, (Sunday, the 14th) she again struck, this time on the dreaded "Old Man" shoal.

The vessel was now leaking badly, with a high sea adding to her danger, and with the daylight, Captain Niven decided to run her ashore. When the bark struck, some distance off the beach, she had 6 feet of water in her hold, and the seas immediately began to make a clean breach over her.

Rescuers now appeared on the shore and signalled the wreck. Convinced that the ship could not withstand the fierce battering of the waves much longer, eight of the seamen asked and obtained permission to lower two of the boats, four men getting into each boat. One of the boats upset on attempting to round the ship's stern, and the four men were drowned, both those on the ship and those ashore being powerless to aid them. The second boat managed to get as far as the undertow, where it capsized. Two of the struggling men were pulled to shore by men who rushed into the surf and risked their lives to save the mariners, but the other two men disappeared.

"Capt. Watson Burgess, one of the most active of the rescuing party," says Gardner's *Wrecks Around Nantucket*, "was struck by a boat, knocked down, and would have drowned had it not been for the precaution of fastening a line around his waist."

With six of their shipmates gone to a watery grave, the sailors remaining on board the *Earl of Eglinton* apparently resigned themselves to the inevitable. But the Nantucketers kept up a constant signalling from the shore, and by means of pantomime instructed the sailors to throw over an oar with a line attached.

The oar and its line were launched, but upon approaching the shore it became caught by the current and would not come in with the rollers. But a fisherman on the beach threw a bluefish drail over the oar and hauled it ashore.

A larger rope was then attached to

the oar, and instructions, written on paper carefully wrapped in rope-yarn, were fastened to it.

When the oar had been hauled back to the vessel, the sailors proceeded to carry out the written directions. A heavy rope cable was made fast to the timber heads on the forecastle, and, in turn, hauled taut by those on the beach, who made it fast to a timber set deep in the sand.

The Nantucketers then fashioned a sort of sling, made from a pair of hames. The sling, capable of holding one man, was suspended from a traveling noose attached to the heavy cable, and having a line fast at both the ship and shore ends.

By this adaptation of the modern "breeches buoy" the islanders proceeded to pull safely ashore the remainder of the bark's crew. When Captain Niven, the last to leave the ship, was being hauled to safety, the noose gave way, but fortunately he was near enough to shore to be quickly rescued.

For three days the storm continued, the seas raging so high that no boat could approach the wreck. When the wind and water had subsided, the ship and her cargo were a total loss.

The bodies of the second mate and three seamen subsequently washed ashore, and were buried from the Baptist Church, a large procession of mariners following the hearse to the grave.

The *Earl of Eglinton* was a staunch new ship of 319 tons, and at the time of her loss was but eighteen months old.

The master of the wrecked bark was deeply grateful for the kindness shown him and his crew by the Nantucketers, and before he left the island he wrote a letter to the editor of *The Inquirer*, as follows:

"Sir:—Permit me through the medium of your newspaper to express my thanks, and record my gratitude, to the inhabitants of this social seagirt isle, for their extreme attention to myself and crew since we were cast upon it. I would also make mention of my conviction that but for their promptness in coming to our assistance many joyful hearts, as well as the one dictating this acknowledgement, would have ceased to beat.

Yes! The heart may feel, and the tongue may speak, but the pen fails in expressing my gratitude for the more than kind reception that the ship-wrecked strangers had at their hands.

I feel sure that such has been the sympathy and readiness of all, that want of opportunity and not inclination, has alone prevented them from manifesting the feeling—I might say—peculiar to Nantucket, hospitality to the stranger in necessity. Well I know that the happy dwellers in this social community will say that for this succor to shipwrecked sailors they merit the thanks, for it was but a duty, especially to them who had so many of their friends and relatives at sea, at any time liable to the same vicissitudes in the land of strangers.

But I do not so judge; I have in my mind's eye the wrecks of the *John Minturn* and the *Henry Clay*; I think of their crews' reception, and remember mine, and were I not requested by my crew, I could not leave the island of Nantucket without showing the only tangible means of gratitude I have, viz: expressing it thus publicly, and stating in sincerity that if I or mine may ever have an opportunity of serving the people

of Nantucket, or theirs, it will be cheerfully done. Please pardon this intrusion on your valuable time, and believe me

yours very respectfully,
John W. Niven.

Late Commander of *Earl of Eglinton*.

Captain Niven returned to England and took out another ship. But his ill-fortune pursued him and he was wrecked while on a voyage to Calcutta.

He then gave up the sea and decided to seek his fortune in America. Settling in the middle west, he became very successful as a merchant.

But he never forgot his rescue by the Nantucketers, and nearly a half century later wrote to a friend on this island, reiterating his gratitude, and the letter was published in *The Inquirer and Mirror*.

ING, MARCH 10, 1934

Inhabitants Marooned on Muskeget.

On Tuesday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. James Dennis, Charles Eldridge and a dog named "Bozo" were brought to Nantucket by a crew from the Madaket Coast Guard Station, under the command of Captain Frederick Howes, from Muskeget Island, where they had been marooned for over a month.

The recent freeze-up had left the four inhabitants of Muskeget completely cut off from communication with the outside world since February 8th, except by telephone. Mr. Eldridge and "Bozo" had been living on Muskeget for more than a year and Mr. and Mrs. Dennis had not left the island for several months. When provisions began to run low early in the freeze-up, Lt. Parker Gray flew over Muskeget and dropped two boxes of food. With the ice continuing to pile up around the island, it was decided to ask the aid of the Coast Guard in bringing the stranded islanders to Nantucket as soon as a channel opened up.

On Tuesday at four o'clock, Capt. Howes and his men started for Muskeget in a Race Point surfboat. They encountered heavy ice-floes and, on nearing the island, found it necessary to get out and push their boat through the ice. On the return trip, with a dying wind, the Coast Guardmen were forced to furl their sail and take to the oars. A landing was made at Madaket at 8 p. m., after a very cold, wet voyage.

Mr. Dennis, Mr. Eldridge, and "Bozo" plan to return to Muskeget to continue fishing just as soon as the ice clears away. Mrs. Dennis, in the light of her recent experiences, is undecided whether or not to return to the island.

Only Seven Days With Mercury Above Freezing Point.

February, 1936, was the coldest February in persistent cold since the year 1923, but held no record for abnormally low temperature, as February, 1934, had a minimum of 4° below zero. The lowest temperature for February, 1936, was 7° above.

There were only seven days in the month of February this year when the mean temperature was above the freezing point.

The accumulated deficiency in temperature during the month was 109 degrees. In 1923, the total deficiency during February was 193 degrees. Neither year broke any low temperature record.

It was the persistent cold in February of this year that kept the ice so long. In 1923, during February, the ice began to make on the Pest House shore on the 1st and it gradually extended toward the jetties on the 7th. The steamer was having considerable trouble. On the 8th, a southwest wind carried the ice out to sea.

Second Coldest February in 1905.

Of course, February has had lower mean temperatures than in 1936 and 1923. In 1905, the mean temperature was 24.5°. This is the second coldest February recorded since the local Weather Bureau Station was established in 1886. Only one day during February, 1905, had a mean temperature above freezing. The highest maximum for the month was 10° on the 13th, and the lowest 8° on the 4th. The year 1905 is similar to 1923 and 1936.

On February 4, 1905, the steamer *Nantucket*, after battling with ice for 6 hours, finally reached her wharf, and she did not get out again until 6:30 a. m. on the 28th.

The revenue cutter *Mackinac*, on Feb. 21, 1905, landed mails at Quidnet at 11 a. m., the first mail and papers since February 4.

On the 15th of February, 1923, ice made rapidly and by 8 p. m. on the 16th, 2 inches was recorded in the harbor. On the 17th, the steamer did not return, but on the 18th steamer *Sankaty* battled ice for 15 hours and finally reached her wharf at 10:30 p. m., where she remained until the morning of the 26th. The *Acushnet* landed mails at Quidnet on the 25th.

February, 1934, Established Record.

The February of 1934 was unusual, also. Ice began to form on Jan. 30, gradually increasing in thickness. On Feb. 9 the steamer could not force her way out. A patrol boat, assisted by Caskata Coast Guards, landed 3500 pounds of mail at Wauwinet, Feb. 15.

The steamer finally broke out at 4 p. m. on Feb. 18, after an unsuccessful attempt in the morning. From Feb. 19 to March 2nd, the steamer made irregular trips and the harbor was not clear of ice until March 6th.

This month (Feb., 1934) was the coldest February, and had the lowest mean temperature for any month since the station was established. The mean temperature for the month was 22.6°, which is 8.1 degrees below the

Only Seven Days With Mercury Above Freezing Point.

Continued from First Page.

normal, with a accumulated deficiency during the month of 223°. The lowest maximum temperature was 5° above zero and the lowest minimum was 4° below zero. There were only 2 days with the mean temperature above 32°.

This February Had Longest Cold.

During February, 1936, we had an ice "hang-over" from January, as ice began to make on January 24, and by the 28th we had 6 inches in the harbor.

The steamboat service was uncertain. On February 1st, the harbor was closed to navigation, with the ice from 6 to 10 inches thick. On the 5th the steamer reached her wharf. From the 6th to the 10th, inclusive, the steamers' trips were irregular.

On the 11th, the steamboat left at 10 a. m., encountering heavy ice outside of the jetties and returned at 12:30 a. m. She remained at her berth until 6:30 a. m. on the 15th, when she got out, but did not return until 2:30 p. m. on the 19th.

From the 20th to the 26th, the schedule was further disrupted. A southeast wind on the 25th and 26th cleared the ice from the shores, but the harbor was not open for sailing vessels until the 1st of March.

February, 1936, will go down in history as a persistently cold month, having the longest ice embargo since the station was established.

Outside of the ice conditions Nantucket shared better than her mainland neighbors. There were no north-east blizzards. The highest wind velocity was 49 miles an hour from the east on the 14th. The total wind movement was only 10,302 miles, which is 2.2 miles per hour below the normal.

On February 20th, there was an unprecedented calm, never before observed at this station. From 1:49 p. m. on the 20th to 2:04 a. m. on the 21st, the Anemometer cups never moved. For the first time since my advent at this station I sent the word "calm" in my report.

The month was void of heavy snow, the greatest amount in 24 hours including sleet was 3.6 inches, on the 13th and 14th, which was soon carried away by a heavy rain.

The total rainfall for the month was 2.71 inches, which is .79 of an inch below normal. The greatest daily range of temperature was 30° on the 18th. The least daily range was 3° on the 15th. The mean temperature for the month was 26.8 degrees—3 degrees higher than February, 1923.

George E. Grimes,

Observer-in-Charge.

U. S. Weather Bureau.

MARCH 24, 1934

Death of Capt. Owen S. Manter in New Jersey.

Capt. Owen S. Manter, of Nantucket, died at the home of his son, Capt. Harry Manter, in Cliffside, N. J., Wednesday night, in the eightieth year of his age. He had been gradually failing in health for several years, yet was able to make a brief visit "back home" last summer and renew old acquaintances.

For many years the deceased served on the island steamers and was well-known to the travelling public. He entered the employ of the island steamboat line in the early 90's, serving as quartermaster on steamer *Island Home* with the late Captain Fishback.

In 1892, he went on the *Gay Head* as quartermaster with Captain Daggett, and continued in the company's employ for more than a quarter of a century, rising to the position of pilot and then captain. He was licensed as master for the inland waters of the Atlantic coast and also as a first-class pilot for the waters between Nantucket and Point Judith.

When he retired from active life



THE LATE OWEN S. MANTER.

on the sea, he made his home with his son in New Jersey, yet he always maintained a keen interest in Nantucket and always looked forward to a visit to the island each summer.

Besides his son, Capt. Harry Manter, he is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Lillian Brockseiper.

The remains will be brought to Nantucket this (Saturday) afternoon, and funeral services will be held in the Episcopal church after the arrival of the boat. Committal services will be held in the South Cemetery under the rites of Odd Fellowship, the deceased being a member of Nantucket Lodge, No. 66, of this town.

ING, MARCH 7, 1936

TWENTY YEARS AGO THIS WEEK



It was the heaviest March snow-storm on record
at the local Weather Bureau



These pictures were taken following the
storm of March 3 and 4, 1916



Inland's Secession Murmurings. Nantucket's Independence.

Some of our readers may have a fairly good idea of the identity of "W. M. S." who writes to the New York Herald Tribune on "Secession Murmurings on Nantucket." That the island is thoroughly familiar with the wharf rats and Nantucketers is apparent from a perusal of the article in the Tribune. Historical references as to the "independence" of Nantucket are doubtless correct and from what to Hatch "W. M. S." article is a pleasant reading. We append a few with:

Nantucket's threatened secession from the Union, which has received so much publicity lately, was first announced by Mr. Marshall Curley, who has the right to propose it. The island is the seat of Hill's Marine Company, and the possibility of free trade with the island and pushed the idea. It was general recognition. While the idea was originally introduced as a sort of joke, recently certain individuals did some delving into past history and came up with the following facts:

1. The island of Nantucket was a separate and entirely separate territory, with land in Massachusetts. 2. Nantucket was for a time a part of New York and there is some question as to the exact terms by which it was transferred to Massachusetts. 3. The island declared its complete neutrality during the Revolutionary War and by far the greater part of the inhabitants were Loyalists. 4. It again proclaimed its neutrality during the War of 1812 and, according to a well accepted story, the inhabitants actually fired ashore and plundered an American privateer.

When these facts came to light it was assumed that Nantucket never was incorporated into the United States and has been legally independent right along. Of course, the inhabitants have accepted Massachusetts administration for the years, and this would seem to waive its claims to independence. The backers of secession are attempting to unearth historical evidence to refute this. Mr. Hill points out that not long ago tax collectors tried to land on an island that had long been under British rule (one of the Greenways, he believes), but were forced to withdraw. At present the island still shows its allegiance by the regular export of sending each year a barrel of grain to the Boston Rice. This is exactly comparable to that in the old days Nantucket yearly sent a barrel of fish to the Governor of New York.

Another example involves those islands lying off Louisiana which are inhabited by descendants of the pirate L'Amour. These individuals not only refuse to pay tax collectors, but do not even know that they are citizens of the United States. Neither of these examples is parallel to Nantucket, but they show that strange situations are permitted to exist within a nation's domain.

Obviously the ownership of the island, if it is not to belong to Uncle Sam, would fall upon the proprietors. At present a Francis Smith controls the greater part. The prosecution of the matter would naturally fall to the proprietors, a resolution of secession passed by the Selectmen of the island would first be needed. It is a matter that a lawyer of New York has been retained and is already going into the legal aspects of the matter.

Sentiment among the Nantucketers themselves does not seem to be either definitely for or against the plan. Their attitude is being expressed by Herbert Coffin, commodore of the Wharf Rats Club, who said that it was a good enough idea, but that so far as he could see there was no means of carrying it out. Above all else the islanders do not want to appear ridiculous. They are, therefore, unwilling to do any active campaigning until they receive some assurances of support from higher up. However, this attitude of indifference may change because of two reasons: hatred of Massachusetts government and hope of freedom from taxation.

Nearly every resident in Nantucket is an ardent Republican, and their newspaper, "The Inquirer and Mirror", attacks the New Deal, especially as it is administered by Governor Curley, as viciously as any other news sheet in the country. If Roosevelt were re-elected it is not inconceivable that the people would gladly accept any pretext to avoid government by the Democrats.

Nantucket was once the greatest whaling port in the world, and its present inhabitants are descendants of men who were among the elect of the nation. They feel that they are being insulted when island posts are filled by the common practice of "boondoggling" without respect for their wishes. The latest and most asinine political move is the appropriation of money for a seven-mile sidewalk from Nantucket to Siasconset. This, when some streets in town have no sidewalks at all.

But those most interested in the project are summer people, particularly those who have vacationed on the island for years and who have come to regard it with affection. They look forward to a time when they can retire from worldly affairs to a retreat devoid of any taxation except a trifling one for the running of the island. It staggers the imagination to think what a political and economic Utopia could be made out of this beautiful bit of land off the Atlantic coast. Already a club consisting of old 'Sconseters has placed itself on record as favoring secession. It is known as the B. O. F. (Brothers of Freedom). Mr. Hugo O. Stevens, grand mogul of the organization, said that the group had only once before campaigned on a political question. This was for the repeal of prohibition. He pointed out that in this fight they were successful. One member has begun actual work. He wrote the following poem, which was printed in "The Inquirer and Mirror":

The Battle Hymn of Nantucket (Suggested by Secession)

Nantucket, land of seamen brave,
Who oft have faced the tempest's wave,

Why stand you by and idly watch
The tyrant's heel your freedom scorch?
Arise, arise! Prepare to fight
And take what's yours by right of might;

Since you, secluded by the sea,
Have nature's warrant to be free!
Draw forth your sword and show the world

That Freedom's flag is yet unfurled.
No quarter ask, no quarter give,
Decline the part of slave to live!

With glorious standard held on high
Be not afraid if you must die.
But valorous as your men of old,
Refuse to be in bondage sold!

And rising all against the Deal
That forms for you the tyrant's heel,
Destroy that dreadful hurly-burly
Called government by Michael Curley!

Of course, it is too early as yet to say just how the matter will turn out, but it is significant that the island has a good claim to independence and that its people wholeheartedly detest the New Deal. The affair is far more than a joke. It is not beyond the realms of imagination that some action may soon be taken. Indeed, many prominent citizens are confident that there will be further developments in the spring. If, because of the confused legal tangle, it is impossible to achieve complete independence, the secessionists will probably try for territorial status similar to that enjoyed by the Hawaiian Islands.

In that case Nantucket can once again start sending its yearly barrel of fish to prove its allegiance, though, recalling past political conditions, it would undoubtedly rather use raspberries.

W. M. S.

Man's Days Few And Full of Troubles.

Man is of few days and full of trouble. He laboreth all the days of his youth to pay for a gasoline chariot, and when at last the task is finished, lo, the thing is junk and he needeth another. He planteth corn in the earth, and tilleth it diligently, he and his servant, and when the harvest is gathered into the barns, he oweth the landlord eight dollars and forty cents more than the crop is worth. He borroweth money of the lenders to buy pork and molasses and gasoline and the interest eateth up all he hath.

He begets sons and daughters and educateth them to smoke cigarettes and wear a white collar, and lo, they have soft hands and neither labor in the fields nor anywhere under the sun. The children of his loins are ornery, and one of them becometh a lawyer and another sticketh up a filling station, and maketh whoopee with the substance thereof.

He goeth forth in the morning on the road that leadeth to the city and a jitney smiteth him so that his ribs project through his epidermis. He drinketh a drink of whoopee juice to forget his sorrow and it burneth out the lining of his liver. All the days of his life he findeth no parking place and is tormented by traffic cops from his going forth until he cometh back.

An enemy stealeth his chariot; physicians remove his inner parts and his teeth and bank roll; his arteries hardeneth in the evening of his life, and his heart bursteth trying to keep the furious pace. Sorrow and bill collectors followeth him all the days of his life and when he is gathered to his fathers, the neighbors sayeth, "How much did he leave?" Lo, he hath left it all. And his widow maketh rejoicing in a new coupe and maketh eyes at a young sheik that slicketh his hair and playeth a nifty game of golf.

Woe is man. And from the day of his birth to the time when this earth knoweth him no more, he laboreth for bread and catcheth the devil. Dust he was in the beginning and now his name is mud.—Rotary Launch.

When Nantucketers Captured Whales At Home.

Last week, Capt. Everett Coffin, a former Nantucketer now residing in Seattle, requested the reprinting of an account depicting the last whale chase which occurred off Nantucket. This took place in the year 1887. After a careful search through the files of *The Inquirer and Mirror*, the article requested was eventually uncovered.

Believing the account will be of more than ordinary interest, not only from an historic point of view but because it is an entertaining yarn, we reprint the greater portion of it as follows:

On Monday morning in April [runs the account] the Arcadian quiet of Nantucket out of season was broken. A whaleboat, with five sturdy rowers on the thwarts and Capt. Clisby of the whaling schooner *Era* at the steering oar, shot round the jetty at the mouth of the harbor, and in a few minutes drew alongside the barnacled timbers of Macy's wharf. The captain betook himself to an outfitter's shop, the men stopped to talk with old cronies on the street corners, and in a few minutes, without the intervention of Old Billy the town crier, all Nantucket knew that Capt. Clisby had taken a whale the Saturday before at Tuckernuck.

The monster was expected to rise that day, and the crew were now after the necessary gear to take "off" the blubber and try it out. Half a dozen men were loading into a cart an iron trying pot, whose size I can best indicate by saying that it held 180 gallons and weighed 600 pounds. Two others were coiling in the streets about fifty fathoms of rope that was being slowly paid out from the dim recesses of Macy's store, while as many more were rolling to the head of the wharf huge casks, holding seven barrels each, whose pickled staves and huge heads gummed with oil told of more than one voyage 'round to the Pacific.

Capt. Clisby, a clear-eyed, wiry, stout Nantucketer of perhaps thirty-five, told me he intended to land the whale on the north beach of Tuckernuck. I readily obtained permission to accompany the party going out to Tuckernuck, to transport the casks and other appliances. So after the try-pot, the four casks, the coil of rope, two lances, two harpoons, several spades, a mincing-knife, a boarding-knife, and a huge iron skimmer had been loaded on the little *Vesta*, we began beating down harbor and were soon out to sea.

The "crew" comprised Capt. Jerne-gan and mate Horace Cash, both old whalers, and I was sole passenger. Away to the westward nine miles, the island of Tuckernuck, our destination, rose dimly out of the haze. It was not exactly a contrary wind that befell the *Vesta*, once outside the harbor, but no wind at all—a dead calm.

By and by, lying helpless, we saw the whaleboat shooting out beyond the jetty and come up at a spanking rate, the oars rising and falling with the precision of a man-of-war boat. It reached us just as a light breeze sprang up from the westward, the men hove a light line aboard, and the *Vesta* took the lighter boat in tow, part of the crew clambering aboard. Capt. Clisby was among the former which gave the passenger an opportunity to inquire about the taking of a whale.

Capt. Clisby was inclined to speak modestly of his exploits. "We first sighted a whale off Tuckernuck," he began, "last Tuesday morning. I was visiting my mate, George Coffin, on Tuckernuck at the time, and that morning about seven he came in with the news that whales were blowing off the island. Sure enough, they were there, beauties, showing heads and flukes in the surf and spouting high in the air. Of course, there was a little flurry. We hurried together our 'scratch' crew—there was but one whaler in the lot except Coffin and me—and put to sea without a compass on board or a bite of anything to eat.

"I took the steering oar, and Coffin stood in the bow with the harpoon.

Soon we drew up to a sixty-barrel whale and Coffin buried his iron deep. At once the brute shot forward like a rocket, towing the boat so swiftly that the water rose up on either side of her like a wall.

"These spurts would last perhaps for half a mile, when he would stop and sulk awhile, then start off again. These stops we improved by getting nearer to him in order to use the lance.

"I was now in the bow, with my lance poised, having exchanged with Coffin as soon as he struck. It takes skill and caution as well as nerve to approach a whale in this condition. If you get directly in his wake, he knows it by some means, we cannot tell how, and sounds at once. You must come up quartering to get within lancing distance. By and by we were so near that I thought it best to strike, though the boat was not where an experienced crew would have put her.

"As I struck the men backed water so quickly that the lance was left in the wound. It stayed there an hour and a half before the old fellow was quiet enough so that I could strike again. The last blow touched his life; he spouted blood in torrents, stood up on his head and shrieked, and lashed the sea till foam and spray deluged us from stem to stern. Then, off he went, heading seaward.

"We followed for hours, expecting the death flurry every minute, but, by and by, with night coming on, we were forced to cut the line and let him go. We were in a nice position then, twenty miles from land, in our one open boat; fog so thick you could cut it; darkness only a few hours distant; with nothing to eat, and faint from having eaten nothing since morning. We discovered, too, that we had no compass, and the only way we could tell where the land lay was by the surges rolling in. We followed them, and at 7:30 p. m. landed at Muskeget, close by the life saving station, where we spent the night.

"Last Saturday morning, four days later, we raised another school of whales, and put out better equipped and with a better crew, struck a whale, and fifteen minutes later he was lying dead on the bottom in 11 fathoms of water. We marked it by tying a buoy to the harpoon line with a red flag upon it, and secured it with an anchor attached to the same, then took our bearings and rowed in. A right whale rises to the surface when his gall-sac bursts, which occurs in from 48 to 72 hours. Ours was killed Saturday morning, so he ought to come to the surface some time today.

"Odd about whales sinking," said Capt. Jerne-gan. "I've known whales to sink that never rose. A whale that sounds in two hundred fathoms is apt to stay down. I remember once on the coast of Chili, we lost nine whales in three days that way. Estimating a whale at 80 barrels, we sunk on that coast 2200 barrels for the 200 we stowed in the hold. Four thousand fathoms of good rope and our irons went, too."

By this time the *Vesta* was off Madaket harbor, taking short tacks in the narrow, intricate channel that winds among the shoals in that part of Nantucket Sound. She was only a light pleasure craft, but she required a skillful pilot to take her among the shoals, some of which were bare at low water, though miles from shore.

From this point, we looked out over the "rip" (the narrow channel separating Tuckernuck from the western end of Nantucket) into the open Atlantic. There was a thundering surf pounding on the bar and covering it with foam. A sailboat came speeding down the passage, doubling and twisting with the channel, its white wings sparkling in the sun.

Mate Coffin seized the glass: "I believe it's Uncle Dunham," said he, "and he acts as though he wanted to speak to us."

Sure enough, when the boat came up, its master, a tall, spare man, leaned over the gunwale and shouted through his hands: "Whale up at six o'clock this morning; dragged anchor and drifted in two miles; lies just inside the rip."

"Who's watching him?" shouted Coffin in reply.

"The whaleboat's out there," was the answer, and the little boat drew away towards Tuckernuck, leading us, and coming to anchor near the beach with us about three o'clock.

The men did not go out after the whale immediately, waiting for the tide to set from the eastward, that is from the sea, when it would help float the leviathan in, so they had plenty of time to unload the *Vesta's* cargo, the shallow water not allowing her to come close inshore.

They unloaded in a novel manner. The casks were thrown overboard, with a turn of rope around each, and then towed ashore, while the try-pot was fastened to the stern of a dory, hollow side up, and made to ride the waves ashore, like a duck. At four, the daily mystery of the tide begins.

Then the boat goes out. The long oars rise and fall in a way that would charm a college crew. This is no boy's play, however. They head directly into the surf, rise and fall a few times with the breakers, and then rise easily on the long swell of the Atlantic. We see them join the other boat, which has been watching the prize, then both set their sails and begin towing it in.

All went well until they reached the bar. There the huge beast went aground, and the rear boat cut their line to escape being swamped. Then both boats dashed inside to the beach, the men running along the sand-hills to watch the whale. The rising tide carried it over the bar in twenty minutes, but before they could get into the boats and make fast to it, the current had whirled it down nearly to Madaket Harbor; but from there it was easy to tow it across and beach it on the south side of Tuckernuck.

A stout line fastened to the whale's flukes and then carried around a fish-house on the shore, secured the catch. When this was done the men trudged to their homes. The visitor walked a mile over level sheep pastures to the house of Farmer Brooks, where he found a good supper and a clean bed with the unwonted luxury of woolen sheets awaiting him.

Three o'clock next morning had been set aside as the hour of meeting to cut up the whale, but when the visitor reached the scene at five the men were only beginning to arrive. Captain Clisby called the whale one of the "35-barrel kind," a small specimen compared to the 100-barrel kind, as is sometimes caught, but it seemed a monster to the visitor.

It was some forty feet long, and as it lay on its side, fully six feet above the water, the latter being five feet deep, the fin or flipper upright proved to be as long as a man was tall.

The captain began operations by cutting with the spade a deep incision in the neck just forward of the fin, and continuing until he reached and unjointed the huge vertebrae as neatly as a surgeon could have done it.

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Nantucket's Freeze-up of 1936 Day by Day.

Friday, January 31—Steamer Marthas Vineyard broke out through the ice. Steamer Nantucket forced her way in at night with difficulty.

Saturday, February 1—Steamer cleared from the ice about 11 o'clock. The Vineyard came down in the afternoon, poked her nose a short distance into the ice-fields, and found conditions so bad that she returned.

Sunday, February 2—No boat either way. Planes made frequent trips to and from the mainland.

Monday, February 3—No attempt to reach the island by boat. A plane dropped mail on the Nobadeer field during the early evening.

Tuesday, February 4—Rain and fog softened the ice. Neither boats nor planes attempted to make trips, owing to the thick weather conditions.

Wednesday, February 5—Steamer Nantucket forced her way into the harbor about 2.30 in the afternoon. Plane brought and took away mail in the morning. Numerous flights to and from Boston and New Bedford.

Thursday, February 6—Boat service was maintained both ways with little delay on account of ice. First day with full steamboat schedule since the 31st.

Friday, February 7—Boats were able to make trips both ways. Steamer did not reach her dock here until 5.30 in the evening.

Saturday, February 8—Temperature dropped to 11 above zero, hardening the ice-fields again. Steamer Nantucket broke out of the harbor, but did not reach New Bedford until 5.15 in the evening. No attempt to reach the island by boat. A plane brought over mail in the afternoon.

Sunday, February 9—Warmer, accompanied by light snow and rain in the afternoon. No attempt to reach the island by boat and no passenger or mail planes came over, owing to thick weather conditions.

Monday, February 10—Temperature dropped during the night, again hardening the ice. Steamer Nantucket forced her way in and reached her dock here at 5.15 in the evening.

Tuesday, February 11—Temperature 12 above zero. Boat started to break out at 9.30. Reached a point about half a mile outside the jetties, could not get through, and returned to port at 12.15 o'clock. A plane brought and took away mail, making two round trips between Nantucket and Boston during the afternoon.

Wednesday, February 12—Continued cold. Steamer made no attempt to break out of harbor. Mail service continued by plane from Boston.

Thursday, February 13—No change in ice conditions. Steamer remained at her dock. Plane service continued between the island and Boston, New Bedford and Falmouth.

Friday, February 14—Heavy easterly storm. Steamer Nantucket still at her dock. All air-plane service grounded.

Saturday, February 15—Steamer Nantucket broke out through the ice with little difficulty, leaving her dock at 6.30 a. m. A mail plane made a trip over to the island. Also numerous other planes with supplies. No attempt to reach the island by boat.

Sunday, February 16—Neither boat nor plane service, other than by the Nobadeer plane, which brought newspapers. Thick weather prevented mail plane from making flight from Boston. Ice disappearing rapidly.

Monday, February 17—Thick weather, with heavy fog. Neither boats nor planes made trips to Nantucket.

Tuesday, February 18—Dense fog, rain and snow. No attempt to reach the island either by boat or plane.

Wednesday, February 19—Another cold wave. Temperature 7 above zero. Ice-fields back. Steamer Nantucket forced her way into harbor with heavy load of freight, reaching the dock at 2.45 o'clock. A government plane came over in the afternoon and transferred mail matter.

Thursday, February 20—Steamer Nantucket made her way out through the ice with little trouble. The Vineyard came in with another heavy cargo of freight in the afternoon. This was the first day with steamboat service both ways since Friday, the 7th of February.

Friday, February 21—The steamers were able to make trips to and from the mainland, although delayed somewhat by ice conditions.

Saturday, February 22—Steamer Nantucket broke out in the morning with little trouble, but the Vineyard battled against the ice barrier at the bar for over two hours before breaking through, not docking until about 7.00 o'clock.

Sunday, February 23—No boat service, but planes made numerous trips with newspapers and passengers. No mail service.

Monday, February 24—Steamer Marthas Vineyard made the outward trip, leaving at 6.00 a. m. The Nantucket came in about 6.00 in the evening. Ice conditions delayed passage of both steamers.

Tuesday, February 25—Southerly wind. Ice field moved away from the north shore. Steamer made outward trip, but owing to fog and ice in Buzzards Bay and across Vineyard sound, there was no return boat. No inward mail, but newspapers were brought over by the Nobadeer plane.

Wednesday, February 26—Warmer weather made steady inroads into the ice. Open water north of the island. Steamer Marthas Vineyard came in at 3:00 in the afternoon.

Thursday, February 27—Boats able to make trips. Buzzards Bay choked with ice. Steamer Marthas Vineyard went to Woods Hole only and left at 2:30 for Nantucket.

The "Freeze-up" of 1836 Similar To That of Present Year.

In looking back through the years when Nantucket experienced "freeze-ups" of more than ordinary severity, it has been discovered that one of the closest parallels with the present ice embargo occurred in February of 1836—just one hundred years ago.

As the record of that wintry month of a century ago is studied, it becomes, by coincidence, of course, a record similar to the present. If we discounted the aid afforded by the steamboat, airplane, telegraph, and wireless of today, we can place ourselves in the same predicament that faced Nantucketers in 1836, because the ice conditions were practically the same.

The day-by-day record of the ice embargo in February, 1836, is as follows:

Jan. 30—Sailed, Schr. *Helen Mar*, Higgins, for Norfolk; sloops *Glide*, Pease; *Fenwick*, Phinney, both for West Falmouth.

Jan. 31—No arrivals or departures. Feb. 1st—Sloop *Fenwick* arrived at her pier from West Falmouth.

Feb. 2—Harbor frozen. Heavy snow storm. No arrivals or departures.

Feb. 3—No arrivals or departures.

Feb. 4—Freeze-up continued.

Feb. 5—Sloop *Barclay*, from Boston, Capt. Tracy, master, arrived at the edge of the ice fields. Worked in toward the bar and became frozen in, a mile from shore.

Feb. 6—Isolation continued. The schooner *Splendid* drifted helplessly down to the bar and was frozen in, five miles from shore. Alex. Macy made his way out to her and found she needed no assistance. Temperature at 2 above zero.

Feb. 7—Lightship at Cross Rip was sighted adrift in the ice of the sound.

Feb. 8—Ice extended as far as the eye could see. No relief contemplated. A brig and schooner sighted helpless in the sound.

Feb. 9—News reached town that the sloop *Reaper*, of Bristol, with a cargo of iron, went ashore at Low Beach, Siasconset. Crew landed safely.

Feb. 10—Sloop *Glide* arrived from West Falmouth with 8 mails. She was forced to land them at Brant Point. News that the whaleship *Orbit* had been reported at Tarpauline Cove.

Feb. 11—No arrivals or departures.

Feb. 12—Sloop *Peacock* arrived at Brant Point.

Feb. 14—After 10 days in the ice of the bar, sloop *Barclay* managed to work her way in to Brant Point.

Feb. 15 to 20—No arrivals or departures. Ice extended all around the island. Lowest temperature 8 above zero on the 15th. Highest 23 above on the 17th.

Feb. 21st—Two young men decided to attempt reaching the mainland via the Vineyard by way of Tuckernuck, the Gravelly Isle, Muskeget and the promontory of Chappaquidick—a feat never before attempted. The two were able to cross to Tuckernuck but had to abandon the enterprise when about two miles off Muskeget.

Feb. 22—Capt. Fisher and several companions offered to take the mails across the ice and sound, but were refused the risk.

Washington's Birthday Ball was held at the Lyceum. The youngsters helped celebrate by rolling some huge oil casks up and down Main street.

Feb. 23 to 25—Embargo continued.

Feb. 27th—A sloop from Edgartown succeeded in getting close enough to Brant Point to land Capt. Gardner and members of the crew of the whaleship *Orbit*, which had arrived at Tarpauline Cove on the 13th. The master of the sloop agreed to go over to West Falmouth and get the accumulated mails of 15 days there.

Feb. 28—Ice closed in again. Attempts made to get the mail packets *Glide* and *Fenwick* out over the bar, and while the former grounded fast, the latter worked her way free.

Feb. 29—The sloop *Fenwick*, Capt. Phinney, left the bar for West Falmouth carrying 30 outgoing mails.

Sloop *Exchange*, Capt. Scranton, left for Madison, Conn.

March 1st—The *Fenwick* made her way into the harbor with 17 days' mail.

March 3—Sloop *Barclay* made her way into the harbor after trying to get in for 30 days.

LOOKING BACKWARD TO 1918

The First "Armistice Day" on Nantucket Will Be Recalled With Keen Interest by Many Readers. The Story Appearing in the "Peace Extra"

Nantucket's Peace Jollification And Victory Parade.

From *The Inquirer and Mirror's* "Peace Extra" issued on Nov. 11, 1918

Nantucket broke loose this morning in one grand burst of enthusiasm and patriotism, just as soon as the official word came that Germany had surrendered and that the war was over. Just on the stroke of nine o'clock the bells pealed forth and the whistles blew and everybody knew just what it meant. It was all done simultaneously—pre-arranged—and such a din Nantucket never experienced before.

The first intimation that the peace articles had been signed came by wireless in the early morning, but the Nantucketers waited until official word was received from the State Department before letting their patriotism loose—and it was all the better for waiting, for then everybody had a chance to join in and help the thing along.

The ringers were stationed in the church towers and just as the town clock struck the final stroke of nine, the other bells joined in, which was the signal for the whistles on the ice plants to commence, and it was not long before everybody was out on the streets. Business was suspended, housewives left their wash-tubs and their cooking, and there was one grand tintinnabulation all the morning.

The siren on the Island Service Company's plant, the deep bass whistle on Killen & Sons' plant, the shrill whistle on the scow Alice—everything that had steam up joined in the din, and for thirty-five minutes the bell-ringers kept at the ropes before they gave up, fearing that the tongues would be torn loose. The town bell struck a total of 700 strokes before it stopped—and then took a rest—starting again at eleven o'clock.

Main street was soon crowded with men, women and children—and while the confusion was at its height up came a bunch of Reservists bearing the Kaiser on an improvised stretcher. One of them climbed up a ladder, threw a rope over an electric light wire in the centre of the upper square, and the Kaiser was hoisted from the ground. Then somebody touched a match and the crowd watched him go up in flames, while all shouted and laughed and had a good time in general.

'Sconset celebrated, too. The chapel bell was rung and the villagers turned out and waved their flags and cheered and then some of them came over and helped the town-folk celebrate. Surfside, Madaket, Polpis, and even Wauwinet and Tuckernuck joined in the jollification in their own way, while the Coast Guards at Muskeget are said to have had a little ceremony out there all by themselves.

John W. Cook, with eighty-four years on his shoulders, bore them as lightly as the youngest in the crowd and brought out a large brass gong and a mallet and added his enthusiasm to the rest. For a half hour he stood on the Main street sidewalk hammering the gong, and when he tired of that he pulled a "razzle-dazzle" out of his pocket and twirled that for a while.

Herbert Brownell equipped himself with a bell and a horn and succeeded in keeping both going at once, as he marched up and down the streets.

Captain John Killen and his employees got out their auto-truck, and with the Captain seated on the front seat bearing an American flag aloft and someone at the rear churning a big fog-horn, the auto whizzed through the streets of the town and helped along the jollification.

A crowd of Reservists hired a big touring-car and with bugles and horns and shouting and cheering they rushed around town, while other cars whizzed around with their horns sounding continually. No one had to ask what it was all about—everybody knew. Nantucket was sounding Germany's death-knell and doing it in the right way—all together.

Flags were spread to the breezes everywhere. Youngsters trudged about town with tiny flags flung over their shoulders. Private automobiles bore flags in front and fog horns behind. One man went about in a team firing a shot-gun. Little tots hardly able to walk were out with their rattles and whistles. Big folks and little folks all joined. Nantucket had its own celebration out here in the ocean, and it was an enthusiastic one.

And this afternoon Nantucket paraded—paraded as she never paraded before—informally, spontaneously and with everybody joining with a will. It mattered not what they were doing on the mainland—here on Nantucket the islanders celebrated the end of kaiserism and the dawn of peace by having a rousing good time together.

The parade was as informal as it was spontaneous, and it was a good one, too. It was led by Ensign Aldrich, followed by the Naval Band, Lieutenant Prindiville and his staff, and the Reservists, and it went through the streets of the town to the accompaniment of church bells, whistles and horns. The line-up was as follows: Ensign Aldrich as marshal. Naval Band.

Lieutenant Prindiville and staff, including ten Ensigns.

Squad of Reserves under arms.

The colors.

Second squad of Reserves under arms.

Yeomads Elizabeth Grimes, Gladys Burgess, Clara Grimes, Frances Murray, Anna Knevals, Olive Allen and Marion Allen.

Machinists.

Crew of Scout Boat 166.

Repair department auto-truck.

Grand Army Veterans.

Reverends Ratcliffe, Van Ommeren and Snellings.

Ladies of the Red Cross.

Miss Mary Crosby and Miss Julia Farrington in carriage.

Masons.

Messrs. W. H. Wyer, W. Prentiss Parken and Eben W. Francis on horse-back.

Red Men.

School teachers with boys acting as color-bearers and "band."

J. G. Stuart and Edward MacDougall in carriage.

Steam fire-engines.

Auto-chemical.

Killen's auto-truck conveying the

"Calithumpian Band" amid a bower of pine branches.

Capt. and Mrs. Killen in a runabout with an active fog-horn.

The parade formed on Beach street and went over the following route:

Easton and Chester streets to Centre, through Centre to Pearl to Gardner to the Monument, down Main and into Orange, and thence through to Union, returning back to Main and going through Centre and down Broad, where the parade disbanded.

It was an entirely impromptu parade and everybody had a good time.

The truck bearing the Calithumpian Band bore two placards. One read: "The Kaiser has stopped drinking milk because the Yankees have got his goat." The other read: "The Kaiser and the Crown Prince are in Dutch."

Two lads bore a placard with a dachshund pictured on it—evidently intending to convey the impression that the Allies have made sausage meat of the Germans.

The Peace Terms of 1918.

At this time it may be fitting to review the peace terms of November 11, 1918, as they appeared in the "Peace Extra" issued that day by *The Inquirer and Mirror*. In view of what has since transpired and the turmoil the world is in today, the peace terms under which the Armistice was signed in 1918 offer food for deep reflection and careful thought.

THE PEACE TERMS OF 1918.

From *The Inquirer and Mirror's* "Peace Extra" issued on Nov. 11, 1918

Washington, D. C., November 11—The strictly military terms of the armistice are embraced in 11 specifications, which include the evacuation of all invaded territories, the withdrawal of German troops from the left bank of the Rhine and the surrender of all supplies of war.

The terms also provide for the abandonment by Germany of the treaties of Bucharest and Brest-litvosk.

The naval terms provide for the surrender of 160 submarines, fifty destroyers, six battle cruisers, ten battleships, eight light cruisers and other miscellaneous ships.

The right bank of the Rhineland, that occupied by the Allies, is to become a neutral zone and the bank held by the Germans is to be evacuated in nine days.

The armistice is for thirty days, but the President spoke of the war as coming to an end.

German troops are to retire at once from any territory held by Russia, Roumania and Turkey before the war.

The repatriation within 14 days of the thousands of civilians deported from France and Belgium also is required.

The Allied forces are to have access to the evacuated territory either through Danzig or by the river Vistula.

The unconditional surrender of all German forces in East Africa within one month is provided.

German troops which have not left the invaded territory, which specifically includes Alsace-Lorraine, within 14 days, become prisoners of war.

All Allied vessels in German hands are to be surrendered and Germany is to notify neutrals that they are free to trade at once on the seas with the Allied countries. In connection with the evacuation of the left bank of the Rhine, it is provided that the Allies shall hold the crossings of the river at Coblenz, Cologne and Mayence, together with bridge heads and a thirty millimeter radius.

Among the financial terms included are restitution for damage done by the German armies; restitution of cash taken from the national bank of Belgium and return of gold taken from Russia and Roumania.

The military terms included the surrender of 5,000 guns, half field and half light artillery, 30,000 machine guns, 3,000 flame throwers and 2,000 airplanes.

The surrender of 5,000 locomotives, 50,000 wagons, 10,000 motor vehicles, the railways of Alsace-Lorraine for use by the Allies; the stores of coal and iron also are to be included.

No destruction of any kind to be committed. Military establishments of all kinds shall be delivered intact as well as military stores of food, ammunition and equipment not removed during the periods fixed for evacuation.

Stores of food of all kinds for the civil population, cattle, etc., shall be left.

Industrial establishments shall not be impaired in any way and their personnel shall not be moved.

Roads and means of communication of every kind, railroad, waterways, main roads, bridges, telegraphs, telephones, shall be in no manner im-

RECALLING WHEN NANTUCKET HAD A REAL MARCH SNOW-STORM

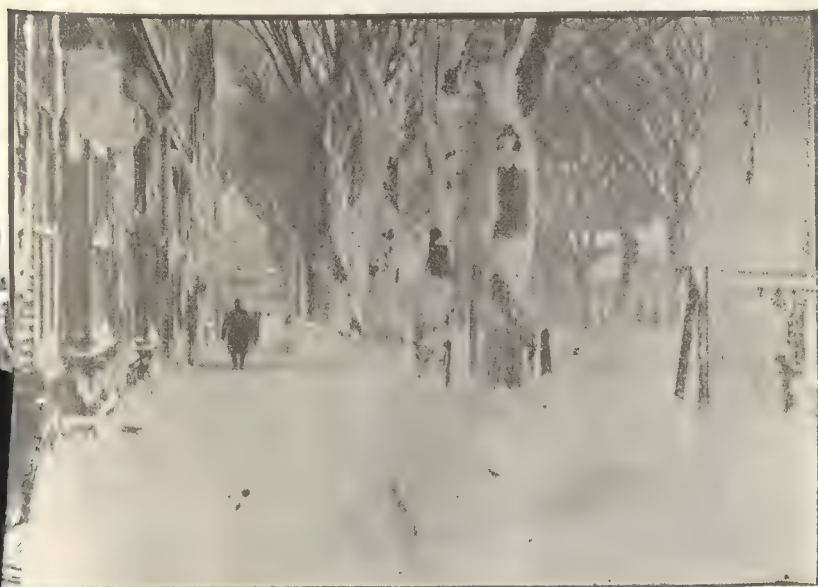
[Pictures taken the day following the 11.9 inches snowfall of March, 1916]

Let us take a glance backward to the winter of 1916—only twenty-three years ago. We there find that Nantucket experienced a March snow-storm far worse than that of Saturday and Sunday last. In fact, it was one of the heaviest snowfalls that Nantucket has received in the last fifty years—a total of 11.9 inches, according to the official records. The accompanying pictures tell the story and they may recall to some of our readers the experiences of March, 1916, when the streets and roads were entirely blocked and Nantucket required several days in which to dig itself out.

While on the mainland this year's storm was said to be the worst March storm since 1888, Nantucket had a far worse one in 1916, as these pictures will show, and as many of our residents will remember. To those of the younger generation a glance at these pictures may also be of interest, inasmuch as they show that twenty-three years ago Nantucket had a real March snow-storm.



Upper Main street the next morning after the snowfall. Charles C. Hammond, letter carrier, (now deceased), was endeavoring to make his rounds. Herbert C. Smith (also deceased) was plying the shovel.



The north side of Main street, after the merchants were able to resume business. The man walking down the street was the late John W. Cook, who passed away in 1934 in his 100th year.



Another big drift further along on Upper Main street.



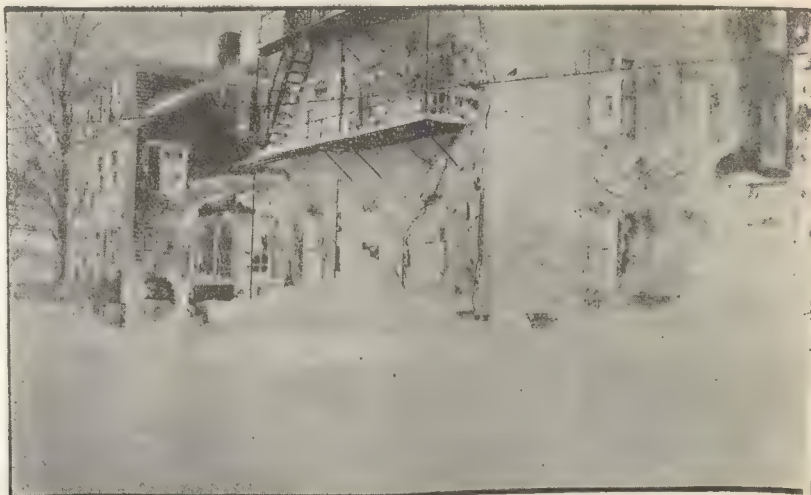
Corner of Pearl and Centre streets, looking towards Petticoat Row, the walks of which had snow piled to a height of eleven feet in places.



Looking up Hussey street from the corner of Pearl, with the old High School building in the distance.



Upper Main street was badly blocked. In this picture Arthur A. Norstrom (then chief of the fire department) and his men were trying to locate a fire.



The dining room of the Ocean House "plastered" with snow.

The Inquirer and Mirror

Souvenir Number - Hospital Fete, 1929

Nantucket Island, Mass.

Supplement

Saturday, August 17, 1929



Old North Wharf presented a festive scene as the crowd enjoyed the pleasures of "Frolic Lane".



Along East Street the latter part of the afternoon. Years ago Easy Street held the track of the little railroad train.

HOSPITAL FETE A WATER FRONT CARNIVAL

Nantucket has held its bi-ennial mid-summer fete for the benefit of the Nantucket Cottage Hospital and another delightful community festival has gone down into history as a pronounced success in every way.

This year a radical step was taken to bring forth something in direct contrast to the "Main Stret Fete" of years gone by, and a "Water Front Carnival" developed which was certainly a contrast to the fetes of other years, and in some ways fully as interesting, although lacking the real Nantucket atmosphere which has always lingered among the staid old mansions which line the cobbled Main street and beneath the shaded elm trees which beautify both sides of that historic thoroughfare.

The Water Front Carnival was "a change", and the return to Main street for the fete two years hence seems quite likely, for the cooling shade was missed as much as was the touch of sentiment and the community pride which have always combined to retain the old Main Street of Nantucket. But the change this year to the Water Front was well conceived and well executed, too.

It was something different, and that was what people seemed to want for a change. It was fully as enjoyable as "Main Street"—possibly more so in some ways—and everybody certainly had a fine time Thursday afternoon, with nothing whatever to mar the success of the affair. It was another demonstration of the fine spirit of co-operation which exists between the residents and summer visitors of Nantucket.

Weather conditions could not have been better. Clear skies prevailed from morn till night and there was just enough breeze to make things interesting along the Water Front.

Thursday was a big day for Nantucket. Governor Allen was the guest of honor, and Mrs. Allen came, too! This fact in itself lent interest to the carnival and the presence of the Governor's party unquestionably added to the pleasures of the afternoon.

Easy street and Old North wharf together made the scene for the carnival and such a crowd as packed there for four full hours! Summer people and residents united in having a good time, and the harbor, with its surface dotted with yachts and the little boats of the rainbow fleet forming the background made a very pretty picture.

Booths were constructed on both sides of Old North wharf, gay with colors and with the boat-houses and scallop shanties affording some unique settings. Easy street (the only street of that name in the world) had its pretty "Napoleon willow" to add a touch of green to the color and bring contrast to the flags which were strung all along on both sides.

The effect certainly was a change from the dignified Main Street of

other years—yet it afforded a contrast that was certainly appreciated, and there were some features of the carnival that were entirely new.

The coming of Governor and Mrs. Allen was of course the big event of the day. Several months ago, at the request of Representative Jones of Nantucket, the Governor agreed to visit Nantucket this year upon the occasion of the Hospital Fete, and the committee made plans for his reception and entertainment during the few hours he was to be on the island.

Representative and Mrs. Jones met Governor and Mrs. Allen at Woods Hole and accompanied them on the trip across the sound, the official state-room on steamer Naushon being placed at the disposal of the Governor's party by the management of the Steamboat Company.

Salute of Seventeen Guns Fired Upon Governor's Arrival.

The steamer reached Nantucket at 2.00 o'clock, a reception committee from the Yacht Club being on the wharf to extend a welcome to the Governor. The committee included Everett U. Crosby, commodore of the Yacht Club and president of the Nantucket Cottage Hospital; Austin Strong, vice-commodore; Buell P. Mills, rear-commodore; and past commodores Henry Lang and James M. Andrews.

Just as Governor Allen stepped ashore a salute of seventeen guns was fired from a cannon on Straight wharf, and the party at once entered automobiles which were waiting. Governor Allen, Mr. Crosby, Representative Jones and one of the Governor's aides, occupied the first car, which bore the state flag; the other members of the party following in two cars in the rear.

Amid the cheers of the crowd assembled outside the gates, the party drove up from the dock and through South Water street to Old North wharf, where luncheon was served on the quarter-deck of Austin Strong's boat-house. The table was attractively arranged, a sheet of canvas serving as the covering, with a model of a full-rigged ship in the centre. A beautiful vista was presented to the eastward, with the colored sails of the rainbow fleet in the foreground and the harbor reflecting in the distance like a mirror. It was very novel and unusual and Governor Allen was not slow in expressing his appreciation of the reception which he received and the ovation which was being extended him.

The party at lunch were seated in the following order, with Commodore Crosby at one end of the table and Vice-Commodore Strong at the other: (From left to right)—Commodore Crosby, Governor Allen, Rear-Commodore Mills, Captain Pratt and Captain Storer of the Governor's staff, Attorney-General Warner, Vice-Commo-

dore Strong, Mrs. Allen, Representative Jones, Ex-Commodore Andrews, Mrs. Wallace (mother of Mrs. Allen) Miss Cage (her intimate friend) Ex-Commodore Lang, Mrs. Jones.

State Officer Fratus acted as escort to the Governor's party and had the assistance of two more members of the state constabulary for the day. The three motor-cycle policemen had plenty of work ahead in handling traffic, especially with thousands of people crowding into the narrow confines of Easy street and Old North wharf, but there was no confusion and no unnecessary noise—just an abundance of good nature and fun, with everybody bent on having a good time and helping the other fellow have it, too.

While the Governor's party was at lunch, the crowd commenced to increase rapidly and by the time the party stepped forth onto Old North wharf shortly after 3.00 o'clock, it was difficult for anyone to move around without bumping into someone else. But that was part of the fun! The Governor posed for his picture in front of Mr. Strong's boat-house and then he was escorted around to see what the carnival was all about.

He stopped at each booth, chatted with the ladies, and dipped down into his jeans like the "regular fellow" which he is. He entered into the spirit of the affair and seemed to enjoy it immensely, as he walked from place to place with the crowd thronging around him. One of the first places he visited was the little building which contained a real Nantucket atmosphere. It was called "Round The Horn." Within were Miss Sarah B. Winslow and Miss Helen Marshall, (the last two Nantucket women to go whaling); John M. Winslow, who started whaling when he was nine years old; George Grant, a real whaler; and Moses Joy, who knows a lot about the whaling business that other folks have forgotten.

Governor and Mrs. Allen found this a very fascinating and unusual place and when he came out the Governor posed for his picture with little Miss Winslow smiling as she took his arm and stood before the crowd.

The booths on Old North wharf were varied and offered inducements even to a Governor, and he "fell" for a number of attractive young women who besieged him with their wares. He even "played the races" at the booth where Gustavus Town Kirby was furnishing so much real entertainment; he visited "Toyland" and the other attractions. The Governor said it was something different than he had ever attended before and he wanted to enjoy himself all he could. The crowd helped him. When he stopped at the booth where flowers were on sale he invested again—said he could not resist.

Mrs. Allen, who was strolling



Governor Allen and Miss Sarah B. Winslow standing in the door-way of the "Round The Horn" building at the carnival.

around on the arm of Austin Strong, was most happy and sweet mannered, and she was having a good time, too. Her visit to Nantucket had been made happy almost at the start, for she was presented with a beautiful lightship basket made by Mitchell Ray, soon after she arrived at Mr. Strong's boat-house, and it was plainly evident that no gift could have pleased her more. She carried the basket from booth to booth and it was noticed that she found it very convenient when she made her purchases.

How many times the Governor and Mrs. Allen posed before the camera can not be stated, but they were both very nice about it and whether newspaper photographers or amateurs it was all the same to them. In fact, it was interesting to see a little girl from New Bedford, who owned a camera but was not quite used to its operation. When on Easy street the Governor happened to see the little one trying to focus her camera, only to have some big grown-up walk right in front of the lens just as she was ready to press the shutter. So he and Mrs. Allen stood together and the crowd hung back, all watching the little girl with keen interest. When she finally pressed the shutter and had

the picture, she jumped up and down highly elated and rushed over to tell her mother all about it. Governor and Mrs. Allen both smiled and the crowd applauded.

The time passed all too quickly and at 4.00 o'clock the Governor's party left the scene of the carnival to take a motor trip around town and out through 'Sconset—a feature of the outing which both thoroughly enjoyed, for the weather conditions could not have been better. The return was made in ample time to board steamer Nantucket which was to leave at 5.00 o'clock. Every possible courtesy was extended the Governor and Mrs. Allen by the transportation officials, both by rail and steamer, and they departed from Nantucket well pleased with their brief pleasure trip.

Old North Wharf Presented Variety of Unusual Attractions.

Old North wharf was unquestionably the most popular section of the carnival—probably because there was such a variety of attractions. The boat-houses on the end of the wharf were open to visitors; a motor-boat was taking pleasure parties out for a skim over the harbor; and Mr. and Mrs. Francis Davis were operating a very interesting fish-pond.

Then a little further along there was a sign reading "Little Necks and Cherry Stones", beneath which James S. Andrews and Herbert H. Coffin were dealing out either size quahaug a person desired—that is, a "little neck" or a "cherry stone", though it is probable that many a purchaser did not know which was which until told. But they did a thriving business, nevertheless, and kept the shellfish nice and cool resting on a cake of ice, until some hungry person came along and invested.

On the opposite side of the wharf were booths lined up in the following order:

Shell Lotto, where Mrs. Paul G. Thebaud and her committee were offering something new and original.

William Chamberlain was as usual full of entertainment with his sleight-of-hand performances, and little "Rosy", who was a cute little miss with innocence written all over her face, was his willing helper.

Punch and Judy were there, too, in charge of Miss Marsters; and there were several booths where fortune tellers were able to coax the coins away from both old and young, Miss Ward and Miss Gray being the mysterious personages versed in palmistry.



A view of Easy Street and the harbor during the carnival. At the left appear three well-known institutions—Easy Street Gallery, the Napoleon Willow and "The Skipper. In the foreground is shown the interesting "Old Mill". In the distance the "rainbow fleet" had their sails flapping in the light breeze. At the right, with flag flying from mast-head, is Austin Strong's boat-house, where the Governor and Mrs. Allen were entertained at luncheon.



"Ezra" and "Samantha" were among the first arrivals on the afternoon of the fete and they remained until the very last moment.



An interesting group. From left to right—Mrs. Joseph Morschauser, Judge Morschauser, Everett Jerome (wearing the "American Express cap") and John Clancy.



Mrs. Allen and Austin Strong standing at the rear of Easy Street Gallery. Mrs. Allen is holding the Nantucket lightship basket.

Miss Winifred Dodd operated a booth where there were very fascinating heads to throw balls at; young ladies were selling pop corn; and the entertaining Tony Sarg kept busily at work making sketches of persons who wanted to own a portrait bearing Mr. Sarg's signature and were willing to pay the price.

"Hot Dogs", ice cream and soft drinks were on sale in an adjoining booth; and there was another booth where "the cane you ring is the cane you win", which is always a fascinating sport. Mrs. Macomber, Mrs. J. W. Lindsay, and the girls who were helping them did not have much spare time on their hands.

Clam Chowder was on sale in two places and it disappeared rapidly, even if it did seem like a peculiar product to purchase and take home. But the ladies were prepared with some nice containers and many a quart of chowder went home to be warmed up for supper. Mr. and Mrs. Karl Adams have been in charge of the chowder each time there has been a fete and that always means real chowder.

"The Races" was the center of an enthusiastic crowd all the afternoon. Mr. Kirby knew just how to gather the people around him and there was lots of fun when everybody was trying to pick a winner.

The Variety Gift Shop was an attractive place, where Mrs. C. H. Baldwin and her committee offered lots of things that people did not think they needed, or wanted, until they saw them.

The "grabs" and the sand-box, and the "Toy Shop" especially were well patronized, and right near the spot where the little railroad used to chug its way along to 'Sconset, Everett Jerome and enthusiastic members of his committee were selling tickets—or, rather, subscriptions to the hospital fund—which would entitle some one to two round trip tickets to Europe.

There were several other interesting features along the south side of the wharf, while over on the opposite side a band of ladies were offering delicious cakes and doughnuts and cooling punch.

Mrs. Thomas H. Ball and other ladies had a very attractive booth fitted up with oriental articles. It was called a "commission shop" and was certainly a fascinating place.

Mrs. Everett Crosby and her committee appealed to the ladies with an assortment of bags, baskets and boxes which found ready sale.

Miss Charlotte W. Ham was selling copies of Austin Strong's map of Nantucket Island, which has been so popular at each fete. Miss Annie Ayers was soliciting new members to the Hospital and Mr. Tirrell as treasurer was occupying the coolest spot on the grounds.

Committees were all busy and Old North wharf has never witnessed a scene like that before—and may never again.

Easy Street Was Full of Color.

Easy street was colorful from one end to the other, with flags flying and a handsome display of flowers that few people could resist—even to steal a smell as they passed by.

Mrs. R. M. Gardiner and Miss Eva Howe were in charge of a book table which did a thriving business. Mrs. Thomas Jewett Hallowell was chairman of a committee which had charge of the operation of the flower shop, where flowers from the Nantucket gardens were on sale.

In the vacant lot at the rear of Red Men's Hall, the Old Mill made its appearance almost over-night—a very clever miniature of the famous structure itself, with real vanes and sails that turned them. Mrs. J. W. Carret was the Nantucket chairman of the candy market and Mrs. Harry R. Brayton the 'Sconset chairman. There was an abundance of candy on sale—the real home-made kind—and business was brisk.

The Easy Street Gallery was a festive scene. Its grounds became the Lido Tea Garden and there was no prettier spot anywhere that afternoon. The view of the harbor was a delight to the eye from that viewpoint and the tea garden was consequently well patronized.

** * * * ** *"Round The Horn".*

In a little building on Old North wharf, Miss Sarah B. Winslow and Miss Helen Marshall, the two last Nantucket women to go whaling, were entertaining with their experiences. Miss Winslow went to sea on her father's ship when she was only 5 months old and the voyage lasted fifty-one months. Her brother, John M. Winslow, was a lad of nine years at the time and he went along, too. Mr. Winslow was with his sister at the carnival and proved a very interesting feature. That particular voyage, when the brother and sister accompanied their parents on the whaleship Edward Cary was notable from the fact that it was practically a round-the-world cruise, for the ship rounded not only Cape Horn but the Cape of Good Hope also.

Miss Marshall was born at sea—that is, at one of the small islands in the South Pacific. Her father was Captain Joseph Marshall and Miss Marshall made a second voyage with him, the incidents of which she well recalls.

In the "Round The Horn" building were two other interesting persons—George Grant—the last real whaleman of Nantucket, who can still give the cry "Thar-r-r she blo-o-ows!" just as it was heard from mast-head; and Moses Joy, who is a real Nantucketer.

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Brief Notes Picked Up at Carnival.

The ponies were popular with the kiddies and many an older person who watched them wished, for the moment, to be young again. Miss Doris Lake was in charge of the little horses and so many little ones wanted to ride

that often there would be waiting lists. The ponies had Oak street for their trotting park.

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Among the noted people seen on the carnival grounds at one time were Governor and Mrs. Allen, Congressman Charles L. Gifford, Attorney-General Warner, Judge Joseph Morchauser of Poughkeepsie, Judge Edward Broadhurst, of Springfield, and General Malvern-Hill Barnum.

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The corps of Legion boys in their uniforms were of great assistance in handling traffic upon the Governor's arrival and during the afternoon. A detachment from the local post was on the dock when the Naushon landed.

When the Governor spied Gustavus Town Kirby perched on the roof of one of the wharf buildings, in his Gypsy costume and with big brass rings dangling from his ears, he gave a hearty laugh and sent cheery greetings to his friend up aloft, which Mr. Kirby acknowledged.

** * * * **

One of the happiest fellows on Nantucket was Mitchell Ray, Thursday afternoon, after he had shaken hands with the Governor and also with Mrs. Allen, and heard from her own lips how much she prized the lightship basket which he had made for her.

** * * * **

Gilbert Wyer had the honor of driving the Governor and Mrs. Allen on the trip around the island Thursday afternoon and when it was ended the Governor took the trouble to tell Gilbert that he enjoyed the drive immensely. He seemed surprised to find Nantucket such a large place and was especially amazed at the town's wonderful old Main street, with its mansions and great elms.

** * * * **

Robert Melendy had an exhibition of hand-woven material from the Willow Cottage.

** * * * **

One man came along and stopped in front of the booth where kites were on sale. Seeing several boys standing close by, apparently interested in the kites, he invested—that is, bought a flyer for each lad and enjoyed the expression which came over their faces.

** * * * **

"Cotton Mather" walked up and down Easy Street and enjoyed the scene in spite of the fact that his costume was hardly in keeping with the plus fours and the white flannel trousers which are worn today. Many a person saw Mather strolling around in his costume of 1700 or thereabouts and did not recognize in him the Rev. Evarts W. Pond, the present pastor of the Congregational church.

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The grounds around Easy Street Gallery were most attractive as the "Lido Tea Garden", in charge of Mrs. George C. Gordon, Mrs. George Welsh and their corps of assistants, many in original and colorful costumes.



Ready to welcome the Governor. Steamer Naushon is lying in the new berth on the north side of the wharf. [Photo by Boyer.]



Easy Street during the carnival, with the N apoleon Willow surrounded by a gay throng.



Mrs. Allen, Austin Strong, Everett U. Crosby, Governor Allen and one of the Governor's aides.



"Toyland" had a lot of special features to offer with "Ezra" and "Samantha" standing guard.



Governor Allen and Col. James M. Andrews were swapping stories in front of the flower booth.

Man Builds The Kingdom Within His Soul.

Dr. Charles E. Congdon, Spanish War Veteran, filled the pulpit of the Unitarian church last Sunday morning, and delivered a very interesting discourse—a layman's view of religion. He spoke as follows:

Where an individual makes the statement that he does not believe in God, this individual is a pessimist; he wants to be different from the rest of us and is generally looking for an argument, but environment does have a tremendous influence to make these unbelievers. This fact has recently been forcefully brought to our attention by social workers and government investigators in the tenement districts of England and America. In fact, great sums of money are being spent in both countries to take care of millions of people now being born and reared in filth and degradation, knowing little else than preying on each other by strength and stealth.

As youth develops and want continues to be with them—cold, hunger, no comforts—they are driven to desperate undertakings, even murder is nothing in the strife of life itself. It is the survival of strength and cunning. God does not come into their calculations. Later this rule of life in desperate tenement conditions in the large cities is taken over into other districts and made the rule of living. During my last year in Medical School, I attended maternity cases in Brooklyn and New York slums, and the terror of life there is still with me.

As a matter of fact, we all know that there is a Supreme Spirit of infinite life and power in this universe, creating, working, ruling through the agency of great and immutable laws—controlling all that has gone before and is to come. Even the laws of nature are controlled by this great power, the growth of the trees, the coloring of flowers. Yes, and the every-day lives of each and every individual.

I believe that this great spirit which controls the laws of nature and keeps the universe in working order is God. Then if this is true, God is of us and in us, and each one is of his Being, each has a kingdom of God in his soul—and that kingdom can be built up and broadened as much as we allow the divine power of God to reach our souls, by following the Spirit of Jesus, that is, by following his teachings, such as the Golden Rule, love thy neighbor, following the ten commandments, etc. Brotherly love and friendship will about cover Christ's teachings and is religion enough for all.

If an individual pulls up the puckering strings of his soul and keeps out the divine Spirit of God, he is a narrow-minded, bigoted selfish miser, not only a miser of material things, but a miser of all the beneficial thoughts and actions for mankind in general. He lives within himself, perhaps, too stingy and selfish to care for his own family, let alone neighbors and friends. No brotherly love. His very posture shows it. You can tell him on the street with his shifty eye and down-turned mouth. No happiness for him, perhaps a certain satisfaction in accumulating material things but never contentment or the satisfaction of friendship. He is lonely—more in hell than in heaven. To be pitied more than the tenement dweller who has never seen the sunlight.

The tenement dweller, by his experiences, his actions hearkens back to the time when it was the survival of the fittest—he knows no difference, his whole training has been in this direction, and in the degree that he fails to recognize his oneness with the Infinite source of power and so is oblivious to this divine flow, does he come into the state when there seems to be nothing of good, nothing of beauty, nothing of power, and when this is true those who come in contact with him receive not good but harm.

On the other hand, if we allow our thoughts to turn to brotherly love and friendship the strings of our heart and Soul gradually relax and the Supreme Spirit comes in, building and enlarging our personal kingdom of God.

Every one of us can do this if we wish to through the power of mind; the great thing is to realize the good and satisfaction and happiness to ourselves and others if we do so conduct ourselves.

If we govern our thinking, then we determine our lives.

As a man builds the kingdom within his soul, he respects his neighbors; he judges not harshly until he knows whereof judgment is necessary, nor starts unseemly rumors. Part of his daily duty is to encourage his friends in their every-day lives, that things may look brighter to them. Receive advice from them; at least it makes them happier to give it. All man-made laws are for the purpose of bringing about equality and understanding. Fraternal orders of standing are built upon the teachings of Jesus. The Boy Scouts have their slogan, "Do one good act each day." The good man, living an unselfish life, shows it by the kindly look in his face. His step is light, and he has an independence all his own. His very soul seems to send out a radiance around him. He is respected, trusted and loved by all who know him.

When one is fully alive to the possibilities that come with this higher awakening, as he goes here and there, as he mingles with his fellow men, he imparts to all an inspiration that kindles in them a feeling of power kindred to his own. We all are continually giving out influences similar to those working in our own lives, and the higher the life the more inspiring and helpful are the emanations that it is continually sending out. The lower the life, the more harmful the influence to all who come in contact with it.

Do you not see how it would serve to have such a soul playing through such a body, that as you go here and there a force goes out from you that all feel and are influenced by? So that you carry an inspiration wherever you go. So that "His coming brings peace and joy into our homes, welcome his coming; so that as you pass along the street—tired and weary—even sin-sick men and women will feel a certain divine touch that will awaken new desires and a new life in them. Such are the sublime powers of the human soul when itself translucent to the Supreme Spirit, and such a life is within our living here."

As to heaven and hell, I know not. In fact Hell, I do not bother about, but I can almost believe that the man who keeps his soul close-locked does not enjoy the benefits of a hereafter. The

soul has not enough of the divine spirit of God to survive and simply withers up and is no more.

I do believe that the man who has lived in the Spirit of Jesus enjoys an everlasting existence. His soul, nurtured by the power of God, leaves this body after death and joins with God in working for good on the Earth. And so this Earth is a better place to live in than it has been and must continue towards perfection.

Oh, God—we sincerely desire that the divine Spirit of Christ enter into our souls so that Thy presence may be felt in each and every one of us.

Dr. Congdon then concluded his remarks by reading a little poem, written by Francis E. Folger, of Nantucket, which reads as follows:

The Lonely Man.

If you in your daily wanderings
Will take note of the men you meet,
You will find that the man that is
lonely

And the one that is hard to greet,
Is the man that is not a member
Of a lodge or a church or a club;
For men were meant to be friendly
And meet, and their elbows rub.
If the church you go to is you choice,
Or the lodge you attend is mine,
You will get from that church or lodge
As much that is good, and fine
As you give in return, my brother,
Whether you give it in money or time.
So if you give the best that is in you
And give it with a spirit of love,
You will find that the sun sets the
brighter

And the night is more starry above.
So if you see some fellow that's stand-
ing

All alone, as if left in the lurch,
You will find, if you take time to in-
quire,
He doesn't belong to lodge or church.

Coronation Regalia Worth \$25,000,000. 81937

Twenty-five million dollars would not buy the regalia to be used at the Coronation of King George VI of England in Westminster Abbey next May 12. Most of the regalia will be brought to the Abbey under armed guard from the great steel and plate glass, burglar-proof cage in which it is housed behind thick stone walls in the historic Tower of London. After the crowning, it will be returned to the tower to await the coronation of George's successor. Almost all the regalia is comparatively modern, having been made for the coronation of Charles II in 1649, to replace the priceless regalia destroyed or sold during Oliver Cromwell's regime following the execution of Charles I.

Smile!

Go out and buy a little red book
With pages all clean and white,
Then when you're sad and lonely and
blue

Take out your pencil and write.
Note all the things that made you
feel bad,

It will take just a little while
To put all your troubles into the book
Then close up the book and—

Smile!

For one-half the things you think are
wrong,

You have only yourself to blame;
If you'd only think for a moment or
two

You would know it's part of life's
game.

Just make up your mind when you
write it,

Sorrow only lasts for a while;
Put it all into your little red book,

Then close up the book and—

Smile!

A whole lot of what you call trouble
Is but a lesson to you in disguise;
And you would make sure of sunshine
and joy

If you were a little bit wise.
So what's the use of complaining?

You're wasting time all the while;
Write all your worries into your book,

Then close up the book and—

Smile!

Keep this little book with you always,
You'll find it a very good friend;

If you put in it only REAL troubles
You'll find that they'll very soon

end.
You will know sunshine and joy in
abundance

And sadness just once in a while;
What's the use?

No excuse—
Close the book—

Smile!

Dec. 19th 1936

Wreck of the "British Queen" 85 Years Ago This Week.

For many years—probably quarter of a century—passers-by along the Polpis road have seen a ship's quarterboard hung on one of the barns on the Mooney farm, its white letters standing sharply out against a black background and weathered shingles, reading *British Queen*.

Similar boards bearing other names have been seen about the town, it once being the custom to so display them, but the name *British Queen* holds perhaps more interest than any of the others.

This week the old quarter-board observed its eighty-fifth anniversary. A number of years ago its well-known owner, Robert Mooney, passed away. Together, the two made a story that supplied one of the most interesting pages in Nantucket's maritime history.

On a cold and gale-tossed night in early December, those eighty-five years ago, the ship *British Queen*, a new craft, eight weeks from Dublin, struck a shoal in back of Muskeget. There were two hundred and twenty-six immigrants from Ireland on board. The rescue of all but two was one which demonstrated the seamanship and courage of a number of Nantucket sailors.

Robert Mooney was one of those taken off the wrecked ship. Together with a number of other young Irishmen, he remained here and made his home. It was not until he was in his 85th year that he saw the continent of America, where he had originally sailed for so many years before. The quarter-board of the ship had come into his possession and he had placed it in a conspicuous place on a barn.

Upon the death of Mr. Mooney the familiar board went to his son, Lawrence F. Mooney, Sr., and thence to his grandson, Lawrence F. Mooney, Jr., now the Chief of the Nantucket Police Department. Naturally, it is a cherished heirloom.

Ship Had Sailed From Ireland Eight Weeks Before.

The loss of the *British Queen* is remarkable from the fact that only two of the 226 on board perished. In view of the place where the ship became entangled in the shoals, and remembering the time of year and the conditions of the weather, it is a tribute to the ability of the rescuing islanders that the survivors were taken off and brought into this port without the loss of a single man, woman, or child among them. Two of the sufferers died on board the ship before the Nantucketers reached her.

The ship ran into bad weather as it approached this coast. Captain Conway, weary after eight weeks of a stormy passage from Dublin, was unable to make any observations for determining his position for two days before his vessel struck. Blown far from his course, due to the strong gales from the west, he came through the shoals south of the island, skirting the coast to the west, and ran into Muskeget channel before he realized that

It was then too late to save the ship. A nor'wester roared down upon them, accompanied by blinding snowsqualls. Long before nightfall the ship was at the mercy of the elements. In the shrieking darkness on the night of December 18, 1851, the *British Queen* struck.

The shock snapped the foremast a few feet above the deck and sent the tangled wreckage into the smother of foam forward. Pounding and groaning in every timber she fortunately held fast to the shoal, and when the mizzenmast went at midnight Capt. Conway was able to cut the wreckage free and lighten his vessel somewhat.

Wreck Sighted—First Attempts To Reach Her Unsuccessful.

On Thursday morning, at daybreak, watchmen in the South Tower sighted the *British Queen* about a mile from Muskeget, with her fore and mizzen masts gone and signals of distress plainly discernible. During the day a number of boats attempted to reach the craft from the shore (probably being launched at Tuckernuck) but were forced to give it up. The sea was running fearfully high, and the observers expected to see the ship break

up at any time. At night, however, the last glimpses showed her still holding fast to the shoal.

The sufferings of the two hundred and twenty-six people aboard the stricken ship during the night which followed must have been among the worst that any shipwrecked folk are forced to endure. Confined to the narrow limits of the steerage, they huddled in terror, every moment expecting to have the straining planking burst in all about them, to let in a flood of the icy water, to drown them like rats in a trap. With the timbers creaking, the water pounding over the decks, and the wind howling all around them every soul was reduced to abject terror, and it was afterwards stated that they expected every minute to be their last.

Islanders to the Rescue. The "Game Cock" and "Hamilton."

The winter of 1851-52 had started with low temperatures that were almost unprecedented. Nantucket sound was filled with ice-fields that had cut off communication with the mainland, and the harbor itself was choked with floating ice.

Before day-break on the morning of Dec. 19 (Friday) the steamboat *Telegraph* got up steam. An important conference had taken place among the experienced seamen here the night before and it had been decided, due to the ice, that it would be best to have the steamer tow the schooners *Game Cock* and *Hamilton* out over the bar and let them attempt the rescue.

Alongside Straight Wharf lay the two schooners, their crews waiting for just such an emergency. Shipwrecks were common in those days, and "wrecking" was a business that was conducted by crews of picked men. Capt. Thomas Bearse, of the *Hamilton*, was one of the best men for the work in the town, because of his intimate knowledge of the shoals and tides around the island.

Although the schooners were ready to go at 5:30 it was found that the ice and heavy seas, together with the northerly wind, made it impossible to get across Nantucket bar until high water. The tide was not high until 1:00 o'clock in the afternoon, and so the impatient rescuers were forced to wait. Although the *Telegraph* might have tried to make the hazardous trip alone it was considered too much of a gamble. If her paddlewheels were to become disabled by the ice, she, too, would become helpless, and in such a locality as the shoals in back of Muskeget this would be a catastrophe.

The *Game Cock* drew seven feet of water, and the *Hamilton* drew eight feet. At high water there was only nine feet of water on Nantucket bar. Taking advantage of every minute in time, the *Telegraph* towed the *Game Cock* out around Brant Point and over the bar an hour before high water. The *Hamilton* got under way a half hour afterwards.

Once over the bar, the *Game Cock*, headed for the scene of the wreck, some nine miles distant. Despite the extensive ice fields and the high seas, so skillfully was the schooner worked that she arrived at the *British Queen* without mishap.

All But Two of The 226 Passengers Saved by the Schooners.

The survivors must have watched the approach of their rescuers with eyes that were almost unwilling to believe such a joyful sight. So near had they been to death in the hunger and the cold, amidst the fury of the elements, that it was like a miracle to find rescue so near at hand. Two on board had succumbed during the night, and more than a hundred were too weak from suffering and fear to move about.

The sea was so rugged that it was impossible for the *Game Cock* to get close aboard. One moment the little schooner would be down below the ship's counter, in the trough of a sea, and on the next surge she would be up above the rail, looking down at the wreck.

When the *Hamilton* arrived an hour after the other, the *Game Cock* was slipping away with sixty of the immigrants below decks—all she could accommodate.

The east tide was now running, and the *Hamilton* had a difficult time laying alongside. The *British Queen* was headed about north and listed heavily to starboard, with the seas smashing against the raised counter. Under the conditions, Capt. Bearse dropped his anchor, paid out his best bower until he lay across the bows of the wreck, drifting down on her low starboard side.

The situation was a precarious one. Sometimes the *Hamilton* would fetch up with a jar on the shoal, and on the crest of a wave would next be high above the deck of the ship. It was necessary for the survivors to either jump or be tossed to the deck of the schooner. By holding fast with lines to the wreck, and by keeping his schooner in hand, Capt. Bearse got the remaining immigrants on board without the loss of a single one. As fast as they came aboard they were taken below. The schooner now made ready to return to the harbor.

Two Island Fishermen Begin a ardous Adventure on the Wreck.

A new situation had developed, however. At 3 o'clock, the smack *Republican*, Capt. James Maguire, with Charles Holmes and miah Green as crew, came upon the scene. Anchoring a safe distance leeward, Maguire and Holmes went in the smack's boat and went to the wreck for the purpose of whatever might be carried away.

They had tied their boat to the stay of the *British Queen* and busily engaged in securing the running rigging when Capt. Bearse, of the *Hamilton*, showed them to get off before the changed.

"It was a foolhardy job for the fishermen," said Thomas M. B. the captain's son, a member of the schooner's crew. "The west tide due at 4 o'clock, when it would come rugged at once."

The only reply given to the was careless waves of the sea, the two on board the wreck. At the west tide made, the *Hamilton* off her lines, took up her anchor, left the scene of the wreck, the remaining survivors on board.

Captain Bearse shouted a warning to the fishermen as he filled away. Again the reply of careless assurance that they be all right.

Townpeople Rally to Alleviate Distress of the Survivors.

Without further mishap, the *Hamilton* reached the wharf here after five o'clock, and a large number of townspeople waited in the darkness for them, taking charge of the unfortunates, who presented a picture of destitution and suffering that had not been seen on the island for many years.

Engine Companies No. 8 and

mediately placed their rooms at the disposal of the survivors. Pantheon Hall and the Sons of Temperance Hall were also opened for the same purposes. Food and clothing were contributed by many citizens, and cots with bedding were placed at the disposal of the weary immigrants.

Many of the women and children were weak from privation and cold, and these were entrusted to the care of private families. William Barney, the British Consular Agent, became the leader in arranging for the comfort of the survivors.

Practically all the passengers had lost everything they owned, excepting only the clothes they stood in. Besides this a great many were afflicted with disease, due to their long confinement in the dark and damp steerage, and many others had contracted the sicknesses from exposure.

The news of their sufferings and necessities spread rapidly throughout the town, and awakened the sympathy and kindly attention of all. Clothing, food, and money were instantly forthcoming, while arrangements for shelter had, of course, been already seen to by the various societies.

A correspondent in *The Mirror* wrote as follows:

"Almost the entire clothing of the survivors were exchanged for better and have been burned, a precaution that was exceedingly necessary, that putrid diseases might not spread. A regard to cleanliness was the great end to be secured. The rooms were ventilated, and the sick and suffering cleansed as far as circumstances would permit. At all seasonable hours sympathizing and active 'women not a few' were to be found busily engaged in ministering to the necessities of the needy and the diseased. Among these, no one was more diligent and efficient, or more exposed to contagion, than a Miss Reiley, who has indeed been a 'true Samaritan'."

The Grateful Demonstrated Their Heartfelt Gratitude.

The ready appreciation that is a characteristic of the Irish race was quickly responsive. Expressions, odd to the ears of the islanders, but filled with ardent gratitude, could be heard such as "May God Almighty bless you," and "Long life to you." They came from the hearts of a grateful people.

On Christmas Day, 1851, the immigrants embarked on steamer *Telegraph*, finally reaching the shores of America—the "land of the free" and the new home which they had so risked their lives to reach. Several of the Irish people remained on Nantucket, however, becoming citizens of the island and leading exemplary lives, their descendants still residing here as full-fledged Nantucketers.

Before departing, the following notice was left at *The Mirror* for insertion in the issue of December 27th.

"We, the shipwrecked passengers of the ill-fated Emigrant ship 'British Queen' of Dublin, deem it our bounden duty to return our most heartfelt and sincere thanks for the cordial and human reception we have received from the hospitable citizens and inhabitants of the Island of Nantucket. To those brave and humane men who came to our rescue when all hope had died within ourselves—we are at a loss to express our gratitude. To the citizens and inhabitants of the island of Nantucket at large, we feel a debt of gratitude which will only be forgotten when life ceases to exist. To

you, human and Christian men, we may well express the language of the Patriarch of old, and say, "When our ears heard you, then we blessed you, when our eyes saw you they gave witness unto you, because you delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless and they that had none to help them. The blessings of those that were ready to perish came upon you, for you caused the widows' hearts to sing for joy."

Your reward will surely come at that great day when, before assembled worlds, the great Disposer of events will allot to each and all his final sentence in His own words: "Come ye blessed children of my father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for we were hungry and ye gave us meat, we were thirsty and ye gave us drink, we were strangers and ye took us in, naked and ye clothed us."

And now, preservers of our lives, permit us in conclusion to commit you to the care and keeping of Almighty God. May He watch over you and yours; may He increase your store a hundred fold, and may there be no lack nor falling off among you.

Signed, on behalf of all the passengers,

Nelson T. Johnston.
Nantucket, Dec. 23, 1851.

The Disaster Has an Anti-Climax. Perilous Plight of the Fishermen.

When the *Hamilton* sailed away from the scene of the wrecked *British Queen*, late in the afternoon of Dec. 19th, the two fishermen remaining on board decided to risk their lives by remaining on board the wreck until dark. The smack *Watchman* lay at anchor to leeward, with the one man aboard anxiously awaiting the return of his companions.

At dusk the wind increased and, with the west tide making, a heavy sea was kicked up. The ship began to pound heavily. Maguire and Holmes tried to get their heavily loaded boat away but at a critical moment a sea smashed her against the bows of the wreck, stoving the craft like an egg-shell. Jeremiah Green, aboard the smack, saw the accident and aware of the danger of remaining longer in such a perilous position, he cut his cable and ran for the bar. Upon arrival in the harbor news of his companions' predicament was soon passed along the waterfront.

It blew heavily all that night. The next morning, no sign of the ship was to be seen, with snow flurries filling the air. Ice had also made and the floating fields of the stuff made navigation in the sound impossible.

Along the lee shore the loose ice extended for miles out into the sound. From the beach it was seen that it would be useless for any man to get out to the wreck until the wind shifted or a sudden thaw melted the ice—the latter being considered an impossibility.

Thomas M. Bearse described the first knowledge of the whereabouts of the two fishermen as follows:

"About 3:00 p. m. it was discovered that what had appeared to be a piece of wreckage on the edge of the ice was actually a boat with two men in her. It was not reasonable to suppose that they were the men who had been left on board the *British Queen*, but they were sailors—and every sailor's heart went out to them. How they were to be rescued before dark was a puzzle. Many plans were suggested, but a dark night ahead of us was a handicap which no one could seem to overlook."

Searching the Chord of the Bay For The Missing Men.

Captain David Patterson, who was a famous "wrecker" in his day, finally hit upon a plan. He suggested that Capt. Bearse take the *Hamilton* out into the Chord of the Bay, lay to, and wait for a light from shore. This light would be a fire set by Patterson the moment he sighted the boat again—and it would form a range-light, giving Capt. Bearse the approximate position of the small boat.

As the *Hamilton* was owned by the merchant Joseph B. Macy, this gentleman was approached for permission to risk his craft among the ice fields during the night.

"Do not let the safety of the vessel enter into the matter in the least," replied Mr. Macy.

The *Hamilton* sailed, crossing the bar before darkness made it impossible to set a course for the outer edge of the field of ice in the Chord of the Bay.

After several hours of fruitless and disheartening search, those on board the schooner saw a light on the beach. All sail was lowered except the jib. The starboard anchor was catted, all ready to be let go in an instant, and with soundings being taken constantly the schooner was headed inshore, in range of the light.

But only a big piece of wreckage was discovered, evidently being mistaken by those ashore for the boat. Two hours later the *Hamilton* crept back into the harbor on the flood of the tide.

On the beach, waiting for daylight, Allen Hallett kept a close watch. When the dawn finally came many pieces of wreckage from the *British Queen* could be seen in open water and at the edge of the ice, but no boat was in sight.

In the middle of the forenoon the searchers were at last rewarded. A boat was discerned drifting towards Great Point and although no sign of living creatures was to be seen the party immediately set out to reach it. By using boards obtained from the lighthouse, Patterson and his men crawled out over the ice and reached the boat. In it were Maguire and Holmes, the latter having a broken leg, and both more dead than alive. They were quickly carried ashore.

The most incredible part of the incident is that, when the two were left stranded on the wreck, they got the heavy ship's-boat off the forward house and over the ship's bowsprit.

Mrs. C. H. Baldwin has closed her Wisconsin, for the winter.
Seonset, have gone to Manitowoc, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Coffin, of street.
at \$150. William W. Coffin, Federal trip on the mainland.
Ellis, Jr., returned Tuesday from a Mrs. Lester Ayers and Mrs. Charles for the winter.
gone to Santa Barbara, California, Mr. and Mrs. William Wallace have nesday.
to her home in Nantucket on Wednesday.
Mrs. Edward S. Bennett returned land.
Wednesday from a visit on the mainland.
Mrs. John H. Robinson returned to Orlando, Florida, for the winter.
Mrs. Walter N. Burgess has gone at the Nantucket Cottage Hospital.
Mrs. A. S. Chadwick is a patient

Passengers On Board Wrecked "British Queen."

Since the publication last week of the story of the wreck of the *British Queen* several additional facts concerning that disaster have been uncovered.

The ship had on board 226 persons, according to Gardner's account in "Wrecks Around Nantucket." A contemporary description of the incident gives the number as 240, however, and also lists a number of cabin passengers. These were Thomas and John Delaney, of Dublin; Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Murphey, Dublin; Henry F. Armstrong, Dublin; Nelson T. Johnson, Pilsboro Ave., Dublin. There were also 66 others in the second class quarters and 168 in the steerage—this latter class being the principal sufferers because of the nature of a "steerage" aboard a sailing ship, confined to a lower deck during successive storms.

Capt. Christopher Thomas Conway, the master of the *British Queen*, had been a very sick man for days before the disaster occurred. This fact, together with the numerous gales encountered, and the thick weather which prevented observations for several days prior to the wreck, caused the ship to be a considerable distance north of her course, and ultimately brought her up into the maze of shoals in Muskeget channel.

The commander of the schooner *Game Cock* was Capt. Thomas Gardner, while Capt. Thomas Bearse had the *Hamilton*. These two vessels were so sagaciously handled that all but two of the *British Queen's* passengers were saved from a fearful death.

In regard to the two fishermen—Maguire and Holmes—marooned on the wreck with a gale coming up and ice in the sound, this account further states that Capt. Walter Allen aided the famous Capt. David Patterson, who, with Capt. Bearse and the *Hamilton*, went out to the rescue of the fishermen, adrift in the ship's boat. Allen Hallett built the signal fires on the beach as range lights for the schooner in the offing.

When Maguire and Holmes, in the boat, were located, shouts from both the shore gang and the ship failed to attract their attention. The cold had numbed them to such an extent that, when it appeared they had fallen into a fatal sleep, they somehow managed to instinctively arouse themselves and tried to climb out of the boat and across the ice to shore. Their exertions further awoke them, but the bending of the treacherous ice frightened the fishermen and they climbed back into the boat.

Patterson and his men tried to get the two to crawl out on boards, but they were too weak, and Holmes, who had suffered a broken ankle, was almost helpless. On the shore, Hallett and his group watched the boat come inshore, carried by tide and ice. Again boards were shoved off and shouts of instruction to the two in the boat had the effect of bringing them over the gunwale again.

But they still hung back, being exhausted, and George Robinson, on the shore, crawled out and pulled them over the ice to the frozen beach.

The wreck and its anti-climax in the perilous plight of the two fishermen, gave the town the most exciting Christmas week since the War of 1812. Although it was a time of suffering for the unfortunates, it was also one of joy over their miraculous deliverance from death, and a much happier Christmas for all took place.

This Christmas Day of 1851—some eighty-five years ago—was, indeed, a direct contrast to the holiday season of 1865, when two ships were wrecked on Christmas Day—the *Haines* and the *Newton*—and all the men on board were lost.

"The Price of a License."

A few weeks ago a reader asked if we could locate a poem called "The Price of a License." In looking through one of our exchanges this week we happened to come across the poem, but it was not stated who was the author. Here it is:

The Price of a License.

What's the price of a license? How much did you say?

The price of men's souls in the market today?

A license to sell, to defame, and destroy,

From the gray hairs of age to the innocent boy—

How much is to pay?

How much is to pay? How compare with your gold

A license to poison—a crime oft retold
Fix a price on the years and manhood of men;

Take what is not yours, to destroy if you can—

What's the price, did you say?

How much for a license? How reckon the crimes

Men are caused to commit when besotted at times?

To take character, reason, foredoomed to the grave,

And give men your curses when pity cries "Save!"

What's the price, did you say?

How much for a license? Count the price of the home;

Of the tears that are shed in its anguish and gloom;

Count the happiness lost on the vote that you gave

When you voted the license that made man a slave.

What price was to pay?

How much for a license? Count the price of her life

Whom your children called mother, and whom you called wife;

Who died of her grief, heartbroken away,

That her home was left bare of its bread every day,

The license to pay.

How much is to pay? Count the price of one soul,

Multiplied by the names on eternity's scroll,

Of those who have gone, once in manhood's strong pride,

Then add those who through them have suffered and died.

What's the price, did you say?

How much is to pay? You can count out the gold,

But the price to be paid has never been told;

Count the measure you mete out your neighbor today,

To be meted you back—but in God's time and way.

'Tis a debt you must pay!

1936. August 8th 1936

Oldest House Observes Its 250th Anniversary This Week.

On Wednesday of this week more than three hundred and fifty persons visited the Oldest House, on an "open day," the occasion being the observance of the 250th anniversary of the old structure.

The Oldest House was built in 1686 for Jethro Coffin and Mary Gardner, who were married in the west room soon after it was completed. Since the destruction of the old Swain house at Polpis in 1902, the 1686 house has been the oldest building standing on the island.

For many years it was known as the Jethro Coffin House and, in later years, the "Horseshoe House," so called because of a horseshoe shaped design in the bricks of the chimney above the roof.

To the many people who were visiting the place for the first time its well preserved condition was a welcome surprise. Here was a relic of colonial days that still retained the original old-time appearance in its entirety and, in its position on the little height of Sunset Hill, it still remains aloof from the hurrying, busy life of this summer community.

As in the case of most of the old landmarks here the Oldest House faces the south, with the back roof to the north sloping down to a long lean-to. The chimney is a massive piece of masonry, with three large fireplaces downstairs and one in the west bedroom upstairs. The largest of these measures seven feet in width, and is five feet high.

Aside from the familiar story of its original occupants, the house has an interesting and varied history. Jethro and Mary Coffin lived here some 20 years, during which time they reared eight children—five sons and three daughters. Mary (Gardner) Coffin was the daughter of John Gardner, a man who made his name in the early history of the island during a period known as the "Revolt of the Half-Shares Men." This weighty struggle found Tristram Coffin and Gardner at swords' points, although it did not prevent Tristram's grandson, Jethro, from marrying Gardner's daughter, the wedding taking place five years after the death of Magistrate Coffin.

In 1708 the house was sold to Nathaniel Paddock, remaining in the possession of the Paddock family until 1840—more than a century—when it was sold to George Turner.

Jethro Coffin, the bridegroom of the house, died in 1726, aged sixty-three. Mary Coffin went to live with her second son, Josiah, in the latter's new home on the corner of Cliff road and North Liberty street, (now owned by the H. Emerson Tuttle). She lived to the ripe old age of 97. One of the interesting features of her old home is a picture of her hanging in the lower west room, painted by an unknown artist.

Shortly after the Civil War the house began to show the results of its many years of constant occupation. An old photograph, taken in the 1870s, shows how delapidated it had



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1863.

Oldest House Observes Its 250th Anniversary This Week.

Continued from First Page.

become, and it seemed only a matter of a few years when it would have to come down.

However, in 1881, at the time of the famous Coffin reunion here, Tristram Coffin, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., a direct descendant of the Nantucket ancestor, purchased it and made repairs. Upon the two hundredth anniversary of its erection, (1886), Mr. Coffin made further repairs, thus saving the house for posterity.

In 1897, the Oldest House was "opened to the public," with Miss Ellen C. Bartlett, of Poughkeepsie, as its first custodian. An admission fee was charged, the proceeds from which went to defray the expenses for needed repairs and to the salary of the custodian. In 1899, the late Mrs. Anna Starbuck Jenks, of Nantucket, became custodian, serving in that capacity until 1923.

The Oldest House became the property of the Nantucket Historical Association in 1923. The next year Tristram Coffin died, and through the generosity of his heirs the final payments on the structure were made by the Association. Miss Sarah L. Macy became its custodian in 1925, serving until her death in 1934.

The most remarkable chapter in the story of the house was to come, however. Winthrop Coffin, of Boston, a descendant of Tristram of Nantucket, became deeply interested in the home of his island clan, and offered to stand the expense of restoring it, as much as possible, to its original condition—but under the supervision of the best of experts in such work.

This magnanimous offer of Mr. Coffin's was promptly accepted by the Association, and in the spring of 1927 the important work began.

Alfred F. Shurrocks, an architect who has since become well-known to Nantucket, supervised the entire work of restoration. Mr. Shurrocks has especially studied the architecture of colonial New England, and William Sumner Appleton, Secretary of the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, gave his services free of charge.

The chief task in the entire work was the raising of the chimney, which

literally "leaned on the house". This difficult job was accomplished by the most careful planning. Two Nantucket contractors assisted off-island workmen during the restoration—Arthur Williams, mason, and Archibald Cartwright, carpenter.

One of the interesting features in connection with the job was the complete restoration of corner posts, girts and sills, fireplaces, original north wall-line and the re-introduction of the diamond-pane window sashes. Old lumber was used in replacement.

On July 30, 1928, Nantucket's Oldest House was re-dedicated at a ceremony attended by about two hundred persons. During the exercises William F. Macy, then president of the Historical Association, said in part:

"And now we dedicate this old mansion for all time to the service of our Community, our State and our Nation. With proper care from those who come after us there is no reason why it may not stand for another two hundred and forty-two years, at least, as a monument to the memory of our ancestors and a reminder of the times in which they lived."

The little book "Trustum and His Grandchildren," published in 1881 and long since out of print, was written by Mrs. Harriet B. Worron in the west room of the house.

George and Mary Turner were the last couple to rear a family in this Oldest House. The last person born there was the late Amelia Turner Cushman, who lived in Brockton for many years.

In a short account of her earliest recollections of the house Mrs. Cushman added some entertaining bits of personal history, concluding with the following sentiment:

"Thus might I go on, waking the by-gone memories, but only a brief word was requested of me, so I go down the narrow stairs, pausing for just one little look into each room as I passed, then casting one longing, lingering look behind, I step across the threshold and drop the latch of the door of my girlhood's home—the silent, deserted, weather-beaten sentinel of Sunset Hill."

Original Town Clock Erected In 1823 in South Tower.

The paint on the dial-faces of the Town Clock is beginning to peel badly, especially on the south side, where the sun gets in the most exposure. It is not generally known that the numbers and hands of the clock are of wood, also. Although the gilt is faded, it is not, apparently, so worn as the black-painted face of the timepiece.

Several passers-by have commented on the fine performance of the clock, it being rarely out of order, and one or two have guessed at the age of the clock. It has become such a familiar, taken-for-granted object that few know of its history.

The present clock was installed in 1881, being manufactured by the Howard Clock Company, and purchased for the town by William Hadwen Starbuck, and was first set in motion on May 28th of that year.

The original "town clock" was the work of island artisans entirely. It was constructed by Robert W. Jenks, who also designed the dials, hands, and wooden frame-work. The steel, iron and brass work, for the gears, pinions, etc., were finished by Samuel Jenks. The brass castings were made at the shop of Edward Field, near the head of Commercial wharf.

The clock was assembled in the Jenks' workshop, in a building on lower Main street, which for many years was known as the Morris building.

Walter Folger, Jr., assisted by Barzillai Davidson, of Providence, erected the instrument during the last week in January, 1823. Of the coming event, *The Inquirer* commented:

That Clock.—Robert W. Jenks announces that the clock he has been preparing for the use of the Town, to be put into the South Congregational Tower, is in motion at his shop, and will be placed in position the coming week. (This was the issue of Tuesday, Jan. 21, 1823.)

It is a pity that this original town clock was not preserved, so that the Nantucket Historical Association, (organized some years after it was dismantled), might have had it as one of its prized possessions—an example of island inventiveness and skill.

Don't Worry.

There's a town called Don't You Worry
On the sands of the Island Smile;
Where the Cheer-Up and Be-Happy
Blossom sweetly all the while.
Where the Never-Grumble flower
Blooms beside the fragrant Try
And the Ne'er-Give-Up and Patience
Point their faces to the sky.

On this island of Contentment
In the ocean of I-Will
You will find this lovely town-site
On the crest of No-Fret hill.
There are thoroughfares delightful
In this very charming town,
And on every hand are shade trees
Named the Very-Seldom-Frown.

Rustic benches quite enticing
You'll find scattered here and there
And to each a vine is clinging
Called the Always-Welcome Prayer.
Everybody here is happy
And is singing all the while
In the town of Don't You Worry
On the sands of Island Smile.

The Philomathean Society. A Reminiscence.

Editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:
"Backward, turn backward, O Time in
thy flight—"
Make me a member of the old Philo-
mathean Society again—
"Just for tonight."

That program of an entertainment
given by the Philomathean Society
in Atheneum Hall, April 26, 1883, has
certainly tapped the spring of mem-
ory in the case of one, at least, of
those names mentioned as capable of
"reminiscing."

My old "secretary"—how old I am
not sure—which stood on the "deck"
of my chamber on North Shore Hill
for a good many years, between the
big chimney and the little window
which gave that wonderful view of
"the bar," the bell buoy, and Great
Point Light—that old "secretary" is
the home of many "relics" of Nan-
tucket. I would as soon part with my
right hand as to part with that. When
life palls, old friends become tire-
some, business drags, and indigestion
sets in, I go to the old "secretary" for
relaxation and relief—it never fails.
For there are the living, tangible
evidence of a happy past and the
undying memory of days well spent.

Your reference in the "Mirror" to
that program sends me again to the
"secretary" and there, in the original
hand of the secretary, who happened
to be my own sister Elizabeth, are
the official records of the meetings
from November 11, 1881 to April 27,
1886.

The Society had been organized, of
course, some time before—in the fall
of 1882; and what happened after
1885 I do not know for I sailed from
Nantucket that fall, with Capt.
Henry Snow in the old *Island City*
(succeeding the *W. O. Nettleton*) to
seek my fortune. I find also two
original copies of the Constitution of
the Society. My impression is that
these are the only copies of the Con-
stitution in existence.

Inscribed, or subscribed, on the
same "foolscap" folio with the Con-
stitution are the names of these
members; there may have been more
later, but this list includes all on
these copies.

| | |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| Arthur J. Clough | Louise S. Baker |
| Lizzie A. Hussey | Charles Long |
| Lillian A. Barnard | Emily Winslow |
| Mamie Macy | Hattie A. Orpin |
| Anna C. Brock | Mary F. Coffin |
| Miss M. Hodge | Emma Coffin |
| Miss M. Hodge | Edna Eastman |
| Miss M. Hodge | Ida Swain |
| Miss M. Hodge | George Hildebrand |
| Miss M. Hodge | Morton Chase |
| Miss M. Hodge | Annie Chinery |
| Miss M. Hodge | Clara Pitman |
| Miss M. Hodge | Cora S. Burgess |
| Miss M. Hodge | Lillian M. Allen |
| Miss M. Hodge | J. Butler Folger |
| Miss M. Hodge | Harry Gardner |
| Miss M. Hodge | Harry Hildebrand |
| Miss M. Hodge | Pauline Smalley |
| Miss M. Hodge | Ida Cathcart |
| Miss M. Hodge | Walter Coggeshall |
| Miss M. Hodge | James B. Snow |
| Miss M. Hodge | James R. Coffin |
| Miss M. Hodge | James H. Barker |
| Miss M. Hodge | Paul V. Fuller |
| Miss M. Hodge | Lillian M. Allen |
| Miss M. Hodge | Ida B. Worth |
| Miss M. Hodge | Sarah L. May |
| Miss M. Hodge | Anna F. Chinery |
| Miss M. Hodge | W. F. Manning |
| Miss M. Hodge | Sarah B. Winslow |

"Each member shall be requested to
pay into the treasury two cents at
each regular meeting;" "the Society
shall meet fortnightly from 7:30 to
9:30 o'clock in the evening;" and the
officers shall be chosen "whenever
expedient."

My notes also tell me that in No-
vember, 1883, the officers of the
Society were:

President: Arthur J. Clough.
Vice Presidents: Annie Chinery,
Alliston Greene.
Secretary: Lizzie R. Greene.
Executive Committee: Etta Coffin,
Ida Lovell, Ida Russell, Emma Cook.

You old members of the Philoma-
thean Society would enjoy reading
the minutes of some of those meet-
ings.

The meeting of December 9, 1884,
was rich! Hall and Wyer will enjoy
this, because it shows their political
turn of mind, even as kids. I'm going
to give you the complete record of
that meeting, if the editor will allow
the space.

Nantucket, Mass., Dec. 9, 1884.
The thirty-fourth meeting of the
Philomathean Society was held with
Miss Annie Cartwright with twenty-
two members present.

The secretary's report was read
and accepted and was followed by the
report of the committee chosen to
show the regard and appreciation of
the Society to Mr. Clough and the
reading of a note of thanks from Mr.
and Mrs. Clough.

It was voted that any business to
come before the Society might be
postponed until after the programme
for the evening, which was as follows:

Piano Solo (Waltz) Miss Mary Coffin
Reading: "Mr. Perkins"
at the Dentist's Arthur Wyer
Song, "Home Rule"
of Old Ireland Misses Cook
Lizzie Hussey, Annie Brock
Solo by Miss Cook
Reading: "The Showman's"
Courtship Walter Coggeshall
Solo, "The Brook" Miss Cook
Solo, "Take Back the"
Heart Thou Gavest Emily Coffin
Reading: "Up and Down"
Miss Annie Cartwright
Piano Solo Miss Florence Hodge
Reading: "Mark Twain's"
Story of the Bad Boy Who
Didn't Come to Grief Charlie Hall

Owing to a difference of opinion,
the Executive Committee had two re-
ports to give relating to the work of
the Society this season. The majority
report was as follows:

That we think it will be for the
benefit of this Society to consider
at their regular meetings questions
so arranged as to treat the subject
under discussion in its relation to
one or more of the sciences, and
that these meetings shall be inter-
persed with those whose programs
shall be of a miscellaneous charac-
ter.

Albert G. Brock.
Marietta Coffin,
Emma Cook,

The minority report was that the
Society should take miscellaneous
subjects which by explanation was
found to mean that we should take
up ordinary events which are occur-
ring every day. This report was pre-
sented by Mr. Wyer and Mr. Hall.
After considerable discussion it was
voted to accept both reports.

After more discussion it was voted
to ballot for a report, and the result
was that the majority had three votes
and the minority had fourteen, owing
perhaps in a great measure to the
neatly printed ballots brought in by
the latter!

Lizzie R. Greene, Secretary.

So the printers won another fight,
and they are still at it!

What memories! As I recall, Mr.
Arthur J. Clough, principal of the
high school, inaugurated the idea of
the Society for the purpose of keep-

ing some of us young bloods out of
mischief and for those a little older
an incentive for worth while recrea-
tional study and directed entertain-
ment.

The Society did accomplish just
what the promoters desired, and I am
sure all who took an active part will
recall the meetings with sincere
pleasure. In those days there were
no Boy and Girl Scouts, no organized
work of any kind for young people.
It was "Everybody for himself and
the Devil take the hindmost." And
believe me, the old fellow had his
hands full! Mrs. Clough, too (better
known to high school pupils of that
day as "Sarah Catherine"), was an
active promoter with her husband.

Another founder, whose memory all
now living will reverently hold dear,
was our good friend Rev. Louise S.
Baker, pastor of the North Congre-
gational Church at that time. I recall
an incident in which Miss Baker
figured. To her had been assigned the
subject of the latest mechanical
device—the wonderful "typewriter,"
which had just appeared—a great
invention! The meeting that night
was with Clara Pitman, at Dr. Pit-
man's house, corner Gay and Centre
streets.

For some reason Miss Baker was
a little late in coming to the meeting.
Everybody was eagerly waiting to
see and hear about this wonderful
contraption. Finally my sister, Lizzie,
who seemed to be doing the honors on
that particular occasion, appeared at
the "sitting room" door and an-
nounced in a loud and excited voice,
"The machine has arrived!"

And in walked Miss Baker—with
her usual smile and ministerial garb
—the typewriter under her arm—or
I should say with both arms under
the typewriter! Thus, to Rev. Louise
Baker and the Philomathean Society
of Nantucket is due much of the
credit for so successful an intro-
duction of this indispensable business
attribute.

So many recollections cry for ex-
pression, it is difficult for us old
folks to come to a period. Terminal
facilities are poor. But if you will
bear with me a little longer, I would
like to recall one more incident con-
nected with the Society.

The final meeting of the Society in
May, 1883, it must have been, was
a "banquet" in the dining room of
Mrs. Fish, and I presume that both
Medeleine and Anna were there. Any-
way, a certain young man who hap-
pened to be one of the vice-presidents
was on the committee, and he was
delegated to run up—or sail up—to
New Bedford to purchase some of the
supplies for that banquet. I recall
very vividly that one item was a
bunch—a whole bunch!—of bananas,
a real luxury, which cost about 25
cents less in New Bedford than in
Nantucket. We must save that 25
cents!

Here's the humorous side of that
eventful day's trip. Naturally the
young committee-man became hungry
after parading Purchase Street and
negotiating with several hard-boiled
storekeepers. So he sought out an
eating house which happened to be a
hotel. This was his first experience in
a hotel. Every eye was on him as he
was ushered to a table by the court-
eous waiter. With swelling chest and
fishy eye he scanned the closely-
printed "Bill of Fare."

Item and item, in six-penny
(nonpareil then) of un-
viands confused his unsophis-
ticated brain. Finally toward the end
of "entrees" he came upon a
dish—baked beans! And, by
that's what he ordered. His
nearly died laughing when he
went up to her insistent question,
"did you have to eat?" And in
quarters, the story still lives.

Now, Mr. Editor, the ball is
perhaps other members
Philomathean Society can
rolling. I would like to see the
from the first meeting in the
1882 until November, 1884.
are they?

Worcester, Mass.,
August 17, 1936.

Alliston

Passing of James A. Backus On Sunday.

Wauwinet will never be the same, now that "Jim" Backus has passed on. Wauwinet and James A. Backus were synonymous. Years of association had cemented the name of "Backus" with "Wauwinet" to such a degree that the mention of one meant the other. The passing away of this sterling citizen last Sunday morning after a lingering illness meant the severance of many ties of friendship that for years have been cherished by residents and summer visitors.

"Jim" Backus was a part of Wauwinet. It had been his home for many years; it had been his livelihood; he had worked for it and with it, summer and winter, and it was there the glad hand of good fellowship and cordial greeting always awaited the visitor. But without his genial presence things will be different—they could not be otherwise. Others will carry on—Wauwinet will continue—its popularity will increase—but without the presence of the genial "Jim" it can never be the same.

Born on Nantucket, August 11, 1865, the son of the late George A. and Mary J. (Barrett) Backus, the deceased was one of the best known and most highly respected citizens of Nantucket. Everybody admired him; everyone had faith in him. He was a man of wise counsel who never reached a decision without careful forethought or without giving proper weight to both sides of the problem. As a member of the town's Finance Committee he rendered excellent service and gave substantial advice.

Calm in manner, quiet in speech, he was always a pleasing conversationalist and visitors to Wauwinet found in him a rugged character and a fine example of good citizenship—one whom it was a pleasure to know and in whose companionship there was delight.

Mr. Backus followed the trade of carpenter a number of years and worked for several of the old-time

Since he took over the management of "Wauwinet" and became a fixture there, he has seen the little hamlet grow from a simple shore-dinner resort to a thriving summer colony, which it is today. Years ago, Wauwinet was dependent upon the catboat "Lillian" for service between the hamlet and town and when the big craft ran up to the Wauwinet pier on her trips twice a day during the summer months, with passengers, baggage and provisions, there was rarely a time when the cheerful countenance of "Jim" Backus was not at the end of the pier with a pleasant word of greeting to all.

With the passing of the "Lillian" went one of the features which made Wauwinet unique, but time changes all things and time brought the automobile, the cement road and electric lights to the village. But now the greatest change of all has come—Wauwinet and "Jim" Backus have met the parting of the ways.

Wauwinet will continue, the name of "Backus" will carry on, and the spirit of him who has now passed on will ever hover over the village. There will be a void, to be sure, for there is a breach in the family circle, but fond memories of him who was every inch a man will never be erased.

The deceased is survived by his widow, Mrs. Linda Small Backus, by a daughter, Mrs. John Shaw, and by two sons, James Allen Backus, Jr. and Robert S. Backus. He also leaves a little grand-daughter; two brothers—John E. Backus and Everett Backus—and a sister, Mrs. Arthur A. Norcross.

He was a member of Union Lodge, F. & A. M.; of Isle of the Sea, Royal Arch Chapter; of Nantucket Lodge, I. O. O. F., Wanackmamack Encampment, and Sherburne Chapter, No. 182, O. E. S.

Funeral services were conducted on Wednesday afternoon, with the business places of the town closed from 2 to 3 p. m. as a mark of respect for the memory of the deceased. Interment was in the Prospect Hill Cemetery under Masonic rites.



THE LATE JAMES A. BACKUS

contractors and builders, among them the late George Worron and the late Charles H. Robinson.

POEMS FOR YOUR SCRAPBOOK

LIFE'S SCARS

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

They say the world is round, and yet
I often think it square,
So many little hurts we get
From corners here and there.
But one great truth in life I've found,
While journeying to the West—
The only folks who really wound
Are those we love the best.

The man you thoroughly despise
Can rouse your wrath, 'tis true;
Annoyance in your heart will rise
At things mere strangers do;
But those are only passing ills;
This rule all lives will prove;
The rankling wound which aches and thrills
Is dealt by hands we love.

The choicest garb, the sweetest grace,
Are oft to strangers shown;
The careless mien, the frowning face,
Are given to our own.
We flatter those we scarcely know,
We please the fleeting guest,
And deal full many a thoughtless blow
To those who love us best.

Love does not grow on every tree,
Nor true hearts yearly bloom.
Alas for those who only see
This cut across a tomb!
But, soon or late, the fact grows plain
To all through sorrow's test:
The only folks who give us pain
Are those we love the best.

President Roosevelt Belongs.

From the Somerset Spectator.

Down at Nantucket there is organized a more or less exclusive organization known as the "Wharf Rats". We know little of the public service or objectives of the group, but we do know plenty about the rodents from which they have extracted a club name. And none of the things we know are good.

POEMS FOR YOUR SCRAPBOOK

Drop a Pebble in the Water

From a Longer Poem by an Unknown Author

Drop a pebble in the water; just a splash, and it is gone;
But there's half-a-hundred ripples circling on and on and on,
Spreading, spreading from the centre, flowing on out to the sea.
And there is no way of telling where the end is going to be.

Drop a pebble in the water; in a minute you forget,
But there's little waves a-flowing, and there's ripples circling yet,
And those little waves a-flowing to a great big wave have grown;
You've disturbed a mighty river just by dropping in a stone.

Drop an unkind word, or careless; in a minute it is gone;
But there's half-a-hundred ripples circling on and on and on.
They keep spreading, spreading, spreading, from the centre as they go,
And there is no way to stop them, once you've started them to flow.

Drop an unkind word, or careless; in a minute you forget;
But there's little waves a-flowing, and there's ripples circling yet,
And perhaps in some sad heart a mighty wave of tears you've stirred,
And disturbed a life was happy ere you dropped that unkind word.

Regretful But Honest

A Sunday school teacher visiting in a neighboring town, asked the teacher of a class of children if she might ask them a few questions. She was granted permission and spoke first to a nice little girl.

"Well," she said, "what has the good Lord done for you?"

The little girl said: "He gave me a good father and mother and a nice home."

Another little girl was asked the same question. She had long curly hair and was decidedly pretty. Her answer was: "The Lord gave me these nice curls and a good teacher."

The next child asked the question was a little freckle-faced, bow-legged and cross-eyed boy. "Well, my little man, what did the Lord do for you?"

The boy said: "He almost ruined me, lady."

—Miss L. W., West Allis,

1936 Wyer Reminisces Again—"Good Deeds in a Naughty World."

Editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:

A couple of weeks ago I was both shocked and pleased to read in your column of past events that "fifty-five years ago" Masters Wyer and Hall took part in the Christmas exercises at the Congregational Church. My shock comes from the fact that this reveals my patriarchal estate, and I am pleased because it brings to light the depth of my early religious convictions. I always tried, in company with the other spirits of my generation, to make the world a brighter place to live in as we went along.

The Christmas exercises of which you wrote must have followed a Thanksgiving which for many years was a mile-post in the history of the North Church. This Thanksgiving furnished opportunity for some of us good little boys to do "good deeds in a naughty world" in our own peculiar manner, and at the same time lend an air of interest to the dull monotony of the usual proceedings of the average Sunday School.

The Superintendent at that time was Mrs. Hussey, mother of Peter Hussey, and a woman who was a sincere Christian, if ever there was one, but who must have been sorely tried by the young savages she tried to shepherd into the straight and narrow way.

Two Sundays before the Thanksgiving in question, Mrs. Hussey feelingly addressed the school, portraying the joyless Thanksgivings in the homes of the destitute, and urging each pupil to bring on the following Sunday some contribution that could be used to construct dinners that would carry sunshine to the hearts of the poorer families of the parish.

I do not remember who my pal was on this occasion, except that it could not have been Charlie Selden, who was both too young, too inexperienced, and further, a member of the heathen Unitarian Church. However, our hearts swelled with pity at the good lady's appealing words and our resolution was quickly formed. As the days went by and we learned the plans of our little friends to carry a few apples, a bag of potatoes, a turnip or two, etc., our hearts swelled with the magnitude of our own philanthropy which, in our minds at least, utterly dwarfed that of Andrew Carnegie who, at that time, was beginning to throw public libraries right and left with his name blown in the door.

The eventful Sunday came and Mrs. Hussey's heart was gladdened at the considerable pile of vegetables and fruit deposited on the platform back of her desk by each pupil as he or she entered. We boys were a little late, but during prayer we entered and nonchalantly dropped into the middle of the pomological display an eleven pound and very much alive Plymouth Rock rooster (which 24 hours before had been the property of the late George Barrett, and which he had unwittingly contributed to the cause.)

The bird was in full possession of all his powers of voice and wing, his legs only being securely tied. At once, accompanied by strident notes of protest, he started an upsurge in the vegetable market. A halo of celery and turnips surrounded the superintendent's bowed head while reverence was thrown to the winds by the entire school. The solemnity of the place and the occasion was not restored that afternoon.

The net results were: One good widow's Thanksgiving was graced by a fat, if somewhat durable, fowl and when at our own dinner table especial causes for Thanksgiving were recited, our greatest incentive to genuine Thanksgiving lay in the fact that we could again enjoy the good things of the larder without eating them standing.

For heaven's sake keep my name out of the *Inquirer and Mirror*. Its appearance there is altogether too likely to awaken recollections which produce nostalgia.

Arthur C. Wyer.

Delhi, Jan. 4, 1937.

The New Year Baby of 1937 Arrived Tuesday.

Nantucket's first New Year baby of 1937 is a boy. The little fellow arrived about 1.00 o'clock Tuesday morning—an 8¾-pound son to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bennett. Considerable interest is naturally aroused each year as to where the stork will bring the first baby and in this instance we have something of a personal interest, recalling an event at the rifle banquet in March, 1934, when Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, a blushing bride and groom, were called upon to rise and receive the congratulations of the assemblage.

The *Inquirer and Mirror* extends congratulations to the parents and the prize of five dollars which is offered to the first New Year baby each year has been tendered the young mother, who naturally is happy to become the prize winner and incidentally "get back" at the toast-master for the embarrassing moments he caused the bride and groom.

Last year the New Year baby arrived on the 2nd, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Day. In 1935 the first arrival was also a boy, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Glidden, arriving on the 4th. In 1934 the arrival was delayed until the 13th of January, when a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gordon Foote. It will thus be seen that for four successive years the New Year baby has been a boy, the last girl to claim the honor being the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Miko, who arrived on the 3rd of January, 1933.

The New Year baby always arouses interest in the community, and our readers may find it entertaining to peruse the following list of first-year arrivals for the last half century:

1887—Boy, Chester Norcross, born on the 6th.
1888—Girl, Lillian Norcross, born on the 4th.
1889—Girl, Mabel B. West, born on the 1st.

1890—Girl, Lillian E. Swain, born on the 15th.
1891—Girl, Ruth A. West, born on the 1st.
1892—Girl, Lucy F. Clark, born on the 2nd.
1893—Girl, Barbara Parker, born on the 3rd.
1894—Boy, Chester F. Dunham, born on the 9th.
1895—Girl, Grace F. Collins, born on the 35th.
1896—Girl, Ida Jeanette Coffin, born on the 3rd.
1897—Girl, Rose Hannah Collins, born on the 2nd.
1898—Girl, Lydia Maria Burdick, born on the 6th.
1899—Girl, Bernice Winslow, born on the 13th.
1900—Boy, Walter Johnson Royal, born on the 9th.
1901—Girl, Rozelle Brayton Coleman, born on February 6th.
1902—Boy, George Robert Grimes, born on the 3rd.
1903—Girl, Marie Phillips Bartlett, born on the 10th.
1904—Boy, Oscar Ceeley, born on the 3rd.
1905—Girl, Barbara Channing Cabot, born on the 14th.
1906—Girl, Charlis Hugh Fishback, born on the 12th.
1907—Boy, Gilbert Wilcox Cash, born on the 5th.
1908—Girl, Rosamond Eloise Terry, born on the 26th.
1909—Girl, Jeanette Elizabeth Lewis, born on the 9th.
1910—Stanley Morey Smith, born on February 4th.
1911—Girl, Josephine Bradford Folger, born on the 1st.
1912—Girl, Jean L. Heighton, born on the 14th.
1913—Boy, Arthur William Dunham, born on the 11th.
1914—Boy, Leroy Francis Ryder, born on the 2nd.
1915—Boy, Leo Francis Dunham, born on the 12th.
1916—Boy, James Cosmo, born on the 7th.
1917—Boy, Freeman Murray King, born on the 4th.
1918—Boy, Irving Thomas Bartlett, born on the 12th.
1919—Girl, Catherine Francis Weeks, born on the 3rd.
1920—Girl, Anacete Emilie Cosmos, born on the 20th.
1921—Boy, Arthur Edward Butler, born on the 3rd.
1922—Boy, Theron Tristram Coffin, born on the 13th.
1923—Girl Mildred Josephine Morris, born on the 3rd.
1924—Boy, Michael Perry, born on the 5th.
1925—Boy, Leon Frank Moynihan, born on the 3rd.
1926—Boy, Clifford Matland, born on the 6th.
1927—Boy, Daniel Murphy, born on the 4th.
1928—Girl, Rosalina Andrade, born on the 2nd.
1929—Boy, Samuel Gamache, Jr., born on the 1st.
1930—Girl, Barbara Sylvia, born on the 3rd.
1931—Boy, William Franklin Burdick, Jr., born on the 6th.
1932—Boy, John Scharf, born on the 2nd.
1933—Girl, Barbara Mikolajedyk, born on the 3rd.
1934—Boy, Cecil Gordon Foote, Jr., born on the 13th.
1935—Boy, Charles Stoddard Glidden, born on the 4th.
1936—Boy, James Raymond Day, born on the 2nd.
1937—Boy, Paul Allen Bennett, born on the 5th.

THE BANQUET SCENE AT DEDICATION OF THE NEW PARISH HOUSE



This picture is a reproduction of the flashlight photograph taken by Pivrotto on the occasion of the dedication of the Congregational Church's new parish house and recreation hall, Wednesday evening, December 16, 1936. Many of the faces in the centre and immediate foreground will be easily recognized; others in the distance may not be quite as clear; but the picture gives a very clear idea of the interior of the new hall on this memorable occasion.

Owing to the location of the camera when the flashlight was taken, a large part of the assemblage was not included in the photograph, which condition could not be avoided. It is certain that those not included in the picture had just as pleasant an evening as others and the fact that they did not "get into the picture" probably will not detract from the interest manifested in the dedication.

A GROUP PICTURE OF THE GRAND ARMY VETERANS IN 1908



Shaw-Winter 9 year 1936



THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN FROM THE ROOF OF THE OLDEST HOUSE OVER TWENTY YEARS AGO, WHEN NANTUCKET HAD A FINE BASE BALL FIELD AND INTEREST IN THE GAME WAS KEPT ALIVE. HOWARD CHISHOLM MAY BE ABLE TO IDENTIFY THE FELLOW MARCHING ACROSS THE FIELD WITH HAT IN HAND, INTO WHICH ALL THE FANS VERY WILLINGLY "CHIPPED".

THEN and NOW



Steamer *Sankaty* when she was plying on the route to and from Nantucket before she was damaged by fire on the 30th of June, 1924, while docked for the night at New Bedford.

July 1st 1936



The *Sankaty* as she looks today, plying between Stamford, Ct., and Oyster Bay, L. I., transporting automobiles. Photo taken recently by Albert Sylvia, son of Capt. M. K. Sylvia, who was in command of the *Sankaty* when she was on the island route.

Be Thankful, Anyway.

If you can't think of anything that you have to be thankful for, be thankful for the things you do not have. It is better to be like the man of whom this story is told: He lost everything he had in drouths and floods, his horses died and his hogs got the cholera. His barn burned one night and the next week his wife died. This seemed about one man's share of trouble but one day the devil came along and started to carry off the unfortunate man.

A friend who met up with him about this time said, "Well, John, I think you have had a terribly hard time. I sure do feel sorry for you. You have lost everything including your good wife and now the devil is carrying you off. John, I don't think things could possibly be any worse with you."

"Yes, they could," John replied, "they could be a good deal worse. As it is the devil is carrying me off, but think how much worse it would be for me if the devil had chosen to make me carry him."

A GROUP OF NANTUCKET AND BROCKTON MEN AT WAUWINET IN 1911



Left to right—Rear row: Ernest H. Jernegan, Edward B. Hayes, R. T. Fitz-Randolph, Horace Taber, Fred A. Hoyt, W. N. Johnson, Ozro W. Humes, Luke Reynolds, Millard F. Freeborn, James E. Chapel, Louis E. Coffin, George Taber, F. G. Baldus, A. H. Wilbur, Dr. A. E. Paine, Alderman Churchill, J. Butler Folger, J. Arthur Burton, Whittmore Gardner, W. R. Beal, Arthur Williams, Edgar L. Chase, William H. Wyer, M. F. Barrett, Lauriston Bunker, C. L. Packard.

Second Row: Henry Getz Haddon, J. C. Sheehan, William H. Thayer, Elliot L. Bonney, James Y. Deacon, Mayor H. C. Howard, Herbert G. Worth, Arthur C. Fish, George Clarence Holmes, Frank L. Crocker, Walter H. Burgess, Dr. C. E. Perkins, Charles M. Park.

On the ground: Sidney V. Fisher, Edward G. Swain, Charles W. Ellis, Zenas W. Lewis, William Hosier Barrett, G. F. Logue, Dr. Arthur Garfield Rand, H. B. Turner, Joseph M. Swain, Fred H. Folger, William J. Blair, Frederick Willets Folger, Charles Coffin Hammond, Charles Frederick Hammond, William H. H. Smith, Edward H. Perry, Herbert W. Bennett, Chester W. Weeks, Alexander M. Myrick, Arthur Westgate Jones.

The man behind the camera—Maurice W. Boyer.

January, 1937, Established New Record For Mild Weather.

January, 1937, was the mildest January since the station was established (Oct. 18th, 1886.) The mean temperature was 40.3°, which gave an excess of 277° above normal.

The maximum temperature for the month was 64° on the 14th. This broke all high temperature records for January. The lowest temperature was 24° on the 11th.

Although the temperature was abnormally mild, the weather was unusually disagreeable. Total rainfall was 6.30 inches—2.53 inches above the normal. There were 16 rainy days (to date, Jan. 29), and 9 days with wind velocities of 32 miles per hour or more.

January, 1937, compares very favorably with January, 1932. As we go to press there has been but one day with the mean temperature below the normal—the 27th. From January 1 to 20 the excess in temperature was plus 238°. The month broke no other records. It just ran a Florida temperature.

The rainfall, although little in excess, seems to the out-door man as excessive as there were nine consecutive rainy days—17th to 25th—and four rainy Sundays. There were only four clear days, four partly cloudy days and twenty cloudy days.

No sunshine was observed from the 17th to the 27th. The month had no storms of moment, however, with a velocity of 38 miles per hour from the south at 7:15 a. m. on the 15th being the maximum to date.

The Disrupted Torchlight Parade—Another Mystery Solved.

Editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:

Like many Nantucketers who live in distant parts of the country, I look forward with keen interest to the arrival of the *Mirror*. For a number of years I have received it on a Thursday following the publication, but the past few months it has arrived Wednesday.

Oftentimes its arrival will cause a little family conversation, to wit: "Pa's Nantucket Bible has arrived," "If that paper didn't come on time he would have a spell of sickness."

But my family all enjoy reading it, and often show it to friends, for them to note the size and quality of the paper it is printed on:

* * * * *

In a recent edition of your paper I noticed a paragraph on torchlight parades of by-gone days, with the query if one of the readers could give a description of one that occurred on North Water street, when lines were stretched across the way to disrupt the line of march.

I remember the incident well. The eastern end of the street was very dark, with large trees, many of them in line, one each side of the street.

Torchlight processions were great events for the younger generation, and for many grown-ups as well. The parades were headed by some of Nantucket's worthy gentlemen, and one or two police officers. Then came the drum corps and band, and often times the next in line would be members of Engine Co. No. 4. The torchlight bearers would follow, the lights being open flames on a pole about four feet high, making a good display.

The particular procession of which I am writing occurred over fifty years ago. Along with my boyhood chums I was an observer, and if my memory is correct we were a little more than observers.

There were two lines stretched across the street, about two hundred feet apart. When the parade reached the first line the special police officer, George E. Moores, was the first to fall, then another at his side. The next was the boy holding the drum, and he was quickly followed by the drummer, who fell on top of the drum.

The time of the band music became most irregular, but before the torchlight bearers reached the line it had been cut. But their troubles were not over. When the second line was reached, it was discovered by the leaders, but as they had made such a scene at the first line the most of them stepped over it and allowed the torchlight bearers to reach the line.

Then came the climax. Torchlights went in every direction—some were extinguished in the fall, some continued to burn; some of the bearers came up with two torchlights instead of one.

About that time this observer and his chum, seeing two tall gentlemen wearing police badges approaching, and fearful of being implicated in the line-stretching, quietly but with some speed, moved down Salom street and towards Hayden's bathing beach—where the movements of the policemen could be better observed.

The affair caused considerable talk at the clubs and loafing places. The customary reward of ten dollars was talked of, for the apprehension of the bad boys who stretched those lines, while the familiar prophecy was made that some of them would bring up in State's Prison. But it was forgotten—and as yet I have not heard of any of the boys registering in one of those institutions.

Very truly yours,
Everett B. Coffin.

3506 Beach Drive,
Seattle, Wash.,

Louisville Woman Writes Relatives Here of Dead Bodies Snatched from Flood Water to Be Cremated

January 1937

Letter Describes Horrors in Detail

Dead bodies snatched from flood waters, then taken to a garage for identification before cremation, schools turned into shelters for the homeless, churches into hospitals and use of small boys as messengers into early morning hours are sights described by Mrs. Richard B. Jones of Louisville, Ky., in a letter to her brother-in-law, Attorney Harold W. Connolly of 132 School Street here.

Mrs. Jones, a widow, visited New Bedford last Summer. She has two small children, one of whom, Dick, was in service as a messenger until after 1 a. m., his mother writes, when he was brought home exhausted.

Mrs. Jones hurried the missive through to her brother-in-law because her sister, Mrs. Connolly, at the time of writing, was returning from Nassau. She is now back in New Bedford, and happy to hear that her sister and family are well despite the discomforts and hazards of the flood.

The letter:

"Since our radio went off with the rest of the electricity Sunday night I feel you know as much about us as we do ourselves. The Courier-Journal and Louisville Times plants had to be abandoned also, so all the news we get is from those neighbors who have automobile radios, and these are being confiscated for use by the police.

Last Thursday night I had a guest for dinner and we hardly mentioned the weather. It has rained almost every day this month and it had ceased to be a topic for conversation. On Friday all the schools were dismissed, and all employees down town were commanded to leave if they lived in the Highlands. (This is where we live).

Clamor for Lamps

There were vague rumors of the gas being cut off, as well as the electricity, so we rushed to every hardware store to get a kerosene lamp and an oil stove. Every one had sold out. After five hours on the telephone, I finally got one of each, with three gallons of oil to run them. I was also able to procure six cans of Sterno. So far the gas is still on, though one of the plants is now gone, and we are not wasting the precious oil in the lamps, but using candles of which I have a dozen.

All radio programs over our local station were off that night and the air was used only for bulletins from the city hall, where the mayor had taken up quarters. WHAS ran from then on for 24 hours a day, begging for coats, blankets, warm clothing, boats, radios, food, and medical supplies. The order came that every one must be inoculated at once, against typhoid, and that as an extra precaution all water must be boiled even for dish washing.

Saturday morning we started down town in B. T.'s car to get the shots from our doctor, and also to buy some bottled water. We filled the last five gallons of disinfected water before the order went out that such water was to be sold only by permit. Coming back route we met high water only twice and then managed to get through only by crawling to keep the water from splashing. At this time there was only this one route open.

Save Refugees

Sunday morning we were entirely cut off, and refugees had to be brought by boat. Before the radio went off we were told that we could draw water between the hours of eight and nine in the morning and four and five in the afternoon. The pressure is very low even then but even this dark brown fluid in the bath tub which we call water looks good to us. We bail it out, boil and strain it and then—DRINK it.

Being cut off from the city proper means we cannot get coal, but we still have sufficient for several days. We are conserving the pressure by cutting off the bedrooms, and using one of them for the refrigerator since the current ceased.

Food is being rationed, but there is plenty for our needs. The gas still is being supplied which is our salvation, because of the boiling of the water. Should this fail, I do not know what would happen since there is no more iodine to purify it.

Down town on Saturday looked dead, but now it is flooded. Nothing is open even in the Highlands except drug stores and groceries. Bardstown Road, which is the main artery through our section, is being kept clear of all cars except those of relief workers (which are clearly marked), trucks with ice for serum, trucks of food for the refugees, trucks and buses full of the refugees themselves, army caissons full of soldiers and supplies. The sidewalks are crowded with stray people from the flooded areas, and the next job is to round these up, and put them through a central clearing house that the sick may be segregated.

Homeless in Schools

The six large schools in the Highlands are full of the homeless, ten churches have been turned into hospitals, and still there are thousands pouring in. The federal authorities arrived yesterday with all war equipment and finally have a pontoon bridge finished that the stricken area may be evacuated more quickly. Bodies are floating every where and these are also brought into our section of the city, put in a garage for a certain length of time that relatives may identify them, then cremated wholesale.

Cliff has not been home since Sunday morning, but has fought to keep the water from getting into the warehouse, getting out all sorts of supplies for this emergency. He calls up once a day to see if B. T. is all right, but the city has asked people not even to do this as the telephone company is already under a severe strain. Two whole exchanges are out entirely, and I have no way of hearing from my friends there or from Dick's two sisters who are not young and not well.

Gas is sold only by permit, and then only to those engaged in actual flood relief. I stew about feeling perfectly useless, as my maid cannot get to me, and I have two children to feed and keep well. Dick went out as errand boy for the food commission last night and worked until after one o'clock, but he is exhausted today and a plea has gone forth that those who are well are to take care of themselves and stay well so that no more drain be put on the time and strength of the doctors. So, while it is not very thrilling work, that is my contribution to the crisis. That and using as little gas as I can for cooking that the supply may be conserved for the hospitals.

Oil on Water

The flood waters are covered with oil which makes the fire hazard terrific. No one is allowed to light a match out doors, but even with this precaution there have been two frightful fires, two paint and varnish plants, with explosions which are terrifying.

The whole United States is sending in typhoid serum so that there is no danger of a shortage, but there is so far very little smallpox vaccine, and the doctors fear that disease even more. I think Boston sent some this morning. The airport is alive with planes, and one is droning overhead all the time, bringing medical supplies, or going back for more.

I should like to see what it looks like down town now, but even if there were any way of getting there, sightseers are not allowed, and any car bent on such an errand is confiscated. If you haven't business on the streets, stay at home—that is the order and it has to be obeyed. No one is allowed on the principal streets after six in the evening unless working under the city's orders. Martial law is in effect and we expect to be obliged to take refugees if there is even floor space.

Sun Shines

The sun has shone for two days now and things do not look so bad when you wake up in the morning, but after listening to the horrible tales all day long and then evening comes on and you have to cook the supper by the light of one candle and sit around that candle till it is time to go to bed, and then look out down the street only to see a faint glimmer in every other house—then you realize what has happened to this city. But as I said in my telegram, we are in no danger. There is always danger from the pestilence that follows such a disaster, but so far we have plenty to eat and drink, are fairly warm, and are well. It will be ten days at least before we get electricity, even if the crest of the flood has been reached, and a month before the schools will be fit places for the children to gather.

You can read all about the general conditions in the newspapers

and I have given you just what I know from first hand information, picked up from those who are working. The only thing I have heard that has lifted the corners of my mouth at all is this:

One old colored woman was sitting on the roof of her house screaming to be rescued. A power boat picked her up, but she refused to leave unless she could take the cage containing her parrot. So they gave in, and on the way up the rushing torrent that was once Broadway, the parrot shrieks, "Say—let's get the hell out of this mess—Polly wants a drink."

Excuse a very hurriedly written letter also a very disjointed one. I do not know what the state of the mails is, but I will drop it into a box and hope it finds its way to you. Thanks for the offer of assistance. No supplies can get through that are not already coming, and money is a useless thing when there is nothing to buy. I suppose Connie is still on the cruise. I think it will be a long time before I want to hear of any water, but as I sit here with my legs wrapped up in a steamer rug I try to imagine I am in a deck chair.

Thanks again for the wire—I think things ought to get better from now on unless it rains again."

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When Nantucket Manufactured Silk and Grew Mulberry Trees.

Among the interesting chapters in Nantucket's history—episodes which tend to show more than the actual story itself—are those which deal with the various attempts by influential citizens to establish some sort of a manufacturing industry in the community.

Primarily, these attempts were for the purpose of implanting a substitute for the waning whaling industry. Farsighted men, faced with the realization of the unhappy future apparently in store for the islanders, tried desperately and for a time successfully to instill some form of manufacturing art into the life of the community.

These latter efforts, coming as they did after the collapse of whaling as the island's great industry, were doomed to failure because most of the enterprising Nantucketers had left the island, and because the promoters could not foresee several important economic pitfalls.

But one enterprise stands alone in the history of these attempts. It is with this story that this article is concerned. Both as an account of the times and as an example of how apparent success turned to failure, this episode in our island's history is indeed an interesting one.

The Manufacture of Silk Goods.

The exception in both time and purpose, to all these promotional schemes was the project to establish a complete silk-manufacturing on the island. The idea was launched in 1835—one hundred years ago—and was not intended as a substitute to the whaling industry, which was approaching its "palmy days" in those years.

In its inception, promotion, and partial accomplishment the story of the silk industry here forms an illuminating picture of the times. In the first place, Samuel Haynes Jenks, scholarly founder of *The Inquirer*, became a sincere advocate of the plan, both editorially and otherwise. Secondly, a company was formed and a small factory established, and groves of mulberry trees planted. Finally, some excellent products were turned out by the silk looms and the business looked most promising.

But, unfortunately, there was one factor which the enterprise overlooked—the human factor. Despite the fact that competition was almost negligible there was dissension in the company and a "whispering campaign" against it on the outside, with the result that what looked so promising became a bitter disappointment, and after eight years (1844) the little factory closed its doors.

A Romantic Industry—Yet Practical.

Samuel Haynes Jenks became the leading spirit in bringing the idea to the island. This came about in an odd way. It seems that Editor Jenks, while on a visit to a brother editor in Providence, became interested in the culture of the silkworm. The Rhode Island editor was eager to show his visitor this fascinating phase of silk raising, and after visiting the same, Mr. Jenks became more than inter-

ested in his island home, Jenks waxed most enthusiastic as he visualized the growing of mulberry trees on Nantucket. From his citadel in the office of the *The Inquirer* he interested a number of influential merchants, among them being Samuel B. Tuck, William H. Gardner, and William H. Coffin.

It was but a logical step from the planting of mulberry trees, and the culture of the silkworm, to the establishment of a silk manufacturing business.

While primarily a man of letters, Editor Jenks was a practical visionary. In the fascination of the silkworm's production of raw material, he saw the same silken webs weaving a strong band which would form an economic cable between the island and the continent. To him, also, it must have appealed as a patriotic enterprise. Here was a place where the mulberry plantations would become a source for American silk to be manufactured by American looms. That there would be a lack of competition must have influenced his business judgment.

The importance of the silk industry in America in 1835 was recognized by the islanders. The profits to be derived were a strong argument in placing the idea strongly in their minds. Of course, there was careful investigation into possibilities for enlarging the market, for the practical islanders were farsighted.

The transition from whale-oil merchant to silk-manufacturing promoter must have been a strange one. Perhaps the men who worked so hard to place the business at the disposal of the islanders became a little blinded by their own zeal. There is no question that they would not believe they were to become martyrs to a lost cause—all for the reason that their fellow-merchants would not have a rival to the great sperm oil business.

The Atlantic Silk Company.

In December, 1835, the Atlantic Silk Company was formed by Samuel B. Tuck, William Coffin Jr., William H. Gardner, Samuel Haynes Jenks, and Postmaster George W. Ewer.

The Inquirer of that month states: "The object of this company is the immediate establishment of a *Silk Manufactory*, in connexion ultimately with measures for the production of raw material, by means of mulberry plantations, cocooneries, &c."

The Company lost no time in launching the project. A plot of land was purchased at the head of Coffin's Court and a factory erected. Samuel Tuck was the chief backer in these operations, but, oddly enough, his father-in-law, Aaron Mitchell, opposed the idea from the first, though, later, lending financial aid.

Mr. Mitchell was one of the leading citizens of the town. In a community where whale-oil had been the foundation for municipal advancement as well as individual fortunes, the Mitchell family was composed of the traditional Quaker merchants. It must have been a shock to him when his son-in-law became so enthusiastic in starting this new industry—so far removed from the great business of whaling.

Factory Foundation of Hogsheads.

Despite the fact that winter had set in early, Tuck pushed forward the

erection of the factory. A building 60 feet by 40 feet was framed. The ground was frozen and so it was impossible to dig for a foundation. But this did not stop the workmen. Great oil hogsheads became resting places for the sills, the cellar walls and underpinning being laid after the frost was out of the ground.

The building still stands, now being the double house on the corner of Westminster and Gay street owned by Capt. Olaf Anderson. Before the present owner purchased it, the structure was a boarding house, conducted under the name of the "Waverly House."

Gamaliel Gay—Master Mechanic—Installed the Machinery.

The machinery installed in the new silk factory was the invention of an ingenious mechanic named Gamaliel Gay, and was of the same description as that in successful operation in the Rhode Island Silk Company of Providence, which also was invented by the same gentleman.

Mr. Gay personally superintended the installation of his machinery, together with the pulleys, bearers, etc. A 16-horsepower steam engine, just completed by a Mr. Babcock of Providence, was procured for the motive power of the plant. The engineer, a man named Coffee, was afterwards engineer on one of the island steamboats.

The fuel used under the boilers consisted of anthracite siftings, "kept in a state of intense combustion by the application of Reynold's practical blower."

Raw Silk, Imported, Cost \$1600 For Two Bales.

The company depended upon the importation of the raw silk, but it was expected that in time the mulberry plantations would yield native silk for the island looms.

Tuck sent to New York and purchased the only available bale of silk in that city for \$860. He described it as being about the size of a "thirty pound candle box." The New York concern imported two more bales for the island factory from Smyrna, for which Tuck paid more than \$1600.

At this time Gay was in Poughkeepsie launching another silk company's plant. Hearing of the importation he told the management, as it had been found impossible by that firm to get raw silk. The Poughkeepsie company "borrowed" one of the bales, promising either to return or to pay for it. Mr. Tuck, who was absent in Boston at the time of the "borrowing," records that the rival firm never repaid the loan "and we were swindled of it at last."

The Company's capital stock was to the amount of \$35,000. It was expected to turn out upwards of three hundred yards per week of rich, heavy fabrics of weight and durability excelling like articles of foreign manufacture.

The factory's equipment consisted of six looms, four large 12-foot spinners of 500 bobbins each, with reels and winders running. There were about 20 employees, mostly girls, all familiar with their particular jobs.

The manufactory was eminently successful at once. Some splendid goods were made. The Company was authorized to hold real estate to the amount of \$60,000 and to issue stock to the amount of \$100,000.

Bounties Intended to Encourage New Industry.

In April, 1836, the General of Massachusetts authorized a bounty of ten pounds of cocoons for every pound of silk that could be reeled. These bounties were to be increased every seven years as an encouragement to the industry.

During the summer of 1836, Governor Edward Everett visited Nantucket, being the second Governor Lincoln's visit to the island. Governor Everett was one of the most prominent among the merchants, one of these being Mitchell.

"Porthunter," Wrecked in 1918, May Prove Treasure Ship.

Morris De Haven Tracy, in an article in the Boston Traveler, tells in a very entertaining manner the story of the "Porthunter," the steamer which was sunk by a collision in Nantucket sound in November, 1918. There have been so many stories in the past regarding the loss of this steamer and her cargo of supplies, that Mr. Tracy's article makes good reading after a lapse of eighteen years. He writes in the Traveler as follows:

When the price of scrap iron went recently 5,000,000 pounds of that commodity which has been in the broken hull of the British steamship Porthunter off Vineyard Haven since the days before the end of the World War, became worth about \$85,000—provided anyone could get it to the market.

Joseph E. Doherty, Boston brewer and yacht broker, who owns whatever may be left of the Porthunter, accordingly sent Divers Milton Stanley of Cambridge, and David J. Gurney of Vineyard Haven to the scene and they are now engaged in another attempt to salvage cargo from the old Porthunter.

The activity brings to the front again a strange story of shipwreck, salvage and of how things happened in war time.

On the afternoon of November 2, 1918, the Porthunter steamed out of Boston harbor en route to a rendezvous about 60 miles off New York where her master was to receive instructions as to where and when she should join a convoy of freighters to be escorted by destroyers through the submarine zone to France.

That night the Porthunter was riding along past Marthas Vineyard when the tug Covington with a string of barges in tow, came into sight. No one ever seemed to know just what happened but the Covington and the Porthunter collided. The Porthunter drifted helplessly onto Hedge Fence Shoal and settled to the bottom, only the top of her mast showing.

The next morning the papers reported a three-paragraph item:

"The British steamship Porthunter carrying a rich cargo of comfort kits for the American soldiers in France, valued at \$6,000,000, was sunk yesterday off Vineyard Haven when it crashed into a Boston tug."

Then the papers noted that the crew of 53 was saved. That was all.

Sunk ships with crew saved in those days of war were too common an occurrence to cause much thought.

Nine days after the Porthunter went down the armistice was signed. The Porthunter was pretty thoroughly forgotten.

But some months later, when the government and the army and the people had time to think about things someone remembered the big British freighter. They took a look at its manifest and discovered that mixed in among the "rich cargo of comfort kits" were such uncomfortable items as 70 motor-trucks, 250 motorcycles with Lewis machine guns mounted, 3,000,000 rounds of small ammunition, 3,000,000 pairs of shoes, six Baldwin locomotives, 1,000,000 army uniforms, a quarter of a million leather vests, a million pairs of socks, 30 3-inch field pieces, a quarter million campaign hats, 100,000 pairs of rubber boots, and many other items in gargantuan amounts.

The comfort kits became rather insignificant. In fact, there were listed just 1327 of them.

Government agents went down to look over the situation. To their amazement they found, in the words of one officer, that "most of Martha's Vineyard, Cape Cod and a lot of New Bedford was wearing army clothing."

This officer later at a congressional investigation said he felt it impossible to recover the goods which belonged to the army "without undressing most of the populace" which hardly seemed practical to him.

The Porthunter sinking had been a bonanza to the fisherfolk of Martha's Vineyard. With big hooks and grappling irons they had fished into the vitals of the wreck and pulled out cases and bales of all sorts of merchandise.

These salvaged goods they had put up for sale. Clothing merchants from Grand and Hester streets, New York, had heard of the opportunity and flocked to Vineyard Haven and New Bedford in numbers. The men of Martha's Vineyard fished out the socks and shirts and uniforms and coats, the women washed the salt out of them, and the Hester and Grand street merchants bought them for about 10 to 50 cents an article.

In New Bedford quantities of this salvaged apparel went on sale. A good, leather, aviator's jacket which cost the government \$9 brought \$3.98 as the standard price in New Bedford. Or one could buy a motorcycle with machine-gun attached for \$20.

So exciting did the situation become that before it ended the buyers from New York were on the beach bidding for boxes and bales which the fishermen pulled ashore, and buying "sight-unseen". It is recorded that, in the course of these dealings, one clothing merchant paid \$150 for a case of unseen goods—which proved to be tallow candles.

Finally the activities of the government put an end to all of this. There was talk of prosecutions for looting the wreck. There was further talk of prosecuting buyers on charges of purchasing stolen goods. The buyers disappeared and the business of fishing for army goods was superseded by the fishing for fish in Vineyard Haven.

In Congress a hue and cry was raised and an investigating committee was sent to Boston, New Bedford and Vineyard Haven to find out why the army had not better protected its property and why nothing more had been

done. The best answer days of investigation and lengthy testimony seemed to elicit was that when the Porthunter went down the army was busy fighting a war and that was about all that ever came of it.

In 1921 the underwriters, who eventually came into possession of the hull, sold the wreck to Joseph Doherty. He put a buoy over it, hung a barrel on the protruding mast and eventually sent divers down to see what could be done. Some goods were brought up but there seemed to be little market for water-soaked woollens, motor trucks which had spent three years on the ocean bottom, or small ammunition which had been in salt water for some 36 months. The Porthunter remained where she was.

But she did not rest in peace. Although no mention of it was made in the manifest, stories went around that two valuable commodities remained aboard her. One was money in the ship's safe. The other—those were prohibition days—constituted \$75,000 worth of brandy.

Just why space should have been taken in war time to ship brandy to France never seemed clear, but many believed the brandy was there—a commodity about as valuable as the gold.

Every once in a while stories came to the mainland that some one was poking around in the wreckage of the Porthunter. Finally, in 1934, so many people were poking around there that Doherty went to court to prove that the wreck was his property and to force the government to put a caretaker in charge. After months of litigation the court ruled Doherty owned the Porthunter and directed the United States marshal to see that nobody went down there and stole it.

Doherty again let the ship lie where she was.

But he had his eye on the scrap iron market for, while other people were thinking of gold and brandy, he had not forgotten that the Porthunter's manifest listed 5000 iron pigs, weighing 1000 pounds each.

Scrap iron now is said to be worth better than \$30 a ton.

Whether or not there is money in the safe or brandy in the strong room, if any one can take that 5,000,000 pounds of pig iron to market there'll be gold in the old Porthunter yet.

Will wonders never cease? The other day we noticed "Grandpa Wood" seated on his front piazza smoking a cigarette. For an octogenarian and a Civil War veteran Mr. Wood certainly keeps up with the times.



COMRADES TO THE LAST.

The two oldest men on Nantucket and the last two Grand Army veterans—James H. Barrett and James H. Wood (aged 91 and 90 respectively)—went to the polls together Tuesday and both voted the Republican ticket.

POEMS FOR YOUR SCRAPBOOK

OUR PRESIDENTS

An old rhyme brought up-to-date to assist in remembering the order of service of the Chief Executives of the United States.

First stands the lofty Washington,
That noble, great, immortal one.
The elder Adams next we see,
And Jefferson comes number three;
Then Madison is fourth you know,
The fifth one on the list, Monroe;
The sixth, then Adams comes again,
And Jackson seventh in the train.
Van Buren eighth upon the line
And Harrison counts number nine.
The tenth is Tyler in his turn,
And Polk the eleventh, as we learn,
The twelfth is Taylor in rotation,
The thirteenth Fillmore in succession;
The fourteenth, Pierce, has been selected,
Buchanan, fifteenth is elected;
Sixteenth, Lincoln rules the nation;
Johnson, seventeenth, fills the station;
As the eighteenth Grant two terms serves;
Nineteenth, Hayes our honor preserves;
Twentieth, Garfield becomes our head;
Twenty-first, Arthur succeeds the dead;
Then Cleveland next was selected;
Twenty-third, Harrison's elected;
Twenty-fourth, Cleveland is recalled;
Twenty-fifth, McKinley twice installed;
Twenty-sixth, Roosevelt, strenuous, firm;
Taft, twenty-seventh, serves his term;
Twenty-eighth, Wilson holds the place,
A nation's problems had to face.
Harding died in '23;
Then Calvin Coolidge came; and he
To Herbert Hoover next gave place
Till another Roosevelt won the race.

Petticoat Row.

Adapted from *Teacher and Mirror*
at October 6, 1934.

"The little bell
Ding-dong at the door,
And 'How do you do?' says a gentle
voice."

At the little store,
"A dress for mother, please,
And a small one for my hair."....
Then they go down to Petticoat Row
In the old-fashioned cluster there.

At the first corner, Emmeline Coffin's
With ribbons and hats so gay,
Whom once Mrs. Lucy Mitchell
Used to enter a good display.

Then, Mrs. Mary Abby Hussey
Fashioned hats in the millinery,
But now, when we need millinery,
We buy it at Petticoat.

Kindly help, too, in the making,
And the beauty of the pretty to see;
For Sally Ann Coleman's across the
street.

Are the handsomeness you to me,
A lovely woman is Sally Ann,
With beautiful, wavy hair,
And her name, Mary, Mary, Mary.

With a little touch of Mary and there,
With a little touch of Mary and there,
With a little touch of Mary and there,
With a little touch of Mary and there.

Yes, I think they are very expensive,
But they are so perfectly sweet,
And they are so perfectly sweet,
And they are so perfectly sweet.

Well, we'll see you on Main Street,
The little shop in the row,
That is run by the Ray's,
Whom once Mrs. Lucy Mitchell

Used to enter a good display,
And a small one for my hair."....
Then they go down to Petticoat Row
In the old-fashioned cluster there.

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With ribbons and hats so gay,
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Fashioned hats in the millinery,
But now, when we need millinery,
We buy it at Petticoat.

Next, up to Mrs. Manter's,
So dignified is she!
She does a thriving business
While the Cap'n is at sea.
Her daughter, Clara Manter,
Is her mother's right-hand man,
If they can't match the worsted,
There's someone else who can.
We'll just go up the street a bit
To Mary F's, you know,
Miss Coleman's store is up-to-date,
The second in the Row.
Her new clerk, Susie Winslow,
They say is doing well
And seems real interested
In learning how to sell.

Now for the final errand
At Hannah's across the street.
Miss Sheffield keeps an assortment
Of buttons and trimmings neat.
She'll give us a smiling welcome,
In her usual quiet way,
She's a wonderful business woman,
Tho' she mustn't expect, they say,
To quite fill the place
Of Lizzy Ann Chase,
But she'll compass it yet, some day.

The years hurry on in their cycle
And families come and go—
What's this you are trying to tell me?
"Why, Hannah is gone, you know,
The last of the women merchants
Keeping shop in the famous Row.
Very strange it will seem without
them

In our saunterings, to and fro,
Very strange not to see them always
When into the shops we go.
Their methods unique—their greet-
ings—
Their wit—we shall miss it so!"

Thus we smile and we sigh, as we
sadly record
The passing of Petticoat Row.

For Centre Street now, as we see it,
Bears many an alien name.
The best of its charm has vanished,
It never can be the same.
Then here's to Nantucket women,
In the days of auld lang syne!
Here's to their independence
And their qualities so fine!
Here's to the wit and humor
Of many a kindly dame!
Here's to their industry and thrift,
Their honesty, their fame!

—Helen Cartwright McCleary.

Note: The author is aware that the
women in the above sketch were not
all contemporaries; but the span of
their lives interwoven covered a
definite period in the 60's, 70's and
80's.

Petticoat Row, Today. 1935.

(By special request of Ye Ed.)

A Sequel to "The Passing of Petti-
coat Row" written in memory of
Hannah G. Sheffield, the last of the
old-time women merchants in active
business, who died September 28th,
1923.

"Tell me, do women still keep shop
Along the famous Row?"

They surely do—just come with me,
I'll prove that it is so.
A man or two may rent a store,
But women, still, are to the fore.
You'll find off-island faces,
The olden days are past;
But change must be expected,
For times are moving fast.

Here, where the Coffin girls made hats,
(And Ella Sylvia, too)
Now Solov-Hinds' windows,
Plate-glass, display to you
The dresses, coats and sweaters
Which modern women wear.
If "Mary Abby" should come back,
Ye gods! how she would stare!

And over there, across the street,
In Sally Coleman's store,
Romanes and Paterson intend
To have a "Branch," what's more,
Imported woolen sportswear,
Homespun and Scottish tweeds,
A Boston firm, so famous,
It no advertising needs.

Both stores keep open, summers,
Employing women clerks;
For when women do the selling,
It usually works!

Next door, in Hannah Sheffield's shop,
Is Howell Brothers' store,
In summer, full of linens
And handkerchiefs galore.
The towels and the napkins
Are monogrammed, so gay,
With every item up-to-date,
All in the modern way.
It is a noted Boston firm,
I hear it can't be beat.
Just step inside and you will find
A lady, fair and sweet.
Miss Edythe Howell is her name,
So modest and so shy,
Her pretty, gentle manners
Lure customers to buy.
And every heart she can beguile
Just with the magic of her smile.
If Hannah Sheffield could return
And view her substitute,
She'd compliment her salesmanship
And fall in love, to boot!

Next, right at Hannah's corner,
Where once her garden grew,
A marvellous Dutch florist-shop
Now bursts upon your view!
This aid to garden-lovers
Gives service, at all hours,
And thrifty Mrs. Voorneveld
Makes money selling flowers.

If Mary F. (Miss Coleman),
The second in the Row,
Could see her dry-goods shop, today,
She'd faint away, I know!
One half is Toner's drug-store
(An establishment quite new)
And, in the other half, he serves
A sketchy lunch for two.

And, there, in Mrs. Hooper's shop,
A dark-eyed woman stands.
She smiles, and offers, hopefully,
Her goods from foreign lands.
Abajian's wife—from morn till night,
She always is on deck
And sells to summer visitors
Her knick-knacks by the peck.

It's possible the shop next door
Was once Sophia Ray's,
But in it, now, is Proodian,
Who tastefully displays
A stock of clocks and watches,
(He doctors them, you see)
Optician's goods and glasses
And fancy jewelry.

Next door, in Mrs. Manter's shop,
A-baj-i-an maintains
A second oriental shop
To multiply his gains.
And Bennett's shoe-store is no more,
It's Skinner's shop, today,
And every kind of ancient thing
He gathers, where he may.
So, if you want a Windsor chair
Or antique locket (made of hair)
Or china dogs or sampler rare,
Just be prepared to pay!

Besides off-island merchants,
Two women still hold fast
To old traditions of the "Row"
And link us to the past.
They run the two shops at the end,
Miss Stevens and Miss Long,
And both of them deserve to be
The burden of my song.
They are Nantucket women,
And very proud are they,
To realize that they alone,
Uphold the "Row" today.
No matter whence the mail may come,
From southern clime or frost,
If "Petticoat Row" is writ thereon,
It never can be lost.
No other word is needed
To send it on its way,
It always is delivered
And never goes astray.

Miss Carrie Long now occupies
The shop of Mary Nye
(Where once Miss Edith Sylvia,
With courage flying high,
And sturdy independence,
To business gave a try).
Miss Long sells tams and turbans
And head-gear of all sorts,
She outfits all the kiddies
From babyhood to shorts.
Her "ads" are very clever,
Her styles are never late,
She flies to Boston (in a plane!)
To keep them up-to-date.
Whatever kind of hat you need,
To suit whatever phase,
You'll find it in Miss Carrie Long's
(Watch for the dollar days!).

We've reached the last
"Row"

Once run by Mary P.,
Whose younger sister, Sarah,
And Phebe Lizzie Clisby
Assistants used to be.
(And where Amelia Westra,
Kept shop, quite recently).
Now, Cora Stevens runs the
A hustler!—believe me!
It's worth a nickel just to see
Her colorful array
Of lamps and stationery
And novels of the day,
With every kind of ornament
And gadgets from away.
She knows the tricks that win
The pennies from your hand.
Is always sure that she must
Whatever you demand.
Her counters groan with
Her shelves are crammed with
Her copy-books and pencils
Still lure in girls and boys.
Her candy-jars are tempting
Her windows gay to see,
She does three times the
Once done by Mary P.

Yes, Centre Street is popular.
More women there must be
Who once kept shop along
Now slipped from memory.
Some speak of Avis Pinkham
And some of Betsy Chase,
But where they were and
sold

Is difficult to trace.
And, as for millinery,
Why, Nellie Keane, you know
And Emma Fraser too, made
Along the famous "Row."
And Mrs. Gifford once sold
And Mrs. Cabot, cream.
To say that women "made the
Is, surely, not a dream.
Today, more shops are on the
With pretty things to buy,
But they are not the real old
And so I pass them by.

Oh, Centre Street is lively,
And women still hold sway.
They, certainly, know how
(Own stylish motor-cars as
Are making business pay,
Their fame has reached the
Goes round the world, they
Wherever island news is sent
You hear of them, away.

"Yes, 'Petticoat Row' goes
Three Cheers
For Petticoat Row Today!"

Helen Cartwright McCleary

NANTUCKET'S TRIPLETS



Mrs. George Sylvia and her three little ones (born at the Nantucket Hospital on the 3rd of February) posed for The Inquirer and Mirror before Boyer's camera. The triplets have been named Arthur, Arline and Adelaide, and all are healthy youngsters, already showing that they are enjoying life on Nantucket island.

The triplets have made their first visit to the printing office (where their mother was formerly employed) and the whole force rushed to extend them the glad hand, Arline being the first to receive congratulations, and then Adelaide and Arthur.

Before her marriage Mrs. Sylvia was Miss Ida Garland, granddaughter of the late Alexander and Nancy Chase. She is 24 years old and, besides the triplets, is the mother of a 4½-year-old son and a 3-year-old daughter.

POEMS FOR YOUR SCRAPBOOK

For an Old Home

By Marguerite Louise Cox, Oakland Tribune

I wonder what an old house thinks
When it's standing all alone . . .
Does it long for the folks that it sheltered,
The family that once called it "Home"?
Does it cry when it creaks with the rainstorms
And sob when it groans in the gale?
Does it think of the children that played there
And slid on the sagging porch rail?
It's foolish to think that a structure
Made of plaster and shingles and stone
Could cry in its grief and its sorrow . . .
Could sob when it's left all alone,
But I passed one this evening at sunset
When the wind whistled over the hill,
And I paused at a broken old window
To shyly peer over the sill . . .
I guess it was just foolish fancy
Or because I was there all alone,
But I'm sure that old house was crying
For the family that once called it "Home."

Fifty Questions And Answers About Our Presidents.

- 1.—Who was the youngest President? Roosevelt.
- 2.—Who was the oldest President when inaugurated? William Henry Harrison.
- 3.—Which President made a journey around the world after his term had expired? Grant.
- 4.—What President served the shortest term? William Henry Harrison.
- 5.—What President was elected without opposition? Washington.
- 6.—Which President served seven years tailoring before he learned the alphabet? Andrew Jackson.
- 7.—When did we have a President elected by one party and a Vice-President elected by another? 1797 to 1801—John Adams (Fed.), Thomas Jefferson (Rep.).
- 8.—Which President after the expiration of his term as such, became a member of the Senate of the United States? Andrew Johnson.
- 9.—Which Presidents were re-nominated by their respective parties, but defeated for re-election by the voters? John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Van Buren, Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison and Taft.
- 10.—Which President introduced rotation in office? Andrew Jackson.
- 11.—Which five Presidents were soldiers in the war of 1812—1815? Jackson, William H. Harrison, Tyler, Taylor, Buchanan.
- 12.—Which President was a soldier in the Black Hawk war? Abraham Lincoln.
- 13.—Which three Presidents were soldiers in the Mexican War? Tyler, Pierce, Grant.
- 14.—Which two Presidents were signers of the Declaration of Independence? Thomas Jefferson, John Adams.
- 15.—Which President was impeached by the national House of Representatives? Andrew Johnson.
- 16.—Which three Presidents were soldiers in the Revolutionary War? Washington, Monroe, Jackson.
- 17.—Which President was a grandson of a President? Benjamin Harrison.
- 18.—Which President was elected from a state west of the Mississippi River? Taylor.
- 19.—Which Presidents died in office? William H. Harrison, Taylor, Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley, Harding.
- 20.—How many Presidents were soldiers in the Civil War? Six.
- 21.—Who were they? Grant, Garfield, Hayes, Arthur, Harrison, McKinley.
- 22.—Which President was in the Spanish-American War? Roosevelt.
- 23.—Which President was the son of a President? John Quincy Adams.
- 24.—Which President never lived in the city of Washington? Washington.
- 25.—Which Presidents were direct descendants from Pocahontas and John Rolfe? William H. Harrison, Benjamin Harrison.
- 26.—Which President when elected had not voted for forty years? Taylor.
- 27.—Which President was called "The Little Magician"? Van Buren.
- 28.—Which President was called "Old Rough and Ready"? Taylor.
- 29.—Which Presidents were twice elected to the Presidency after having been once defeated for the office? Jefferson and Jackson.
- 30.—Which President, a candidate in a subsequent election, received the electoral vote of but one state? Fillmore.
- 31.—Which President was elected by a majority of one electoral vote? Hayes.
- 32.—Which President was the father-in-law of Jefferson Davis? Taylor.
- 33.—Which President was representative, senator-elect and President-elect at the same time? Garfield.
- 34.—Which Presidents were chosen by the national House of Representatives and not by the electoral college? Thomas Jefferson and John Quincy Adams.
- 35.—Which two Presidents were signers of the Constitution of the United States? Thomas Jefferson and John Adams.
- 36.—Which President was married in the White House? Cleveland.
- 37.—Which President was once a speaker of the national House of Representatives? Polk.
- 38.—Which President at his death was a member-elect of the Confederate Congress? Tyler.
- 39.—Which President was called "Young Hickory"? Polk.
- 40.—Which President was called "The Old Public Functionary"? Buchanan.
- 41.—Which President took the oath of office the day previous to his inauguration? Hayes.
- 42.—Which Presidents were inaugurated in the city of Philadelphia? John Adams, George Washington, 2d term.
- 43.—Which President was never married? Buchanan.
- 44.—Which President was shot at but was not injured? Jackson.
- 45.—Which two Presidents died on the same day? John Adams, Thomas Jefferson.
- 46.—What was the date? July 4, 1826.
- 47.—Which President, after the expiration of his term of office, became a member of the national House of Representatives?
- 48.—How many ex-Presidents are living? One.
- 49.—Who was the first President of the United States who was born after the close of the Revolutionary War? Taylor.
- 50.—Which President received all but one vote of the electoral college? Monroe.

A Cape Codder.

Wonder who gave this description
of a typical Cape Codder?
Innocent as a lamb—in appearance.
Sly as a fox—in general.
Smart (and sharp) as a steel trap—in business.

TWENTY-TWO YEARS AGO



A group of interested parishioners of the Congregational church watching the proceedings when the old bell was being lowered in 1914. In the group were Miss Sarah B. Winslow, Mrs. Eunice Brooks, Miss Lydia B. Gardner, Mrs. Anna F. Rule and "Aunt Ann" Chase—all of whom are now deceased. One or two other matrons of today may recall that they, too, watched the descent of the old bell and the ascent of the new one. It was only twenty-two years ago this week. How swiftly time has flown!



This picture was snapped in April, 1914, and shows a group of young people obtaining their first view of the old bell after it was lowered to the ground from the Congregational church tower. Probably some of the girls with the "pig-tails" can recognize themselves in the picture—if they have good memories. In the extreme left Arthur B. Collins stands "Prof. G. Wallace Stone", whose career on Nantucket ended rather abruptly some years ago.

School Notes.

School re-opened Wednesday of this week with a first day enrollment of 696 pupils. Since then the 700 mark has been passed. The high school registration at present is 165, with at least fifteen more expected.

Classes were under way in the high school about twenty minutes after school opened. That time was used for registering, distributing program cards, and making the necessary announcements.

Football practice was started Wednesday afternoon under the direction of Coach Cleverly.

"Nordwind" Passes Nantucket.

The German seaplane *Nordwind* passed over Nantucket, Monday, so low that people could easily read her name and the swastika which she flies. The big air-craft passed over the bathing beach, five or six hundred feet aloft, and then went westward, apparently headed for New York. The *Nordwind* came from the Azores, being held some time there on her way over from Europe, having met with a mishap in making a landing.

Aug. 3, 1935

Nantucket Talks to Her Summer Guests.

Off-Islanders remark to me
"Your pleasures must be few
When summer time is past and gone,
Whatever do you do?"
I smile on them—a pitying smile—
And wink—a knowing wink—
And answer "we're so busy
We've not time to even think."

I'm polite—I say "we miss you,
The old Town so quiet rests,
And the streets do look deserted
Without our summer guests,"
But we love the sweet September
And October's golden days,
When the sun shines o'er the commons
Through the Indian Summer haze.

The beach plums then are ripening
With sharp and spicy tang;
The goldenrod is gorgeous—
The wild grapes in clusters hang.
We store our jams and jellies
On our pantry shelves so neat
Knowing that another summer
You will find them good to eat.

Our homes are swept and dusted,
Our draperies ironed fine,
Our sheets and fleecy blankets
Hang flapping on the line,
And we scurry 'round like beavers
Making things all taut and snug
Against the winter's icy blasts
And the East wind's lash and tug.

Then, when these things are finished
We breathe a long-drawn sigh
And say "the season's over—
The winter drawing nigh.
Now we can take some comfort
And be ourselves once more
Until another summer
Comes knocking at the door."

We enjoy our simple pleasures—
Movies, bridge and solitaire,
Clubs and lectures, fine Church suppers
With their generous wholesome fare.
And if you happen to attend
The Church on Beacon Hill,
You join the Union Circle
And work with patient skill.

Making takers, dusters, aprons
Fit for ladies fine to don,
Hooked rugs, and downy bed-quilts
Some four-poster to adorn.
Then we plan a luncheon menu
To tempt your appetite;
We serve you nice clam chowder
And season it just right.

The rolls are light and fluffy
The salad is a dream,
And we finish out the story
With hot coffee and ice-cream.
Throughout the live-long winter
We work with thoughtful care
Planning for another summer
And our annual Church Fair.

Some days are bleak and stormy,
Some days the North wind roars,
And like hungry wolves, the breakers
Gnaw at the sandy shores.
But our hearts and nerves are steady
And we flout the winds with scorn;
Did not our sturdy Grandsires
Some of them—sail 'round Cape
Horn?

In winter-time, this little Isle
So many miles at sea
Is like a special place apart—
A happy family.
We rejoice in each one's pleasures,
We mourn with those who weep,
And through the storm and stress of
life

Our friendships true we keep.
Indeed we are not lonely;
Winter passes all too soon;
And almost before we know it
Comes once more the sunny June.
We fling wide our doors and windows,
Sweep and dust with might and
main—

For the steamer's at the landing
With our Summer Guests again.

Nantucket, Sept. 16, 1933. —A. B. C.

VIEW OF UPPER MAIN STREET LAST SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 11



Nantucket was "frozen up" twenty two days during this month

Photo by Pivrotto.

No. 17—Printed September 12—
Members of the Congregational Sun-
day School at a picnic at the Fair
Grounds in June, 1916.



The Surface of Federal Street and the Horse Cars.

The work of laying the new gas main through Federal street progressed steadily and is now completed. It was made through the center of the concrete roadway and the new rails were bedded in sand to overcome the effect of the clay which is always found far below the surface. The original gas main which has been replaced was laid in 1854, when gas was first installed in Nantucket.

In breaking through the surface, every man was made as to how long ago it was that Federal street was first concreted. It was in 1904—thirty-two years ago. The job cost \$4,020. Charles H. Thomas was the contractor, his contract calling for \$3,800, which was the appropriation made by the town. Expenses of survey and other materials not included in the contract amounted to \$220, which was met by the selectmen drawing on the contingent fund.

Since 1904 the surface of Federal street has been "battered" several times, as the surface gradually wore off, and in some places the workmen this week found the concrete eight inches thick.

Some of us can recall the condition of Federal street before it was concreted. Now in heavy rains the street was nothing but mud and it was difficult to cross without getting mired unless one came up to Main street. The surface of the street was "dished" and during the winter months, when it was not muddy, it was covered with frozen ruts, which made anything but a comfortable surface to travel over.

The work on the trench has brought to light another factor—the idea which prevailed when concrete was first used as a road surface on Nantucket that there must be a sub-structure of crushed stone before the concrete itself was laid. Cargoes of stone were brought here by schooner from Tompkins Cove and the stone was used as a foundation for the concrete. It is clearly shown in the cut that has been made through Federal street, the road-bed, with its crushed stone and concrete, being from five to eight inches thick all the way along.

When Nantucket Had Horse-Cars.

In digging the trench for the new gas main, the "sleepers" of the old horse-car railroad were unearthed from twelve to fifteen inches below the present surface, and the wood was found in remarkably good state of preservation. The old street railway line was laid away back in 1890—nearly forty-six years ago—and it is something of a coincidence that the man who made the survey for the line was Jesse B. Snow, father of Charles Gerald Snow, who is foreman of the gang which unearthed the track this spring.

The project of a street car line on Nantucket was hatched by Thomas G. Macy, who was able to obtain the interest of other promoters and actually bring about the operation of the line, though it was. Mr. Macy organized a company with Harmon, treasurer, and with Mr. Sim-

himself as clerk. The company received its charter and secured C. H. Cox to take charge of the construction. It was chartered as the "Nantucket Beach Street Railway".

Delay after delay resulted and the season of 1890 came and went before the line was in operation.

The rails were shipped from Pittsburgh and Mr. Macy was detailed to go to the mainland and purchase the cars and horses. It was quite a day when the outfit finally arrived, the community looking upon the project as something of a joke and the liverymen not taking kindly to the scheme, which they felt would injure their business. But as the season of 1890 passed on and the cars were not in operation until late in September, they joined with the other on-lookers and watched the progress of the work with keen interest.

In view of present-day means of transportation, the little horse-car line which Nantucket possessed for such a brief period in the early 90's might well be called a "Toonerville Trolley" minus the trolley. The cars were small affairs (as the illustration shows) with seats on each side, capable of accommodating ten persons in all—a dozen if they squeezed together.

There were two cars and about a mile of track altogether. Starting from the corner of Main and Federal streets, the track extended down to Steamboat wharf. From the corner of Beach street it ran to Easton street and then branched in two directions, one going down the point road as far as the Nantucket Hotel and the other up Cliff road as far as the Sea Cliff. It was a single track road, and the

schedule was operated so that while one car jingled its way along from the point to Main street the other was covering the route up Cliff Road.

It was also a single horse road, with two white horses in service at first (one drawing each car) and then one of them giving way to a black horse which seemed to develop more "power". And it needed plenty of power for a horse to pull the little car up North Shore hill, where the track was built on the west side.

Coming back on the return trip the driver, of course, had to apply the brakes in order not to bump the horse's heels (which actually happened once or twice when the brake failed to hold, resulting in a dent or two in the "fore-buck").

Patronage not being very brisk, only one car was used after a while, and for a time passengers who wanted to ride from Main street to the Sea Cliff were first given an extra ride down the point road to the Nantucket Hotel. This was so anyone bound for the point section would not bring extra weight on the horse when it struggled up North Shore hill.

At times some of the passengers were quite considerate of the horse and would get off and walk up the hill, as would the driver, the late Edward F. Snow. His job, by the way, was no easy one, even if the route was short. The cars had a bad habit of leaving the track when they turned a corner, so he always carried a wrecking outfit with him in the shape of a couple of crow-bars.

By means of these he (with assistance from the passengers) could restore the wheels to the rails in comparatively short time, so that the horse-car soon after would proceed on its way until it decided to leave the rails again—perhaps at the next corner.

Some of the North Shore boys speedily found out that a small pebble placed in the curve of the rail at a crucial point would have a tendency to cause the wheels to jump the rails, and at such times they were always solicitous over the mishap and volunteered their assistance to Driver Snow in restoring service.

The driver was often relieved by the late Thomas G. Macy, promoter of the enterprise, who could keep the outfit on the proper course as long as the wheels remained on the track, but if by chance they jumped the rails while Mr. Macy was at the helm it was just too bad.

At night the little car was lighted by a kerosene lamp placed in one end of the car. Like all kerosene lamps it sometimes had an inspiration and would start smoking. Of course this was more apt to happen when there was a mischievous boy aboard, and lamp-black was not at all popular. Driver Snow was always positive the lamp was turned down to the proper point when he gave his familiar "Gid-dap!" to the faithful horse and started out once more along his chartered course. However, to this day we have an idea that Snow had his suspicions, but kept them to himself.

Like all transportation lines, the little Nantucket horse-car line had its share of troubles, such as a balky horse at the foot of the hill, a runaway car going down hill, boys holding out a bunch of nice green grass close

to the horse's nose which made it difficult for the driver to keep the prescribed course, and various other perplexing incidentals.

Sometimes the horse would dig his hoofs into the sand and struggle hard to get the outfit under way without success. The driver had simply forgot to release the brake on the rear of the car—that was all. Which end was the rear end? Each end had its turn, for at the terminal of the line the horse would be unhitched and go around to the other end, the process being reversed without any degree of annoyance. It was a very simple thing, anyway, but it was surprising to find one or two of the same boys at each end of the route whenever the car arrived. The call "Whip on behind!" was not very effective with the horse-cars and it was a comparatively easy matter to steal a ride or two without the driver knowing it.

There were a lot of unique features connected with the horse-car system, anyway. A glance at the illustration herewith will vouch for that. Were one of the cars in existence today it would be a great curiosity and be another of Nantucket's attractions for the summer visitor, but, alas, the horse-car line is only a memory.

However, one of the "sleepers" resurrected in laying the new gas main on Federal streets, was preserved by Gerald Snow and will be placed in the basement of the Historical Rooms as a memento of another Nantucket development that actually existed for a time but was a financial failure.

WHEN NANTUCKET HAD HORSE CARS



This picture was taken when the horse cars were in operation in Nantucket in 1890 and 1891. The first car was run on the 20th of September, 1890, from the corner of Main and Federal streets to the Sea Cliff Hotel. The picture shows both of the horse cars standing at the junction of Beach street and the Point road, where the line branched off, one section going down to the Hotel Nantucket (seen in the picture) and the other up to the Sea Cliff Hotel. Note the barge standing at the end of the bathing beach road. The barge ran between the beach and Easton street, there making connections with the horse car line, passengers transferring at that point.



The last of Nantucket's horse-cars, from a photo taken after the line was abandoned and one of the cars was placed near the Sea Cliff for use as a children's play-house. It passed away some years ago. The other car was left near the gas-works and was gradually demolished. The "visor" to the second car was used on the front of John Fernandes' store on Candle street.

The Little Red Hen.

Said the little red rooster, "Gosh all hemlock; things are tough,
Seems that worms are getting scarcer, and I cannot find enough.
What's become of all those fat ones is a mystery to me;
There were thousands through that rainy spell but now where can they be?"

The little red hen who heard him didn't grumble or complain,
She had gone through lots of dry spells, she had lived through floods of rain.
So she flew up on the grindstone, and she gave her claws a whet,
As she said, "I've never seen the time there were no worms to get."

She picked a new and undug spot; the earth was hard and firm;
The little rooster jeered, "New ground! That's no place for a worm,"
The little red hen just spread her feet, she dug both fast and free,
"I must go to the worms," she said, "the worms won't come to me."

The rooster vainly spent the day, through habit, by the ways
Where fat worms had passed in squads, back in the rainy days.
When nightfall found him supperless, he growled in accents rough,
"I'm hungry as a fowl can be, conditions sure are tough."

He turned then to the little red hen and said, "It's worse with you,
For you're not only hungry but you must be tired, too."
I rested while I watched for worms, so I feel fairly perk,
But how are you? Without worms, too? And after all that work?"

The little red hen hopped to her perch and dropped her eyes to sleep.
And murmured, in a drowsy tone, "Young man, hear this and weep,
I'm full of worms, and happy, for I've dined both long and well,
The worms are there, as always—but I had to dig like H—I!"

—Anonymous.

"Ma" Takes a Vacation.

Mrs. Lilian C. Bridgham (formerly of Nantucket) occasionally contributes a bit of verse to the press. Here is one of her most recent contributions, which "Ma" certainly ought to appreciate as well as the rest of the family.

Ma Takes Her Vacation.

I plan a thousand things to do
When Ma takes her vacation;
I'll cover all the screens anew
When Ma takes her vacation.
The shrubbery is a dreadful sight,
One evening's work will make it
right,
And that to her will give delight,
When Ma takes her vacation.
I'll have a chance to read some, too,
When Ma takes her vacation.
There won't be very much to do
When Ma takes her vacation.
Of course I'll write her every day,
There's sure to be a lot to say,
All summer she should stay away
When Ma takes her vacation.
I'll varnish the old kitchen floor
When Ma takes her vacation.
And hang the unhinged cellar dorr,
When Ma takes her vacation.
Each morning I'll eat just a bite,
And wash the dishes every night,
I'll keep the whole house looking
right,
When Ma takes her vacation.

* * * * *

Believe me it is lonesome here,
Ma's gone on her vacation.
The house is quiet, lone and drear,
Ma's gone on her vacation.
Already everything's a sight,
Tomorrow I will make it right,
Oh dear, I'm just too tired to write!
Ma's gone on her vacation.

* * * * *

Hurrah, the torture's o'er at last!
Ma's home from her vacation.
The loneliness and gloom are past,
Ma's home from her vacation.
The house is in an awful mess,
Ma is an angel I confess,
Hereafter I go, too, I guess,
When Ma takes her vacation.

—Lilian C. Bridgham.

Nantucket Girl Describes Life in The Philippines.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

So many friends, in their letters, ask me questions about every-day life out here that I think perhaps some of your readers might also be interested. The following topics are some I hope they will like.

The natives—The skin of the natives is a tan color and they have straight blue-black hair. They are usually about five feet, five or six inches tall and stand very erect, due, of course, to the fact that they carry everything on their heads. The inter-breeding of the Chinese is very noticeable in their features.

The average native woman wears a net or cotton blouse with a black cotton skirt wrapped around. The native man is usually seen in an outfit resembling an undershirt and shorts although some wear tan trousers.

In spite of their sombre every-day clothes, they delight in brilliant colors and their Sunday clothes are usually of reds, oranges and bright greens. Their hats are of straw and very wide, some with inverted v-shaped tops and others bowl-shaped.

Often they just balance straw trays on their heads and carry their purchases home that way. Frequently they put the other hat on top and thus protect their things from dust and sun. When it rains they turn the tray hat over and it is wide enough to act as an umbrella.

Their shoes have thick wooden soles, heels about an inch and a half high (carved out of one piece of wood) and a leather piece into which they slip their toes and clatter along the streets. It is amusing to watch the tots learning to walk in them. The children are very adept and can run, play and even ride bicycles without losing a shoe.

The time—There is thirteen hours difference between the time here and in Nantucket. When it is seven o'clock in the evening here, it is six o'clock in the morning (of the same day) in Nantucket.

The sun—Daylight came at six o'clock in December and each day it gets lighter earlier until June when it will be light shortly after five o'clock. At that time dusk comes about seven-thirty in the evening and gradually earlier until December, when it is dark by five forty-five o'clock.

The weather—Cool weather is enjoyed about this time of the year. Our cool weather probably sounds like a joke with all the cold weather "the Mirror" is telling about. But to us, living in houses with no glass windows, just screens, and wearing summer clothes, sixty-nine degrees (F) is chilly.

These days the coldest is around four o'clock in the morning, when it registers sixty-nine and it gets hotter until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when it reaches ninety. It is very dry now and will be until June, when the rainy season starts.

The days will get hotter until May the range will be from seventy-five to ninety-seven degrees and no rain at all. March, April and May are the most uncomfortable months. Then comes the rainy season and in spite of the fact rain cools a little the thermometer still lingers in the nine-

MARCH 28, 1936

Typhoons are common occurrences until late October. At that time the weather starts to get cooler but it never goes below sixty-nine degrees.

The food—Americans can get supplies of food nearly as varied as in the states and with a number of native fruits and vegetables added, fare very well. The native eats mostly rice, fish and chicken with a few vegetables and fruits such as mango, papaya, guava, chicos, and many others.

Bananas are a major part of their diet. The plantain, a large banana, and the "pig-banana", only two or three inches long, are usually fried, as they are woody and less sweet than the regular banana. There are many other varieties of the "eating" banana—some red and some green. The latter are the best and even though very green on the outside, the inside is ripe and delicious.

Leisure time—The Navy Yard offers grand opportunities for recreation. Tennis courts, bowling alleys, baseball diamond, a large and well-equipped library, and movies every night. Then there's swimming, golf, and bicycle riding and the inevitable bridge games. Native help is very cheap and that gives one more leisure time in the tropics, while on the other hand the heat gives one "manana" (meaning "tomorrow") fever—so there you are.

Before closing, let me thank you for the calendar, which is as good as ever. The sea-gull is splendid, while the surf scene is even better. We can hear the surf pounding on the shore here just as we can at my father's cottage at Madaket. If I look at your picture and listen to the surf it brings Nantucket closer.

Sincerely,

Dorothy Boyer Clark.

% J. N. Clark,
Asiatic Fleet Radio School,
Navy Yard, Cavite P. I.



MR. AND MRS. OSWALD DREW INGALL
From a snap-shot taken in Arizona
while on their honeymoon trip.

, MAY 9, 1936.

Honolulu Man Wanted Tub of Nantucket Salt Mackerel.

An interested subscriber who lives in far-away Honolulu has written in requesting a tub of genuine Nantucket or Boston salt mackerel. In his sunny, tropical home, it was one New England delicacy that he has missed. The mackerel will be duly dispatched to the Hawaiian Islands, via the American Railway Express, and we trust Mr. Elkinton will enjoy his anticipated dish.

He writes as follows:

"Awaiting breakfast out on the lanai (porch) overlooking all Honolulu's waterfront and town, I'll start an answer to your letter of March 17th. The copy of the "Loss of the Essex" arrived yesterday and was immediately read through.

Perhaps your friend Harold Smith has reported me as looking him up. Well, I did—first by 'phone, missed him, then called at the fire station, but missed him again—then left word. He was up here on the hill 'ere long, in his red fire chief's car. He is now Assistant Chief of the Honolulu Fire Department.

We had a gam. He was interested in the interior of this den, and the exterior and very fine view. Betwix having been on Nantucket and knowing the "Oldest House," Museum, Main Street, 'Sconset and Sankaty Head, and having been a member of a Pennsylvania fire company for ten years, conversation did not lag.

Soon, I'll stop in again at the fire house and see him there and look over the apparatus. The fire house is the finest I have ever seen, and I've seen a lot of them.

Guess I have reported all the latest "whaling news" in these waters. About two months ago an incoming Dollar Line boat was coming in. I noticed her speed was diminished and upon looking down over her bow, saw a medium sized whale impaled on her cutwater. The ship backed up and Mr. Whale floated away dead.

A small whale, 10 to 12 feet long, worked through the outer reef off Waikiki beach and was roped by some boys and brought ashore—from whence the authorities ordered it off in a few days, as the odor was not of the customary *cologne taffe*!

The writer has not been fishing for some time—sort of convalescing for a few weeks—my boat being out of commission on account of a damaged engine. So I spend much time at the shipyard watching the new "Ohayo Maru II" grow into being.

This new craft of mine is of the "Sampan" type (the regular type used by the Japanese in fishing here). She is 65 feet over all, with a 14-foot hull, 18 inches overhang. Her knees are 3-inch mahogany. She is ketch rigged, and has a draft of about 6 ft. 6 inches, with a V-type dead-rise and a fishing deck aft that gives lots of deck-room. A 160-h. p. Diesel will power her.

If it was practical to get passage for myself and sampan to, say, Norfolk, Va., you might see me coming in "over the bar" at Nantucket. There will be no such craft in these waters when finished. Will get Harold Smith aboard some day. He can write it up.

Mr. Smith gave me his father's name when I said I longed for some good down east A-1 salt mackerel. Enclosed is a check. Please ask Mr. Smith senior to send me a small keg or bucket of salt mackerel. Freight will take too long—would suggest the American Railway Express as they have an agent here at Honolulu.

I tried a Norway salt mackerel recently but it is not up to my recollection of a salt mackerel 'out of Boston' or thereaway. And so, in the course of time, I hope a "kit" of mackerel will be received.

Alfred C. Elkinton,
12 Laola Road,
Honolulu, T. H.

SEPTEMBER 12, 1936

Death of John M. Winslow, Oldest Male Resident.

John Morrow Winslow, the oldest male resident of Nantucket, died at his home on Quince street, Tuesday morning, on the ninety-second anniversary of his birth. He was one of the best-known and highly-respected citizens of Nantucket, a man whom everybody admired and who had spent practically all his life on the island where he first saw the light of day on September 8, 1844.

He was the son of the late Capt. Perry Winslow and accompanied his father on several of his voyages when a lad. He was always interested in town affairs and during his career held a number of positions of trust and responsibility.

For many years he followed "boating" for a livelihood and in that capacity made the acquaintance of many of the summer visitors in the days when Nantucket had a large fleet of cat-boats and before auxiliary power had come into vogue. At that period it was a day's cruise bluefishing out through Great point rip and the party boats, with their genial skippers, were very popular with members of the summer colony. Captain Winslow sailed the "Mabel" for many seasons and was a familiar figure in the group

Photo by Boyer.



THE LATE JOHN M. WINSLOW

of island boatmen who assembled daily at the "slip" on the south side of steamboat wharf, which was filled in some time ago.

After retiring from "boating", he conducted the Veranda House and there made many friends among the summer visitors, the hotel being home-like and with an atmosphere that carried the real Nantucket hospitality.

In 1887 he received the appointment of Postmaster at Nantucket, from President Cleveland, and served until January, 1892.

At one time he served as the Nantucket agent of the Boston Towboat Company and whenever there was a vessel in distress or in need of the services of a tug, Mr. Winslow was on the job.

He served eight terms on the Board of Selectmen, the first in 1907 and the last in 1917. He was also agent of the Poor Department for nine years; Town Auditor for five years; and was a Registrar of Voters at the time of his death, having held that office continuously since 1925.

He was a member of the first "Committee of Ten", to which was delegated the consideration of the annual town meeting warrant, serving on the committee from the time it was first organized in 1915 until it was succeeded by the Finance Committee, formed by the passage of a by-law in 1925.

For many years the task of compiling the copy for the annual town report, for presentation to the voters and tax-payers, devolved upon Mr. Winslow, who had developed an aptitude for figures and enjoyed "straightening out" departmental accounts at the end of each financial year.

Mr. Winslow had been a corporator of the Nantucket Institution for Savings many years and has been a trustee of the institution for a long period.

He was the oldest member of Nantucket Lodge, I.O.O.F., both in age and membership, having joined the order in 1873. He was also a member of the Pacific Club.

Deceased is survived by his daughter, Miss Mabel Winslow, and by a grand-daughter, Mrs. Herbert W. Foye, of Salem.

Funeral services were held at the Winslow residence on Quince street yesterday (Friday) afternoon at 2.30. Interment was in the family lot in Prospect Hill cemetery under the rites of Odd Fellowship.

Why Nantucket Has An Interest In Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr.

Nantucket should have more than casual interest in the candidacy of Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. for the United States Senate. His grand-father, Henry Cabot Lodge, Sr., knew Nantucket well and for many years he spent his vacations on Tuckernuck island at the retreat of his friend, Dr. William Sturgis Bigelow, where he was free from the cares of state and nation and able to enjoy the relaxation he sought without being pestered by telephone calls and newspaper reporters.

In the summer of 1909 Senator Lodge came to Nantucket accompanied by his son, George Cabot Lodge (father of the present candidate), and at Tuckernuck the son contemplated continuing the preparation of a book he was working on. Both were in their usual health when they came down and anticipated an enjoyable period of relaxation together.

The son had for some time been troubled with indigestion, however, and several days after he reached Tuckernuck he was seized with a severe attack. A physician was summoned from town and his condition improved, so that it was thought he was out of danger. But during the night his heart suddenly failed and he died before medical aid could reach him again.

A boy and girl in their teens wormed their way into the White House and lied their way into the private rooms of the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, and by lying to them, succeeded in getting their autographs. Then they went away and boasted of the smart trick they had played. But officials who are responsible for the safety of the President and his wife are greatly disturbed over the incident, and there is a great feeling of indignation about the affair in Washington, where the neighbors of the President feel that there should be severe punishment administered to these "smart aleck" youths, who have set an example that might lead to serious consequences, in case others should develop tricky ways to invade the private quarters of the President, or some other high official.

It was a sad ordeal for Senator Lodge and we well recall the grief-stricken man when he made the trip across the sound on catboat "Helen" with his son's body and stepped ashore at Woods Hole, where a special train was waiting to convey the remains to Boston.

George Cabot Lodge spent his honeymoon on Tuckernuck and he always had a liking for Nantucket and its people. That he passed away in the place where he and his young wife spent their first weeks of married life together added to the sadness of his death.

The news dispatches chronicled his death in August, 1909, stating that he was survived by his widow and three children, one of whom bore the name of Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr. From this it would seem that the "Jr." was given the boy when he was born and was not acquired in subsequent years.

Two of the most interesting letters which we have on file are those written by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Sr., and Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr. The first was written by the grand-father, dated June 29, 1921, in appreciation of the receipt of a copy of "One Hundred Years on Nantucket", issued when the Inquirer and Mirror observed its centennial. In it Senator Lodge referred to the keen interest which he always had in Nantucket and its people and of the many pleasant vacations he had spent on Tuckernuck island.

"Your centennial number," said he, "brings to mind many happy memories as well as the interest which I feel in the history of Nantucket, a history unlike that of any other city or town in the United States and which is all her own."

This letter bears the familiar signature "H. C. Lodge".

The other letter was written in February, 1935, in appreciation of an article which appeared in these columns calling attention to the excellent work, sound sense and genuine logic of Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., as a political leader.

"I wish that I could believe that the kind things you say about me are true," wrote Mr. Lodge modestly, "but I can assure you that they are much appreciated."

That letter was written twenty months ago and it bears the signature "Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr."

NING, MARCH 13, 1937.

Donkeys Featured Novelty Basketball Contest.

Bennett Hall was the scene of much merriment last Wednesday evening, when the long-awaited "donkey basketball" game was played.

The evening was opened with three sets of badminton. Fred Bennett and "Red" Haddon teamed up against Byron Coffin and John Hardy. In the first two sets "Red's" kills and Mr. Bennett's placements were too much for the opposition, the scores being 15-5 and 15-18, but in the final set Byron Coffin got his "sinker ball" working and he and John won out by 16-14.

The spectators were next entertained with three games of volley ball.

The "fats" and the "thins" lined up on opposite sides of the net, as follows: "Fats"—George Haddon, John Hamblin, "Doc" Ryder, Ralph Bartlett, Jack Driscoll and Henry Coleman. "Thins"—Gilbert Burchell, John Hardy, Robert Hardy, Arthur Howes, Mr. Bennett, Wallace Deacon.

The "Fats" started off with a bang and, utilizing the "huddle" repeatedly, they had their adversaries at their mercy in the first two sets, winning easily 15 to 7 and 15 to 3. In the third set, however, the "Thins" came to life and gave the "Fats" a real battle and led throughout most of the game, only to lose out in the end, 15 to 13.

Then came the main event of the evening. To the accompaniment of tales of laughter, the players trooped onto the floor leading their mounts for the "donkey game". The "Thins" were dressed in rompers and little lace bonnets while the "Fats" were costumed in various outfits. Jack Driscoll was a most dilapidated tramp with whiskers, "Red" Haddon was hardly more recognizable in a black wig, Johnny Hamblin was appropriately rigged out in a pair of riding breeches and sweat shirt, "Doc" Ryder resembled Suzanne Lenglen in his padded sweat shirt and jaunty beret, while Ralph Bartlett was nearly encompassed in an immense straw hat.

After the game got under way, it was soon apparent that there was to be little cooperation between the burros and their riders. The former remained agreeable so long as their riders were content to stay in one place but the moment a player decided to go after the ball he was compelled to cajole, argue with, or, in the last extremity, to carry his mount.

Bob Hardy's burro, "Mussolini" soon became bored with the game and decided to lie down and take a rest. No amount of persuasion from Bob could induce "Mussolini" to regain his feet so Bob had to stand on him in lieu of getting astride his mount. Jack Driscoll was in continual difficulties, his mount seeming to take delight in rolling Jack off his back. His favorite method of so doing was to wait until Jack got well forward and then, with a quick down-thrust of his head and neck, he would sent Jack pitching forward onto the floor.

Bob Hardy, from his precarious stance on "Mussolini", sank the first two baskets of the game, and Gibby Burchell, assisted by "Sally Rand", dropped in another for the "Thins" to give them a 6 to 0 lead in the first quarter.

But "Doc" must have arranged a truce with "Al Capone" between quarters, for they worked together admirably in the second quarter, scoring 3 baskets to tie up the score at the half.

In the last half "Kate Smith" fell for Art Howes' charms and between them they sewed up the game for the "Thins" by dropping in four baskets, the final score being 16 to 8.

The riders took many, many tumbles during the course of the game but, fortunately, they did not have far to fall as the burros are built "close to the ground". Jack Driscoll, however, averaged a fall every ten seconds and he will probably retain many souvenirs of the "battle" for some days to come.

The little animals proved to be most good natured and actually seemed to enjoy the differences of opinion between their riders and themselves.

Following the game the Whalers' orchestra, for whose benefit the games were held, played for dancing until eleven o'clock. Although there were not many dancers to take advantage of the music, those who did so appreciated the efforts of the orchestra, which is steadily becoming a very proficient and harmonic group of musicians.

Donkeys Receive Enthusiastic Welcome on Arrival.

There was a lot of fun on Steamboat wharf, Wednesday afternoon, following the arrival of steamer Mar'has Vineyard. Several hundred people were gathered there to welcome the donkeys which were to play basketball that evening and in the crowd were all ages and both sexes.

The interest was keen, as it is many years since there has been a four-legged donkey on the island, and to have ten of them arrive at once was an event that drew forth several factions, in spite of the chilly March afternoon. Horse fanciers, dog fanciers, basketball fans—men, women and children—were gathered under and around the freight shed and it was indeed a hearty welcome that the burros received. They seemed to be most unappreciative, however, probably because the trip across the sound had been just a little uneven.

A parade followed, just as on the arrival of a band, and the crowd followed the donkeys up-town, around through the square and thence up Centre street to Bennett Hall, where the donkeys soon found their riders ready for the first game. The school children were there *en masse*—admission having been reduced for their benefit at the afternoon performance. It was a great day for all—and a lot of fun.

Irvin Wyer put the donkeys to bed in his stable Wednesday night and commented to himself: "Let's see! I think that brings my live-stock up to just sixty tonight. Ten donkeys, four horses, five hogs, eleven dogs, one sow with a litter of pigs, two dogs with pups, and a couple of cats in the hay-mow, each with a litter of kittens. Quite a menagerie, to my way of thinking." *March 10-1937*

Year 1937 Make Note in Your Diary.

That this has been an unusually warm winter thus far is evident to all. It may be well for you to set down in your diary that up to date there has not been a day when the temperature has dropped below 16 degrees above zero. A low of 18 above was recorded one day in November, 17 in December, and the lowest in January was 25. Thus far in February the temperature has not gone below 16 above zero, which was on the 3rd.

Recalls Old-Time 'Sconseters.

Editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:

In a recent issue I read a record of the deaths on Nantucket Island and have hurriedly recalled and set down a list of some old-time 'Sconseters, now passed away, who were familiar figures in the village in days now gone.

They were all personal friends of mine, at one time or another during the more than a quarter of a century I have been lucky enough to spend every summer in old 'Sconset.

L. Harry Freeman.

"The Stanhope," New York City.

Digby Bell, actor.
Harry Woodruff, actor.
William Thompson, actor.
De Wolf Hopper, actor.
Ernest Torrence, actor.
Percy Ames, actor.
Frank Westerton, actor.
Robert Hilliard, actor.
Ernest Stollard, actor.
Robert Carter, actor.
Reeves-Smith, actor.
David Gray.
George Kerwin.
Ann Kerwin.
Jesse Eldridge, police officer.
"Gus" Pitman, old-time 'Sconseter.
Harry Walker.
Dr. Penrose.
Thomas Galvin.
"Doc" Powers, prop. Ocean Park.
Reginald T. Fitz-Randolph, jurist.
Robert McKay.
"Nate" McKay.
James McKay.
James McKay, Sr.
Merwin Bulkley, prop. Beach House.
Vincent Serrano, actor.
Benjamin Wood.
Federick Wadsworth.

years. *Aug. 11th 1938*

The Madaket surfboat was sunk on Monday when it ran on the jetties in a thick fog after going to the rescue of the cruiser Intrepid III. The crew, which was composed of Chief Boat-swain's Mate James Locke and Surfmen Henry Waskeski, Antone Sylvia and Thomas McGrath, put on life preservers and swam to safety.

—Mary Alice Swain.

James H. Gibbs Only Surviving Member of Rescue Crew.

Last week there appeared an item in the "Looking Backward" column which told of the saving of a large schooner by a crew of Nantucketers in 1882. It was an exploit demonstrating the ability and pluck of a group of islanders, all but one of whom have since passed on.

This solitary survivor is James H. Gibbs, of upper Main street, a man whose memory is still keen despite his eighty-six years. While he is known as one who lived many years on some of the old farms of the island, his career also embraces life at sea, for he made a four-year whaling voyage as a young man.

The story of saving the four-masted schooner *Laura A. Burnham*, as told by Mr. Gibbs, makes an interesting story. Although fifty-five years have elapsed he recalled each incident with a surety that revealed his remarkable memory.

"It seems like yesterday," he began, "though I know 1882 is beyond the recollection of most folks hereabouts today. 'Twas of a Saturday night in February when I saw a team drive down the lane leading to the farm. I worked for Levi Coffin at the time, at his farm in Plainfield, near 'Sconset.

"The team was driven by Frank Mitchell, my old shipmate on board the whaler *Herald*. With him was Billy Burgess and another man from town that I can't now recall. They asked to put the horse up for the night. They had sighted a vessel off 'Sconset, flying signals of distress, and wanted to go out to her.

"I was married then—had the family at the farm. But Frank and I were always chummy and he wanted me to go, so I went along with him up to the village ('Sconset) to see if we could raise a crew. We had our supper first, then hitched up the horse again and started."

Not being able to get a crew in the village the three men drove off toward Quidnet. They stopped at the Maguire farm, owned by Edward Norcross, and he agreed to accompany them. They walked across the head of the pond to Quidnet, where there was a life-saving boat in one of the Humane Society buildings.

It was then around midnight, and they were surprised to find another crew already there, preparing to roll the boat down the beach. They were a group that had come from town in Will Smith's wagon, and included Asa Small, George Coffin, John and Robert Appleton, Warren S. Manter and one or two others.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Gibbs, grinning at the recollection, "there was a pretty how to do. Each group wanted to use the boat, but there wasn't men enough in either to take the boat as a single party. Of course, there was a lot of remarks being passed. Tucker Coffin said he'd be darned if he'd let us have the boat, and Frank Mitchell said the boat wasn't going to leave the beach unless he went in it.

"It was quite a snarl, I tell you. They'd got there first, you see, and had first claim on the boat. But the party I was with, Frank's party, had the only pilot, Billy Burgess, as well as Ned Norcross, who knew the shoals off Quidnet as well as being a good

boatmen. We finally came to an agreement and decided to split whatever salvage money we got with those staying behind." He chuckled, "Why, even Will Smith's horse was promised a share."

They started about 1:00 o'clock that Sunday morning. It was bitterly cold, with a rough sea on the beach. Mr. Gibbs was in the party that pushed off from shore, and with Edward Norcross, who had chosen the crew, at the helm, the boat was pulled to the north so as to round the end of Bass Rip and come down to where the distressed vessel was last seen—anchored between the shoals.

It was a hard row against an easterly breeze. Fortunately the night was clear, and they could see and hear the rips plainly. Norcross got them around the rips safely and they rested on their oars as the boat was allowed to drift with the tide to the southward.

After four hours of this risky row, skirting the breaking rips and working dangerously close to the boiling water, they espied the vessel's lights. At five o'clock that morning they hailed her and were taken aboard.

The craft was the *Laura A. Burnham*, a new four-masted schooner, bound from Java to Boston with a valuable cargo of sugar on board. It had been a close call for Capt. Kelley. Half his crew were down with sickness. Only the sudden dropping of the gale had kept them from becoming wrecked on the rips.

"When we got aboard," said Mr. Gibbs, "we all went down in the big fo'c'sle and fell asleep around the stove they had there. I remember the fo'c'sle well. It was much larger than those on board whaleships, but it wasn't as clean as a whaleship is forward or aft."

"We slept about two hours. On deck again we started to heave up the anchors—she had two of 'em down—and discovered the cables had fouled. Billy Burgess took the helm and told us to unshackle the cables. It was mighty risky work, for there wasn't much sea-room. The rip was pretty close and the water rugged, although the wind was steady. We let the cables go, then let her come around and off we went.

"When we first came aboard, I was kind of doubtful about my ability to help sail her, as she was schooner and I was used to square-riggers. But I soon found out it wasn't difficult to learn the ropes aboard her, compared to a square-rigger.

"We scraped our keel on Bass rip but were soon out of danger in Great Round Shoal channel. The steamer *Island Home* met us and wanted to know if we needed help, but Capt. Kelly called back that he had help enough.

"The *Burnham* was a great sailer all the way. After getting through the slue at Pollock Rip we over-hauled many craft that were also headed round the Cape."

At dusk they were standing into Boston bay. Capt. Kelley was again faced with a dangerous choice. Having no anchors, he wisely did not dare to proceed up the harbor with night coming on. In those days there were shore signal stations, which flashed word of approaching ships to owners

and tug concerns. The *Burnham* sent up a signal for a tug, and then began tacking.

When a tug was espied coming down to them, Capt. Kelley warned the Nantucketers to hide themselves. He did not want the tug's skipper to see too many men on his deck for fear that he might investigate and learn of the salvage crew aboard. A hawser was thrown to tug and, after agreeing on a price of \$100 as the fee for a tow, the cruise up the harbor began.

It was not until the tug came up alongside that her skipper noticed the *Burnham's* anchors were gone. Then he realized he had been hoodwinked, but goodnaturedly laughed his vexation away.

The big Humane Society boat was still aboard, and the Nantucketers' first task was to arrange for its transportation back to Nantucket by train and boat. The matter of settling for them the salvage terms was left to Asa W. N. Small.

"We were given \$1 each and lost no time in setting out for home. I decided to take advantage of the chance to see my brother in Middleboro and took Frank out there with me. We arrived there late and but for the fact that my brother Steve knew my voice I doubt if we'd gotten in the house. We were a hard-looking pair, I tell you. I had on my rubber boots and old clothes, that I worked in at the farm, and Frank wasn't much better dressed either. We spent the night there and the next morning started home again. We missed the train but took the next one because I had a sister in Woods Hole. We stayed with Ella—Mrs. Thomas Hinckley—that night, and didn't miss the boat for home next day."

The Nantucketers who formed the rescue crew were: Asa W. N. Small, Edward Norcross, William Burgess, James H. Gibbs, Frank Mitchell, George E. Coffin, John S. Appleton, Robert K. Appleton, Frederick C. Marvin, and Warren S. Manter.

"The last part of this story isn't the least, by any means," said Mr. Gibbs. "When the steamer docked it was late afternoon. Mr. Coffin hadn't expected me on it and hadn't come to town. Well, I took supper at Frank's house and decided to walk home. In those days there was only the rutted road to 'Sconset. To make it a little harder it had snowed a good deal. I started but couldn't see the road much except for landmarks that told me where it run. At half past ten that night I reached home, pretty tired, but mighty glad to be with my family again." He settled back in his chair. "How much did we get? I can remember the exact sum—one hundred and twelve dollars and seventy-five cents apiece."



Who?
Photograph of James H. Gibbs taken in his younger days

NANTUCKET POLICE

Local Force Had Its First "Chief" Fifty Years Ago. Constables and "Evening Watch" Gradually Transformed Into the "Civil Service."

The placing of the police officers under Civil Service last year has given rise to several questions in relation to the police department. From reference to our files and the Annual Town Reports, we find numerous matters of interest in this connection. For instance:

Nantucket has had a "police force" just half a century, for prior to 1886 the guardians of peace in the town were "constables," who were elected annually by the voters—usually six in number. As was the custom in most towns of that day, constables enacted the duties of police officers in the early days and were the authorized representatives of law and order. It was before the advent of the District Court, when cases were heard by "Trial Justices" of whom there were several in Nantucket at one time. The Sheriff and the Superior Court handled the important cases, of course, but the Constables and the Trial Justices for many years held sway over petty misdemeanors, charges of drunkenness, etc.

The first organized police force was appointed in 1886, with Alexander C. Swain as chief. He had the authority to select his own patrolmen, or "evening watch," as they were called, with the approval of the Selectmen, who at that time were Henry Riddell, Hiram C. Folger, John W. Hallett, Henry C. Pinkham and William W. McIntosh. The total cost of the police department that year reached \$2,809.50. Evidently the voters and taxpayers were satisfied with the manner in which Chief Swain conducted the department as he was continued in service each year.



THE LATE OWEN HOLLAND, JR.
Who died May 30, 1906, at the age of thirty-eight. He was one of Nantucket's popular Chiefs.

until and including 1890. In making his first report to the town, Chief Swain said:

"Fifty-six persons have been arrested from March 1, 1886, to January 1, 1887. Five persons have been discharged under Rule 5 (whatever that may have been); there were ten complaints made and seventeen persons were convicted. The cases were as follows:

Drunkenness 9, assault and battery 7, larceny 2, insanity 2, breaking and entering 5, suspicion 2, malicious mischief 7, illegal sale of liquors 1, slander 1, debt 1, tramps 2, assisted home 16, drunken assault 1.

"It is my opinion that the present force is amply sufficient for all practical purposes during the winter months, but I think that during the summer season, when we have so large a floating population, there should be at least two day patrolmen upon the streets, whose duties shall be general police duty."

It may be noted that Chief Swain's report shows that there were 16 cases where offenders were "assisted home", which was a mild way of saying that offenders were persons "under the influence" who could not navigate a straight course when bound home. The Chief of 1886 in his report refers to the floating population of the summer and recommends at least two day officers, showing that at that time (long before the advent of automobiles) the summer business brought its problems, just as it does today.

Since the appointment of Alexander C. Swain in 1886, Nantucket has had twelve Chiefs of Police, in the following order:

1886-1890—Alexander C. Swain.
1891-1892—John Roberts.
1893-1900—Horace G. Norcross.
1901-1906—Owen Holland, Jr.
(Died May 30, 1906.)
1906-1910—Arthur C. Cary.

1911—Orison V. Hull (until October 4.)
1911—Walter E. Kelley (from October 4.)
1912—Everett H. Bowen (resigned April 1, 1912.)
1912-1913—Samuel T. Burgess (resigned August 20, 1913.)
1913-1929—Houghton Gibbs.
1930-1931—Arthur R. Callwitz.
1932-1934—Houghton Gibbs (died August 26, 1934.)
1934-1937—Lawrence F. Mooney (now under Civil Service).

From the above it will seem that Houghton Gibbs filled the position of Chief of Police longer than anyone else, serving seventeen years in succession the first time and three years subsequently, until his death.

In addition to the above (who became chiefs) the following have served "on the force" as patrolmen:

Barzillai S. Coffin.
Jonathan O. Freeman.
Calvin C. Hamblin.
William A. Folger.
Joseph A. Johnson, Jr.
William E. Small.
Frank E. Carle.
Charles C. Chadwick.
Samuel C. H. Kelley.
Carll Appleton.
James H. Garnett.
Charles W. Thurber.
Franklin S. Chadwick (now sergeant).
William J. Henderson.
Patrick W. Dooling.
Wendell Howes.

Le Baron Ray.
Charles F. Handy.

Among those who have served as "summer police" are the following:

Peter L. Sylvia, Jr.—1903-4-5.
Charles W. Smith—1906.
James Valentine Small—1907-8.
Orison V. Hull—1909-10.
Walter E. Kelley—1911.
John R. Mooney—1912.
Everett H. Bowen—1913-14-15-16.
William J. Blair—1919-1920.
James H. Garnett—1921.
Samuel T. Burgess—1922-3-4-5-6 (died May 9, 1926).
Arthur R. Callwitz—1926.
James H. Garnett—1927-28..

Others who have served as summer police are Irving E. Sandsbury, William Cosmos, Lincoln Porte, Theodore Newcomb, Arthur B. Tunning, Jr., Byron Snow, Wendell Howes.

Lawrence Mooney first joined the force as a patrolman back in 1912. He was made Sergeant in 1930 and Chief in 1934.

Charles C. Chadwick came on the force as patrolman in 1914, serving until 1917, when he went to war. During his absence Samuel C. H. Kelley and Carll Appleton took his place on the force.

Arthur Callwitz joined the force in 1926 as day officer, serving as Chief in 1930 and 1931.

Franklin Stuart Chadwick came on the force as patrolman in 1930 and was appointed Sergeant in 1934.

William Henderson joined the force as patrolman in 1932 and has served continuously until granted leave of absence, on account of his health.

Since 1905 the village of Siasconset has had the services of a police officer during the summer months. The first to hold that position was Frank W. Gardner, Jr. The present officer is Earl C. Blount. Those who have served in 'Sconset are the following:

Frank W. Gardner, Jr.—1905.
Thomas H. Clifton—1906-7-8.
Walter E. Kelley—1909.
Houghton Gibbs—1910.
Walter E. Kelley—1911.
Arthur C. Folger, 2d—1912.
Houghton Gibbs—1913.

Arthur C. Folger, 2d—1914-15-16.
Jesse H. Eldredge—from 1917 to his death in November, 1935.
Earl C. Blount—since November, 1935.

There have been numerous special police officers appointed each year, but these have not been listed as regular members of the force.

Also, there have been a number of "day officers" in the village of 'Sconset, among them being Lincoln Lewis, Theodore Newcomb, Kenneth Eldredge, Patrick Dooling.

Each year since 1900 the Selectmen have appointed some man to serve as police officer at Muskeget, at a salary of \$100, such a position being required by law for the protection of gulls during the nesting season. Among those who have held this \$100 job at Muskeget were the following: John R. Sandsbury, Edward F. Snow, Leander Small, Charles C. Eldridge, Jr., George E. Coffin, Edwin Abbott, and Marcus W. Dunham, who has held the plum each year since his first appointment in 1920.

One hundred years ago the Constables elected by town meeting were: David vanus Allen, Peter R. Gardner, Francis Chase, Frederick T. Parker, Wm.

In 1851, eighty-six years ago, Constables were: Samuel R. Robert Folger, Caleb C. Anderson Ray, Benjamin L. Lard, William Cobb.

During the 1850's the continuously, with the addition of Jamin Ray, Jared W. Baker and George W. H.

The cost of maintaining "Watch" varied but in 1854 it was \$2,835.84, and later it was \$3,093.48. For a quarter of a century the approximated this figure.



LAWRENCE F. MOONEY
The present Chief of Police has been a member of the Police Department since 1912.

NANTUCKET ISLAND, M

Chief Mooney Has Been With Police Dept. 37 Years.

Chief Lawrence F. Mooney, Jr., on Friday observed the completion of his thirty-seventh year in the Nantucket Police Dept. It was in 1912—on the first of April—that the Chief, then a young man of twenty-five, joined the Department as a patrolman. In that year, the late Everett Bowen and Joseph A. Johnson, Jr., were successive chiefs of the depart-



CHIEF LAWRENCE F. MOONEY, JR.

ment, being succeeded, upon their resignation, by the late Samuel T. Burgess.

During the next twenty-two years, Mooney served as night officer and sergeant, and in 1933 he was appointed Chief to succeed Houghton Gibbs, who died in office.

Chief Lawrence F. Mooney has the further distinction of having served the town longer than any other official in the history of the Police Department. He also has the longest period of service of any of the present town officials.

said that as he picked it from the water he felt pains like sharp nails being driven into his hands. He said he cried out and thrashed himself, but that wherever he touched his body he felt new pain.

The boy's father, a fisherman, was summoned from Island Service wharf. He took his son to Dr. George Folger for treatment.

Portuguese Men-o'-War are tropical marine creatures which have been blown into these waters by the recent strong southwest winds. They have a colored balloon-like air bladder which enables them to float. Long tentacles provided with poisonous nettle cells stream from this into the water. These cells are capable of giving a severe sting. Worse still, they stick to one's flesh and may be transferred to various parts of the body. The sting is not fatal, but is very painful. Swimmers may avoid the fish as it can easily be seen in the water.

The Garnett boy said the one that stung him looked like a blue toy balloon.



Photo by Boyer.

ment of the late Chief, Houghton Gibbs, standing on duty at the corner of Main and Federal streets. Chief August, 1934, after many years of faithful and efficient service in the police department.

Town's "Upper Deck" Has Been Snugged Up.

The town and county office building does not look natural—that is, on its upper deck. The coal-bin, wood pile, chopping-block, coal hods and other relics of by-gone days have all disappeared. The brick floor remains, however, but no longer can the officials claim that "the cellar is in the attic" when referring to their comfortable quarters down on Union and Washington streets. The upper deck has been snugged up and now does not look at all natural.

There is room there for a pool table, card table, checker-board, or possibly a bowling alley, should the time ever come when the rising generation feels that it needs a bit of recreation while attending to town affairs. Those who are now holding down the town and county chairs are perfectly content to stick to their jobs, but there is no telling what their successors might desire in years to come.

Anyway, the advent of gas heat in the office building has brought about the abolition of the "cellar in the attic" condition, and no more will Collector Morris don his muffler and shawl on a cold winter's day, walk out upon three streets to climb two flights of stairs after a few pieces of kindling wood or another hod of coal. Those days have gone into oblivion.

Sept 10 1938

Twenty-One in 1936.

Appropos the item in these columns last week in which the names of eighteen men were listed as candidates for the board of Selectmen in 1895, Selectman Herbert P. Smith calls our attention to the fact that in 1936 there were twenty-one candidates—three more than in 1895. The twenty-one candidates were as follows:

Robert S. Backus, Elmer J. Blanchard, Charles H. Blount, Lewis J. Bowen, Alonzo E. Chase, Nelson O. Dunham, Reuben S. Glidden, Edward M. Grant, Joseph M. Grouard, Isaac Hills, 3d, William Holland, Orison V. Hull, Joseph King, Timothy A. Newcomb, Clementine Platt, Herbert P. Smith, John Smith, Manuel F. Souza, Irving A. Soverino, Harry C. Studley, Edward J. Tarvis.

Backus, Blount, Hull, Smith (H. P.) and Soverino were the ones elected.

Somehow that 1936 election slipped our minds, and we are very glad to list the 1936 collection of aspirants to the board.

If anyone can recall a year when there were more than twenty-one candidates, we trust they will let us know.



Photo by Boyer.

A characteristic pose of the late Chief, Houghton Gibbs, standing on duty at the corner of Main and Federal streets. Chief Gibbs passed away on August, 1934, after many years of faithful and efficient service in the police department.

Stung by "Man-o'-War."

A twelve-year-old boy was given medical treatment for the sting of a "Portuguese Man-o'-War" which he mistook for a toy balloon while bathing at South Beach late Wednesday. The boy is Raymond Garnett, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Garnett of Union street.

Raymond, who beat the other boys in a race for the "pretty blue balloon" said that as he picked it from the water he felt pains like sharp nails being driven into his hands. He said he cried out and thrashed himself, but that wherever he touched his body he felt new pain.

The boy's father, a fisherman, was summoned from Island Service wharf. He took his son to Dr. George Folger for treatment.

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Aug-1938

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MAY 9, 1936.

The Midnight Fire of May 10, 1836.



The view is from the Lower Square, looking up Main Street. The fire is in the Washington House, on the corner of Main and Union streets. Notice how the residence of T. A. Gardner occupies a position which is now well toward the middle of the cobbles. After the fire of 1846 (only ten years after) the street was widened so that both the lower and upper squares became the same width.

One hundred years ago on Sunday was a memorable occasion for the volunteer fire companies of Nantucket. The worst fire in the island's history (up to that time) came close to wiping out the entire business section of the town—a catastrophe which actually took place ten years later in 1846.

The fire broke out shortly before midnight on May 10, having started in the dwelling of E. Starbuck on the corner of Main and Union streets known as the Washington House, and spread rapidly to a residence next door, thence to two stores on Union street.

So fast did the flames spread that the occupants of the Washington House were forced to flee for their lives, leaving personal possessions behind. Nearly all the furniture of the place was consumed before it could be dragged to safety.

Five buildings in all were destroyed by the fire, three large and valuable structures on Main street, and two on Union street, together with several barns and outhouses.

The warehouse and store of the Messrs. J. & H. Lawrence & Co., situated across Union street, was saved only after a fierce fight by the volunteer fire-crews. The warehouse contained some valuable merchandise, the most of which was removed, with women and children aiding the men in this work.

"In a hastily written postscript of Wednesday morning," wrote Editor Jenks of *The Inquirer*, (which came out regularly on Wednesdays and

Saturdays in those years), "drawn up partially by the light of the flames, at that moment just subsiding, we expressed an opinion that the amount of injury sustained could not fall short of \$100,000. On further and more particular inquiry, we are happy to ascertain that our estimate exceeded the actual loss. Much more property was rescued from the buildings, except the Washington House, than we supposed possible to save."

In less than two hours from the breaking out of the fire, there was scarcely anything of the burnt buildings besides the chimneys remaining above ground.

The large wooden buildings and stores surrounding the burning and stores in close proximity would have fallen prey to the flames but for the "dangerous exploits of a spirited set of men, who seemed determined to conquer the fire or die in the attempt." The Lawrence building stood within twenty feet of the conflagration; carpets and wet blankets spread over it for protection were burnt to tinder. One side of the entire building became actually warped so intense was the heat.

Yet, with the heat of the flames blowing toward them, the two engine companies stood manfully in the breach, and worked until the burning buildings were out and the flames could spread no further.

* * * * *

The fronts of the compact line of wooden buildings on the north side of Main street were blackened and scorched, with gutters charred and

window panes melted by the terrific heat.

One of the outstanding features of the conflagration was the sight of hundreds of ladies, stationed voluntarily in the lines rescuing goods and passing fire buckets. They forgot all personal hazard, to stand side by side with their husbands and brothers in the wild fight to save the town.

Showers of burning coals, filling the air, were carried incredible distances. Buildings quite remote from the fire—and even bung-holes of oil casks on the wharves—were repeatedly kindled, requiring extreme vigilance by everyone.

The Inquirer proudly commented: "We will venture the assertion that in no other community could so vast a danger have been so speedily and effectually overcome. Every man, woman and child present on the occasion seemed actuated by a single impulse, and to feel a joint and equal interest in the catastrophe. And it is a subject of sincere congratulation that so small an amount of property compared with what was immediately exposed fell a prey to the ruthless destroyer."

Nantucket was so compactly built in its business district in those days that it is hard to visualize it today. In 1836 and 46, the fire spread rapidly because Union, Washington, Candle, Whale, Main, South Water, Federal, Broad, and North Water streets were only half the width that they are today. The great fire which the islanders were fearfully afraid might some day take place did come to pass—and less than a decade after another serious conflagration, which occurred in the year 1838.

Persons Naturalized on Island From 1803 to the Present.

Continued from First Page

| NAME | YEAR |
|----------------------------|-------------|
| John Gray | June, 1865 |
| William Wanen | Oct., 1863 |
| Manuel Rogers | June, 1866 |
| Antone Sylvia | June, 1869 |
| Patrick Ayers | Oct., 1869 |
| Francis Soverino | June, 1871 |
| Jesse Craven | June, 1872 |
| Richard Burns | Oct., 1879 |
| Jacob Abajian | Oct., 1888 |
| John Smith | Oct., 1894 |
| Frank Thomas | Oct., 1894 |
| Antone F. Medina | Oct., 1895 |
| Antone F. Sylvia | Oct., 1895 |
| Manuel Mendonca | Oct., 1895 |
| Manuel Ortens | Oct., 1895 |
| Liotine Souza | Oct., 1895 |
| John Roza Reis | July, 1899 |
| Jacintho Leial | July, 1899 |
| Charles Abajian | July, 1899 |
| Benj. Borgeson | Sept., 1899 |
| Joseph Gauvin | Jan., 1900 |
| Manuel Sylvia | Jan., 1900 |
| Joseph Perry | June, 1900 |
| Frank Leial | Oct., 1901 |
| Antone Foster | Oct., 1901 |
| Manuel Perry | July, 1903 |
| George Buckley | July, 1903 |
| Thomas Bickerstaff | July, 1903 |
| James H. Watts | July, 1903 |
| Harry Gordon | July, 1903 |
| Matthew Ellis | Oct., 1903 |
| Jose S. Rezendes | July, 1911 |
| Robert H. Chisholm | July, 1911 |
| Manuel J. Silva | July, 1911 |
| John Brown | July, 1913 |
| Aquilla Cormie | July, 1913 |
| Max Egle | July, 1914 |
| George Duce | July, 1914 |
| John Egle | July, 1914 |
| Christop Duce | July, 1914 |
| Leo P. Quigley | July, 1915 |
| Jacob Reineir | July, 1915 |
| Marcel E. Gouin | July, 1915 |
| John Cowden | July, 1916 |
| John McLeod | July, 1916 |
| Eliz. B. Neves | July, 1917 |
| Thomas Reddy | July, 1917 |
| Huolito G. Lamas | July, 1917 |
| John M. Clarkson | July, 1917 |
| Constantino Nicolatos | July, 1918 |
| Joseph S. Hadland | July, 1918 |
| John A. Garland | July, 1919 |
| Frank Oddo | July, 1919 |
| Paul A. Mathisen | July, 1918 |
| Walter Finlay | July, 1920 |
| Marvin S. Rowley | July, 1920 |
| Jose Souza Athaido | July, 1920 |
| Hjalmar Alfred Anderson | July, 1920 |
| Ole Gundeson Borgen | July, 1920 |
| Joseph Lemieux | July, 1920 |
| John Kosnia Anastos | July, 1921 |
| John N. Nicoletos | July, 1921 |
| James Gordon Stuart | July, 1921 |
| Manuel Jose Reis | July, 1912 |
| Willard P. Hardy | July, 1921 |
| Manuel Correia | July, 1921 |
| Fletcher A. Ross | July, 1921 |
| Carl E. Anderson | July, 1922 |
| Jacob Parkinson | July, 1922 |
| Jose Siverino Rodrigues | July, 1923 |
| Manuel Duponte | July, 1923 |
| Manuel G. Cosmos | July, 1923 |
| Antone C. Sylvia | July, 1923 |
| John S. Roderick | July, 1923 |
| Jose Lobo | July, 1923 |
| Samuel Mathison | July, 1924 |
| Gerda V. England | July, 1924 |
| Lendert Lamens | July, 1924 |
| Miguel Rose | July, 1925 |
| Frank M. Correa | July, 1925 |
| Irving Kliger | July, 1925 |
| Arthur L. Sivertson | July, 1925 |
| Truman W. Ross | July, 1925 |
| Ignatz Shkursky | July, 1925 |
| Joseph J. Sylvia, Jr. | July, 1925 |
| Patrick Whalen | July, 1926 |
| Lambertus Lamens | July, 1926 |
| Kidor Kristian Kristiansen | July, 1926 |
| Alvaro O. Moniz | July, 1926 |
| Peter Viera | July, 1926 |
| Charles Ronterres | July, 1926 |
| Caroline A. Harland | July, 1927 |
| Freida Kligler | July, 1927 |
| Maurice G. Mulloney | July, 1927 |
| John V. Marcellino | July, 1927 |
| Adolph Ottison | July, 1927 |
| Arge Christiansen | July, 1928 |
| Arne P. Pedersen | July, 1929 |
| Edward Anderson | July, 1930 |
| Leo Davis | July, 1930 |
| Carrie M. Manter | July, 1930 |
| Wilhelm Mathison | July, 1930 |
| Daniel Regan | July, 1931 |
| Andrew Nadsenmeck | July, 1931 |
| Henrique Fernandes | July, 1931 |
| Andrew A. Lombard | July, 1931 |

| | |
|------------------------|------------|
| Clovis Mazerole | July, 1931 |
| Richard Johansen | July, 1931 |
| Gerard Lamens | July, 1931 |
| Joaquin N. Ramos | July, 1931 |
| Manuel Correa | July, 1931 |
| Anna I. MacKinnon | July, 1931 |
| Frederick W. Schmalz | July, 1932 |
| Edouard Dorais | July, 1932 |
| Mary Orpin | July, 1932 |
| Julia L. Jones | July, 1932 |
| Evelyn E. Allen | July, 1931 |
| Manuel P. Lomba | July, 1932 |
| Isabel McLean | July, 1932 |
| Nora Forde | July, 1932 |
| Marion Lewis | July, 1932 |
| Haakon K. Thorstensen | July, 1932 |
| Ida Anderson | July, 1932 |
| Leonie Comeau | July, 1932 |
| Arne O. Kristiansen | July, 1932 |
| Ferdinand D. Leblanc | July, 1932 |
| Eugenie Mazerole | July, 1932 |
| Hermoline LeBlanc | July, 1932 |
| Eda Furze | July, 1932 |
| Emeline Lombard | July, 1932 |
| Ellen Furey | July, 1933 |
| Meta Schmalz | July, 1933 |
| Stanley B. Cassidy | July, 1933 |
| Mathias Mathison | July, 1933 |
| Tobias Flemming | July, 1933 |
| James Harris | July, 1933 |
| Nellie De La Hunt | July, 1933 |
| Agnes Voorneveld | July, 1933 |
| Vivian B. Dunn | July, 1933 |
| Alonzo Atkinson | July, 1933 |
| Joseph M. Oliver | July, 1933 |
| Hendique Couto | July, 1933 |
| Peter F. Dooley | July, 1933 |
| John P. Belmarce | July, 1933 |
| Sebastian Gonsalves | July, 1933 |
| Gerald Moriarty | July, 1933 |
| Philip Samson | July, 1934 |
| Araxy Proodian | July, 1934 |
| Edith L. Atkinson | July, 1934 |
| Joseph A. Theriault | July, 1934 |
| Sezandie Oliveria | July, 1935 |
| Joseph Senecal | July, 1935 |
| Edmund Gillette | July, 1935 |
| Christine McGilvray | July, 1935 |
| William L. Mather | July, 1935 |
| Rose Holmes | July, 1935 |
| Jose M. De Mello | July, 1935 |
| Anna A. McCleave | July, 1935 |
| Rolf C. Sjolund | July, 1935 |
| Margaret M. McGoldrick | July, 1935 |
| Manuel Ray | July, 1935 |
| Mary E. Fleming | July, 1935 |
| Percy Jones | July, 1935 |
| Laura Senecal | July, 1936 |
| Marion H. Chadwick | July, 1936 |
| Annastasia M. Bruley | July, 1936 |
| John McDonald | July, 1936 |
| Ethel McDonald Ray | July, 1936 |
| Bridget Harris | July, 1936 |
| Anna Tunning | July, 1936 |
| Anna M. Stig | July, 1936 |

Persons Naturalized on Island From 1803 to the Present.

Clerk of Courts Francis E. Folger has compiled an interesting list of all the persons who have become naturalized citizens at Nantucket. The list begins in the year 1803, and bears many names which will not only be familiar to descendants but to other Nantucketers as well, as the large majority of those who became citizens left enviable records as members of this community.

Clerk Folger's list reads as follows:

By the Court of Common Pleas.

| NAME | YEAR |
|--------------------|-------------|
| James J. Killburn | 1803 |
| William Field | 1805 |
| James Hillburn | 1805 |
| John Narbeth | 1805 |
| John Chrsity | 1805 |
| Stephen Walsh | 1807 |
| John Bogg | 1807 |
| John Panee | 1807 |
| George Hobson | 1808 |
| John Davis | 1808 |
| John Brown | 1809 |
| William Major | 1809 |
| John Allen, 4th | 1809 |
| William Dawson | March, 1813 |
| John Fisher | May, 1814 |
| James Lord | May, 1813 |
| Elias Ceeley | May, 1814 |
| William Simpson | May, 1814 |
| Thomas Smith | May, 1814 |
| George Rule | May, 1814 |
| Thomas Evans | May, 1814 |
| Thaddeus Coffin | May, 1817 |
| Francis Gould Macy | May, 1817 |
| William Jemson | May, 1818 |
| John Raymond | May, 1821 |
| James Law | July, 1821 |
| William Nixon | July, 1821 |
| Benjamin Clark | May, 1822 |
| Joseph Sylvia | Dec., 1824 |
| James Gibson | Dec., 1824 |
| Robert F. Parker | May, 1826 |
| Benjamin Clark | Oct., 1826 |
| James Gillespie | Sept., 1827 |
| Lewis B. Imbert | May, 1827 |
| Henry Chase | May, 1828 |
| Thomas Derrick | May, 1829 |
| Joseph Sylvia | May, 1829 |
| Manuel Enas | May, 1831 |
| William Wood | May, 1832 |
| Charles Shute | Oct., 1832 |
| George Dawson | Oct., 1832 |
| John W. Galvan | July, 1834 |
| Thomas Montgomery | July, 1834 |
| Joshua Gruber | Nov., 1834 |
| Joseph Chase | June, 1835 |
| Andrew Pratt | June, 1836 |
| Joseph Cowan | June, 1836 |
| John Jacint | June, 1838 |
| Peter Nedo | July, 1838 |
| Peter Cimeno | July, 1838 |
| Peter McCormick | Feb., 1839 |
| John Connell | Feb., 1839 |
| John Smith | Feb., 1839 |
| Felecionno Jose | June, 1839 |
| Edward S. Jennings | Oct., 1839 |
| Francis Sylvia | Oct., 1839 |
| John Sutton | June, 1840 |
| John Hall | June, 1840 |
| John Pray | Oct., 1840 |
| Joseph M. Francis | Oct., 1840 |
| Matthew Lewis | Oct., 1840 |
| William O'Grady | Oct., 1840 |
| John Murphy | Nov., 1840 |
| Robert Ratliff | May, 1841 |
| Michael Blessing | June, 1841 |
| Joseph Simmons | Oct., 1841 |
| J. O'Grady | June, 1842 |
| Samuel King | June, 1842 |
| P. Doyle | Oct., 1842 |
| John Morrow | June, 1843 |
| Timothy Kelly | June, 1843 |
| Henry Russell | June, 1843 |
| Manuel Valadan | Oct., 1843 |
| Benjamin Jones | June, 1844 |
| Lewis Bell | June, 1844 |
| Jos. Enas | June, 1844 |
| Charles Wilson | June, 1844 |
| Charles Sylvia | June, 1844 |
| Edward Barnes | June, 1844 |
| William H. Geary | June, 1844 |
| William Fisher | June, 1844 |
| Jrmes V. Farrell | Oct., 1844 |
| H. Parkinson | Oct., 1844 |
| R. Gillespie | Oct., 1847 |
| Geo. Rudberg | Oct., 1847 |
| J. Stephens | Oct., 1849 |
| J. T. Sylvia | Oct., 1850 |
| Charles Adams | June, 1850 |
| John Francis | Oct., 1850 |
| Bernard Collins | Oct., 1850 |

| | |
|--------------------|------------|
| James Collins | Oct., 1850 |
| Felix McNally | Oct., 1850 |
| Christopher Macrae | Oct., 1851 |
| Francis Morris | Oct., 1851 |
| George Lewis | Oct., 1851 |
| Manuel Vincent | Oct., 1851 |
| Lewis H. Wendel | Oct., 1851 |
| George W. Folger | June, 1852 |
| James Kiernan | June, 1852 |
| John Nichols Eckel | Oct., 1852 |
| John Munagh | Oct., 1852 |
| Michael Ring | June, 1853 |
| Richard Downs | June, 1853 |
| Edwin Fisher | Oct., 1853 |
| Timothy McCarthy | Dec., 1853 |
| Andrew Johnson | June, 1854 |
| Michael P. Neal | Oct., 1854 |
| Dennis McNamara | Oct., 1854 |
| Patrick Conway | Oct., 1854 |
| Michael Nevins | Dec., 1854 |
| George Flood | June, 1856 |
| Francis Moran | June, 1856 |
| Patrick Cox | June, 1856 |
| James Casey | Oct., 1856 |
| Thomas Hendricks | Oct., 1856 |
| Patrick Robinson | June, 1857 |
| Robert Mooney | June, 1857 |
| Peter Coleman | Oct., 1858 |
| Job Coleman | Oct., 1858 |
| Peter Cunan | Oct., 1858 |
| John G. Defriez | June, 1859 |

By the Superior Court.

| NAME | YEAR |
|---------------|------------|
| James Flood | June, 1859 |
| Patrick Ayers | June, 1859 |
| Patrick Keane | June, 1859 |

THE SENIOR CLASS OF THE NANTUCKET HIGH SCHOOL

From a Photo Taken by the New Bedford Standard's Photographer When the Class Reached New Bedford on the First Leg of Their "Trip to Washington".

Taken May 1st



Rear (left to right)—Collister Corkish, Henry Folger, Evelyn Martin, Howard Pineo, Alice Cahoon, Helen Eldridge, Cecil Richrod, Rosamond Terry, Florence Chadwick, Clara Larabee, Mary Folger.
Front row—Marguerite Lewis, Mrs. Chamberlain Williams (chaperone), William Voorneveld, Albert Stackpole, Albert Lewis, Frances Dennis, Samuel Swayze.

MIRROR, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS., SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 3, 1937.



A GLANCE DOWN MAIN STREET IN THE "NINETIES."

OCTOBER 10, 1936

Early Morning Fire at Historic Dwelling on Main Street.

A blaze providentially discovered in the nick of time in the early hours of Thursday morning, and which for a time threatened the lives of the occupants of the historic Breckinridge house on Main street, was extinguished by the prompt action of the fire department in record time.

The fine old dwelling on the corner of Main and Gardner streets, with its priceless collection of antiques and heirlooms, was comparatively little damaged. The fire, which had been smouldering in a rear wall for hours before breaking out, was confined to a portion of the north wall only, and a minimum of tearing away was done in getting at the flames.

Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, owner of the house, was alone there with two servants, her family and guests having returned to the mainland some time ago. She was awakened at two o'clock by the smell of smoke, and although she went downstairs to investigate personally she saw no signs of the fire.

Shortly after 5 o'clock she again awoke. Her room was filled with thick smoke, making it difficult for her to breathe, but she managed to get up and out into the hall, where she called the servants, sleeping on the floor above.

Simpson, the butler, accompanied her down stairs, and here the smoke pall was so heavy that it was with considerable difficulty that he was able to reach the 'phone and summon the fire department.

One of the big motor-pumpers immediately responded, while the headquarters' staff rang in box 53, which was the nearest to the scene.

Upon arrival Chief Blair and his men quickly threw open the doors and windows, letting out the smoke and affording opportunity to discover the heart of the fire. Within a few minutes the blaze was found at the rear of the house, between the walls, where it was burning vigorously.

This feat was not an easy one, for the fire had not made its appearance. It had been smouldering and burning inside the walls, not showing itself in flame, while the smoke was too thick to betray its source. But it was a job practiced by the department—and its members showed they knew their parts thoroughly.

The room in which the department had to work contained many valuable antiques and other pieces. While the outside crew cut away the shingles and wall to get at the blaze with the hose, Chief Blair had his inside men carry these valuables to safety. So quickly and surely was this done that not a single valuable was injured, notwithstanding that many of the articles were fragile.

In less than fifteen minutes the wall had been opened on two sides, including an area about seven feet high and two feet wide on the inside and something less on the exterior wall; the fire was put out, and no water or ax damage had been inflicted on any other part of the room or the dwelling.

It was a remarkable accomplishment, one that reflects the efficiency of Nantucket's fire department in no small manner. The department has already established its reputation in all-around work; now it has added another "feather to its cap."

Mrs. Breckinridge is deeply grateful to each of the men on the job. She declared that they demonstrated a perfect understanding of the value of the house and its contents, and that she felt the community should know of it.

* * * * *

The Breckinridge house is one of the oldest dwellings on the island. It was originally the Christopher Starbuck house, and during its restoration it was found to be composed to two old dwellings—the eastern section being the older. Henry B. Worth, who was an authority on Nantucket land and houses, states that the structures or structure were erected elsewhere before moved to its present location—probably one of the houses standing at early Sherburne-Town. It is in a fine state of preservation.

Mrs. Breckinridge has filled her mansion with a variety of antiques and heirlooms collected from other old Nantucket dwellings, besides her own family treasures. The great majority of them cannot be replaced.

FEBRUARY 12, 1938.

Fire Causes Serious Damage To Orange Street Dwelling.

The most serious fire which has taken place in the town for more than a year swept through the attic of the home of Alexis Bernard, on the northeast corner of York and Orange streets shortly after 9:00 o'clock on Monday morning last, and for a time threatened to engulf the entire dwelling in smoke and flame.

While prompt work on the part of the Nantucket Fire Department saved the house, the damage from the water and smoke made an almost complete wreck of the place. By the time the firemen were summoned, the blaze had gained such headway that they were left with no alternative but to pour water into the building and so check the spread of the flames.

The fire was discovered almost simultaneously by a number of people. Several residents in the vicinity smelled smoke but were not aware of its origin. At length William Souza and Albert Olcott, who were walking down York street, happened to glance back and saw puffs of smoke issuing from the roof of the second story ell, and as they watched flames were seen about the roof around the kitchen chimney.

Souza ran up the street and told Mrs. Lelia Barrett, who immediately telephoned the Fire Department. He then ran into the house to warn the Bernards, who were unaware of the fact that their house was on fire. Mrs. Bernard and an infant child and a son, Gerald, who were in the kitchen, rushed out. Alexis Bernard happened to be shopping at a store a few doors above when the fire signal announced a telephone call had summoned the apparatus. His feelings may well be imagined when he ran out into the street and saw that it was his home.

Unique among hobbies is supposed to be that of Robert Pennypacker, of Denver, Colorado, who is visiting every railroad station in the United States. He has now finished with 47 states and is engaged in doing as the 48th, the state of Vermont. When he has finished he will go back to Denver and write a book about it all. While he is about it, he ought to embody in his book something about the stations which were maintained by the famed but lamented Nantucket Railroad, which at various times had depots at Surfside, at Tom Nevers, at 'Sconset, and a couple more in town, all of which could have told some interesting stories.

A large gathering witnessed the work of the Department. Many of the on-lookers on the southeast side held their breaths when "young Archie" Cartwright had a narrow escape from serious injury. While handling a hose line nozzle alone on the roof of the building he was pushed back by the water pressure, luckily falling back against the big chimney, which saved him from a bad fall.

Assistant Chief Archibald Cartwright, who arrived on the scene very quickly, wasted no time in ringing Box 46, and two more pieces of fire fighting apparatus responded. The La-France pumper hooked onto the nearest hydrant, which was diagonally opposite the burning house, while the new pumper "No. 4" hooked onto the hydrant down the street at the corner of New street. Two lines of hose were quickly run out, the first line being taken directly up into the main attic of the house by way of the front staircase.

As soon as the second hose line was connected, water was poured into the building from the outside, through the top window into the main attic. Realizing that the fire had started around the chimney of the ell, and subsequently worked its way back into the attic of the main house, the firemen wisely worked from the larger attic back towards the source, literally pushing the flames back and so subduing them.

The deluge of water naturally thoroughly soaked down through the remaining floors of the house, causing damage which, with the smoke, was devastating. But the firemen had to work swiftly and it was a case of flooding the upper floors or letting the flames get too much headway.

It is believed that a defective chimney was the direct cause of the fire. How long the flames were smouldering before bursting through the roof and revealing their presence can only be a subject for conjecture. The roof, with its old wooden shingles, was quite damp from the more or less wet weather, which explains why the fire ate its way into the main portion of the house before breaking out into the open.

May 1st 1926

Burdick Held in \$40,000 Bonds For Grand Jury.

Nantucket has had its thrill and it is all over. And now that it is over the story can be told without creating needless alarm and to assure the islanders and the summer visitors that "all is well".

An offender against law and order who came to the island from some unknown place in America found that while it was easy to come it was not easy to go—that the island was a hard place to get away from, to escape justice.

Consequently the individual who for the last two or three weeks has been trespassing on other people's property at night and purloining food and money, is now resting in the jail at New Bedford to await trial at the July Court on a number of charges. His name is Jesse Burdick; his home address is given as a variety of places including several in Connecticut, one in Maine, another in Vermont, and still another in New Hampshire.

He has no family connections with Nantucket, of which fact Nantucket is rightly glad.

His apprehension occurred last Saturday afternoon, when word reached town that three fourteen-year-old girls had been accosted by a strange man while they were out picking mayflowers and the story was such that a posse of a hundred or more men was quickly assembled, armed with guns, and the fellow captured and brought into town.

Since then there have been no more "breaks", no more trespassing at night, no more complaints to the police of midnight marauders. Once more "all is well" on Nantucket isle.

Will Be Brought Before Grand Jury

Jesse Burdick will be brought back to Nantucket for trial next July and there is no doubt but justice will be meted out to him in full measure. He is held in \$40,000 bonds on four counts—\$25,000 on an alleged statutory offense against a young girl, and three counts on charges of breaking and entering \$5,000 bond in each case.

Although pleading not guilty to everything, he has made admissions, both before Judge Fitz-Randolph in the District Court and to the state and local officers, which indicate that without a doubt Burdick is the man who has been committing depredations about town at night.

Some of the places reported to the police as having been visited were the following:

The store of William R. Cathcart, on Centre street, from which both groceries and money were taken.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph W. Coleman, on Orange street, from which money and a watch were taken.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Kaplan, on South Water street, from which money, food and shoes were taken.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Zidon Long on Washington street.

Schooner John B. Norris, from which clothing and money was taken.

Mrs. Henry Folger reported that she found a strange man in the front hall of her home on Pleasant street. When Burdick was confined in the police station, Mrs. Folger was able to at once identify him as her unwelcome visitor.

Several other places were reported to have been visited, but the depredations were only of minor importance.

These reports came to the police at various times between the 10th and 22d of April, and then for two nights all was quiet. Then came the escapade of Saturday, with the arrest of Burdick, and at once the breaks and thefts were laid to him—and rightly so, as it proved.

It seems that Burdick came to Nantucket last September to work on Wick's farm. Since then he has worked in various capacities: for W. B. Marden, as a plumber's helper; on the Main street sewer; at Siasconset, and elsewhere.

Burdick "Disappeared" Three Weeks Before.

He suddenly disappeared about three weeks ago, when a warrant was issued against him for trespass on the property of Eleanor E. Brown and it was generally thought that he had left the island. Some of his intimate acquaintances were questioned closely, but all denied any knowledge of his whereabouts. His two children boarded for a time with Mr. and Mrs. Myron Taylor and then, upon their departure, with Mr. and Mrs. Harold Parkinson, where they now are.

State Officer Dearborn has never felt confident that Burdick had left the island and some of the report that came in corresponded with his general appearance, yet he could not be located. For several nights in succession, the Legion boys and others assisted the police in patrolling the streets of the town, and then for two nights there were no more reports of depredations or visitations.

When the report came to town, Saturday afternoon, of the alleged assault on one of the three girls accosted by a man not far from Mooney's farm, a posse of men quickly gathered and a systematic search for the criminal was under way in less than an hour after the first reports reached town.

Located in Bushes Near Monomoy

The man was found lying in the bushes on top of a hill about mid-way between the pines and the Gifford cottage on Monomoy, which place he was trying to reach when he caught sight of a car containing members of the posse which had cut off his escape in that direction.

Charles Barr was the first to catch sight of the form huddling close to the ground, and the man did not hesitate long in getting to his feet with "hands up". Close by were Ellison Pease and William King, and the man offered no resistance as he was searched for firearms. The three men were joined by John Anastos and William Voorneveld and it did not take long to march him across the commons to the latter's car, which had been left in the road-way.

Shots were fired in hopes that others in the posse would hear them and realize that the man had been captured, but the wind was in the wrong direction and only Oswald and Ormond Ingall joined the party on

the way in, until the mile-stone was reached, where Officer Mooney had been stationed to detail the men as they came out from town to join in the "man hunt".

The officer then took charge of the prisoner and had him brought to town and lodged in the police station. Burdick was searched and on his person was found considerable money, including \$106 in bills, \$25.50 in halves, \$6.00 in quarters, \$24.60 in dimes, \$1.05 in nickles and 37 cents, the money being contained in a canvas bag.

The three girls were summoned and all identified the man as their assailant; and they also identified the club which he carried as the one which had been used.

The assault and capture of course created excitement about town, but there was soon a feeling of satisfaction that told that the unrest was ended. Everybody was confident that the man was the perpetrator of the depredations of the past two weeks. Indignation ran high over his latest escapade and the girls were praised for their courage. One had thoughtfully rushed to the nearest farm-house for help and the other two had fought a stiff battle with the fellow.

It was not until almost nightfall that word reached all parts of the island that the man was in custody and members of the posse continued to search out through Polpis and Quidnet, and in different portions of the island, long after the man was lodged in the cell.

Credit is due all for the manner in which they responded. Men on Main street stopped work, clerks and mechanics joined in the hunt, Officer Dearborn gathered a bunch of young men to assist him, Commander Farwell of the Coast Guard base, detailed a company of his men to assist, and the three local officers, Gibbs, Mooney and Chadwick, found help a-plenty. It was surprising how quickly the crowd gathered and also the large number of firearms which was brought forth for the hunt.

Burdick Carried Assortment of Skeleton Keys

When searched, Burdick carried, besides the money, two knives, a pair of French field glasses, and a wonderful array of skeleton keys—seventeen in all—enough kinds to fit most any lock.

He maintained a sullen attitude and refused to admit anything except that he was Jesse Burdick. He winced, though, when confronted with the three girls and received their glares of hate and defiance.

Chief Gibbs, Officers Mooney and Chadwick, and State Officer Dearborn, lost no time in endeavoring to fathom the mystery attached to Burdick. Clinton Parker had reported to Officer Dearborn that when he visited his little place at Monomoy that morning he thought he saw the back door on the house of Albert J. Gifford, near-by, move and then close.

That was a clue to work on and it was not long before the officers visited the place and found evidence that the house had been occupied. There was a large stock of groceries there, and other articles which were later traced to Burdick.

Saturday evening an aluminum kettle which had been brought from the Gifford house was identified the

Kaplan family been stolen from William R. Cathcart of the groceries his store. Identified in particular a trade mark blue syrup bottle—a no one else on the island. Ralph W. Coleman among the money a Fairhaven bank found in the roll

Attempted to The officers The case all Saturday

day. Probably seriousness of his in desperation, suicide in his cell noon. Removing strings he twisted and tied it tightly discovered he was gling and uncon minutes more he would Monday morning before Judge Fitz-Randolph distinct charges—and entering and later the statutory offense girls.

He pleaded not guilty of the evidence against availed himself of every to question the witness his language and he was acquainted with

Held in \$10,000 Bonds for

Judge Fitz-Randolph evidence presented and he would hold Burdick \$40,000 for the grand The defendant then court that he would change his plea if shown him, but Judge was unmoved by the and informed the offenses charged such that it was by tion of the lower court.

Shaking like a leaf taken back to his morning was taken to ford jail by Chief G. Johnson, there to wait the Superior Court day in July. When Nantucket gave a is many, many years been anything of the land.

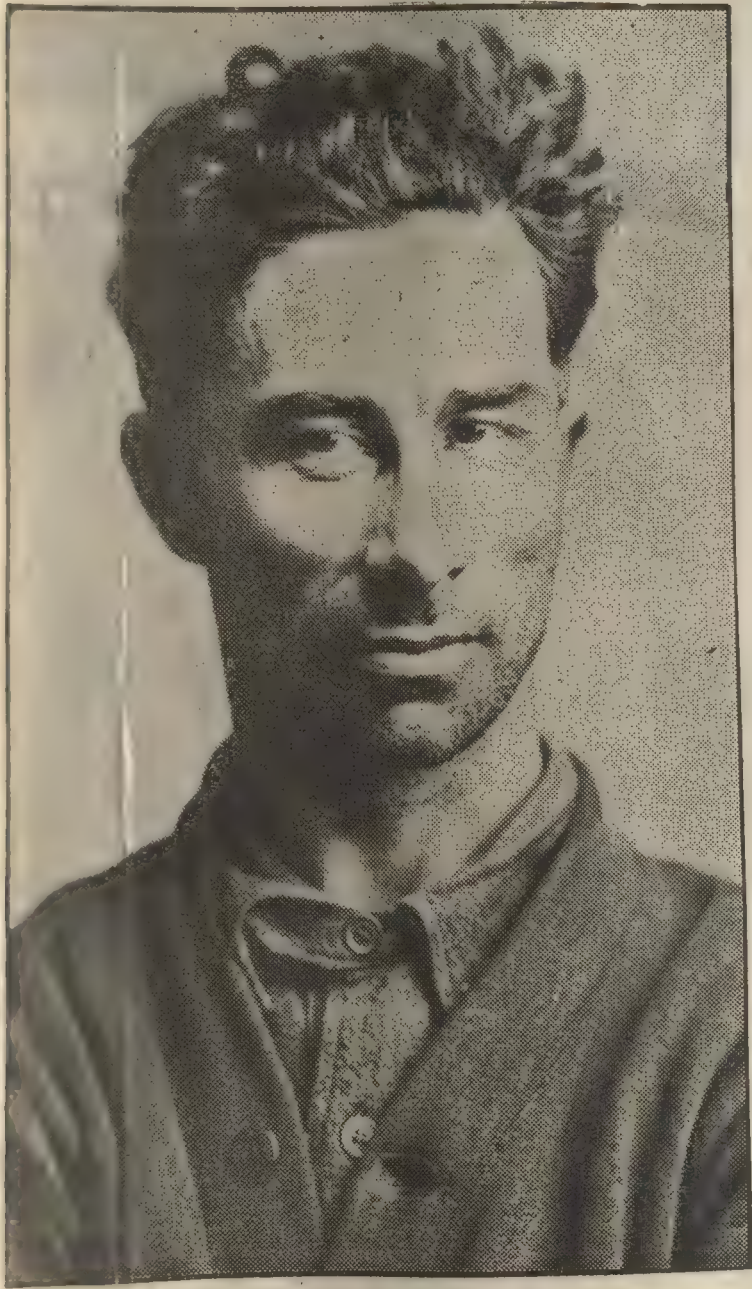
Before he left Burdick made many officers regarding his last three weeks, and breaks except that and telling where goods could be found taining a variety of al belongings was swamp at Shim told the police he pair of shoes which Kaplan's was also

Monday afternoon Dearborn had the by Boyer for the also had his finger sent with the police House in the effort possible, whether previous record.

There seems to be a general impression that if the truth were known, Burdick is the man who was seen occupying the house of Arthur Collins on the Surfside road several weeks ago. Some people are also of the opinion that he was responsible for the fire which burned through the west of the fair grounds a couple of weeks ago. It is known that Burdick slept for several nights in the horse shed at the fair grounds and he has admitted it.

And he also admits to have slept aboard the house-boat hauled ashore near the Gifford house at Monomoy and to have been in other property during the three weeks in which he has been keeping under cover.

The police are endeavoring to solve several other matters in connection with recent developments, which added to the admissions made by Burdick, will strengthen the charges to be brought before the grand jury in July.



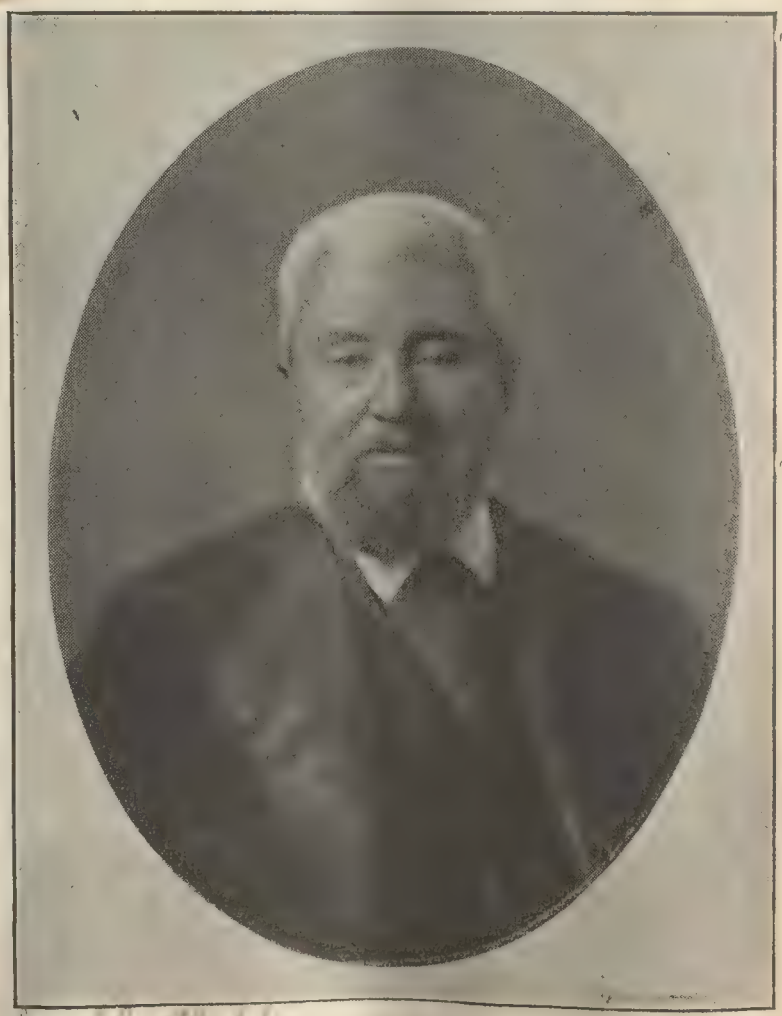
JESSE BURDICK
Photo by Boyer.

"Billy" Bowen's motto "Why Worry?"



An Old Nantucket Character

Memory Picture No. 46



Joseph S. Chapin

Who?



That Group Picture.

The group picture printed in our last issue was taken by Bayer in August, 1915, the group standing in front of the Pacific Club building. Our readers may identify those in the picture as follows:

Standing (left to right): Clinton Parker, Frederick C. Ayers, Capt. B. Whitford Jay, J. E. C. Rutter, Milford Friesen, Frank A. Daly, Albert G. Brock, Alexander M. Myrick, Captain Gardner, Capt. John P. Conroy, John William P. Solly, Alan G. Barry, G. Howard Winslow, George W. Edwards, Alexander C. Milne, C. Whitney Riddell.

Sitting (left to right): Frederick W. Foster, Franklin Folger, John B. Foster, Dr. Ellsworth B. Coleman, Joseph C. Brock, Horace R. Coleman, George H. Lally, David Parker, Capt. John Kilen, John M. Winslow.

There are those of the group still living, namely: Frederick C. Ayers, Albert G. Brock, C. Whitney Riddell.

DECEMBER 25, 1937. M

Fire at The 'Sconset Post Office Summoned Town Apparatus.

A fire in 'Sconset's post office early Monday evening created considerable excitement not only in the village but in Nantucket Town, also, when number 145 was sounded on the town fire alarm system, summoning the pumper out to the scene.

The blaze was discovered by Victor Psaradelis about 6:15 o'clock, shortly after Postmaster Philip Morris had left the building for his home. The boy told Mrs. Edward Reith, who immediately telephoned the postmaster that smoke could be seen issuing from the rear of the post office.

In the meantime, the Psaradelis boy had pulled in two alarms at two different fire boxes. But the familiar tooting of the siren was not heard and it was quickly ascertained that the system was temporarily out of order. A telephone call was made to the central fire station in town, and one of pumpers promptly responded.

Postmaster "Phil" Morris lost no time in peddling back to the office on his bicycle. Upon his arrival, a glance through the window told him that a serious fire was in progress, and his first thought was of the mail. Rushing in through the rear door, he worked swiftly and soon had all the mail matter out of doors and into a place of safety.

Monday evening was the occasion of the 'Sconset Community Club's long-planned community dinner, and practically every family in the village was in attendance at the affair, which was held at the schoolhouse. Although the alarm system didn't work so far as sounding the horn is concerned, it did function in the circuit which operates a buzzer in the schoolhouse. When this circuit buzzed off the number of the box in Post Office Square, almost every person in the schoolhouse responded.

Firemen from town and 'Sconset consequently worked side by side in subduing the blaze. Despite the fact that there was no fire in the stove, it was at first believed that a defective flue in the chimney had started the blaze.

Swift investigation had shown the fire to be smoldering between the partitions at the rear of the office. A number of holes were cut in the roof and the walls and a flood of water soon had the blaze out. Postmaster Morris' quick work had saved the mail matter not only from the fire and smoke but from water damage as well.

That the village's fire alarm system failed to respond at a time when it was so urgently needed was the cause of much regret. Each day at noon the system is tested, and it has been found always to be in working order. It is alleged that on Monday noon, however, it was not tested due to the preparations which were then under way for the Community Club banquet.

It appears that a most unusual coincidence has occurred by the fact that a fire should break out on the only day of the year when the fire alarm was not tested. Naturally, the person who rings in the noon test feels badly over the incident, and everyone sympathizes, realizing what a busy day in the life of the village Monday happened to be. However, the damage to the post office building was limited by the swift work of the fire fighters, and the old adage "it could have been worse" still holds true.

Ambassador Extraordinary To Brazil.

Hon Breckinridge Long, of Nantucket, who was summoned to Washington about ten days ago for a conference with President Roosevelt, has been appointed Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Brazil, to head a good will commission to that South American country.

With Mrs. Long, he sailed last Saturday on the steamer Brazil for Rio de Janeiro. The voyage down across the equator will take about twelve days.

John H. Heath, of Nantucket, who is a Freshman at Tufts College, has recently pledged to Kappa Charge of Zeta Psi, one of the nine national fraternities having chapters on the Tufts campus. Mr. Heath is an engineering student.

INQUIRY APRIL 17, 1937. NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS., SATURDAY MORNING,

NANTUCKET'S "BONE OF CONTENTION" ---- WHO OWNS THE BEACH?



A view of the Cliff Bathing Beach fifteen years ago, showing the section now under controversy. The ten acres taken by the town under the act of 1903 is a considerable distance east from the land now called the "cliff beach," as shown by the survey on record and the buildings placed, which are east of the concrete road leading down to the beach and apart from the section of land shown in this picture. The town has occupied and leased this land since 1904, however, and it has been the general impression that it was the town's property. Franklin Smith claims ownership, however, and at the last annual town meeting he offered to give the town a clear title to the property for \$6,000, but the town felt otherwise inclined, with the result that a long-drawn-out controversy in the courts seems in prospect—that is, unless the town can reach an amicable settlement with Mr. Smith in the meantime, in order that the bathing beach may be conducted the coming season.

A picture of the cliff beach taken in 1890 shows the "White City" buildings standing on the Alley (Burdick) land far to the eastward of the land used as the beach since 1904.

Nantucket Cottage Hospital - West Chester St.

MIRROR, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS., SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 12, 1938.

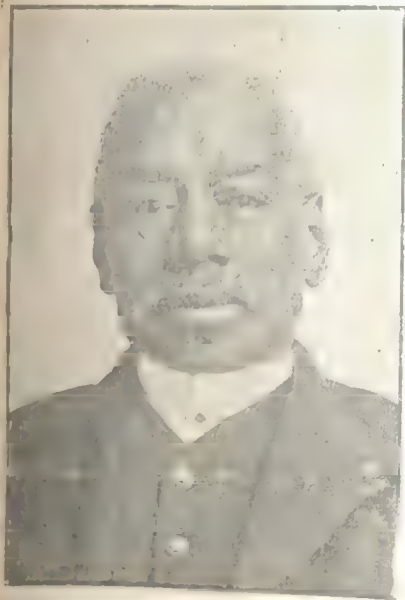


Hiram Reed Was Born a Slave. One of the First Emancipated.

Many of our readers readily recognized the memory picture printed in our last issue as that of the late Hiram Reed, an esteemed colored citizen of Nantucket, who passed away in June, 1911, at the age of eighty-one. Mr. Reed was born in slavery and was one of the first of his race emancipated in 1861, following which he fought with the Union forces and won commendation for bravery. His life was one of early trials, yet he always spoke well of his master while he was in slavery, and during the years when he resided on Nantucket he took pride in being a good citizen. Born a slave in the family of Mrs. Harriet Reed of St. Louis, he first saw the light of day in a little log cabin on the banks of the Mississippi, May 4, 1830. Shortly after his birth his "Missus" married Thomas L. Snead of St. Louis, and it was in this gentleman's family that he lived until he came to Nantucket.

Hiram was an indoor servant—that is, he tended the front door of the family mansion, waited on table and acted as valet for his master. He declared that he was never mistreated, always had plenty to eat and lived as a slave quite contentedly.

In the year 1860 he was rented out to a steamboat company plying on the Mississippi, and it was while working



on the old J. C. Swan, one of the fastest boats on the river at that time, that Hiram gained his freedom. One of the Union boats seized the vessel, and Reed, together with all the other slaves, was taken to St. Louis, where he was set free by a "Deed of Manumission". This document, which he carefully preserved to his dying day, reads as follows:

Deed of Manumission.

Whereas, Thomas L. Snead, of the City and County of St. Louis, State of Missouri, has been taking active part with the enemies of the United States in the present insurrectionary movement against the government of the United States, now therefore, I, John Charles Freemont, Major-General commanding the western department of the army of the United States, by authority of law and the power vested in me as such commanding general, declare Hiram Reed, heretofore held to "service or labor" by said Thomas L. Snead to be free and forever discharged from the bonds of servitude, giving him full right and authority to have, use and control his own labor or service as to him may seem proper, without any accountability whatever to said Thomas L. Snead, to anyone, to claim by, through, or under him. And this deed of manumission shall be respected and treated by all persons and in all courts of justice as the full and complete evidence of the freedom of said Hiram Reed.

In testimony whereof this act is done at headquarters of the western department of the army of the United States, in the City of St. Louis, State of Missouri, on this twelfth day of September, A. D. eighteen hundred and sixty-one, as is evidenced by the Departmental Seal hereto affixed by my order.

J. C. Freemont,
Maj.-Gen'l Commanding.

The pass issued to Hiram Reed by the provost-marshal reads:

Office of Provost-Marshal,
St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 16, 1861.

Permission is granted to Hiram Reed (colored) to pass beyond the limits of the city and county of St. Louis to go to Chicago.

J. McKinstry
Major, U. S. A., Provost-Marshal.

Description of Person.

Name, Hiram Reed; age, 19; height, 5 feet 3 inches; color of eyes, black; color of hair, black; peculiarities, colored.

It is understood that the within-named and subscriber accepts this pass on his word of honor that he is and will be ever loyal to the United States; and if hereafter found in arms against the Union or in any way aiding her enemies, the penalty will be death.

his
Hiram X Reed
mark

The originals of these two documents were read at the convention of the Bristol County G. A. R. Association, in Nantucket, in July, 1908, and the scene enacted as the aged negro tottered to the front of the stage and received the ovation from the four hundred persons gathered in the hall was one never to be forgotten.

After he was "freed", the California Rangers took charge of Hiram and one of their number, Joseph Palmer, who was going to Nantucket, offered to take him along with him, which he did. Upon his arrival here Reed settled down on the island and shortly after joined the Company I, of 5th Massachusetts regiment, under Col. Henry H. Russell, and went into the cavalry. He fought all through the war and in the fall at Richmond.

Returning to Nantucket at the close of the war, he married and engaged in business as a teamster, which calling he followed until failing health and increasing years compelled him to retire to his little home on Pleasant street, where he died in 1911, at the ripe age of eighty-one years.

THE AUTHOR OF "EUNICE HUSSEY"



THE REV. LOUISE SOUTHARD BAKER

Who wrote the story "Eunice Hussey", a tale of Nantucket life, which is now published for the first time, more than forty years after Miss Baker has passed to her reward.

"Eunice Hussey", the story of Nantucket life written by the late Louise S. Baker over forty years ago, was issued from the press of The Inquirer and Mirror this week. Copies are now on sale at this office at Miss Stevens' store on Pleasant street. Price \$1.25 per copy; \$1.00 by mail.

The book is bound in hard cover, a light gray linen, and has twelve tone illustrations, including the portrait of Miss Baker, who was a popular pastor of the Congregational church in Nantucket from 1888 to 1888.

Miss Baker completed the text of "Eunice Hussey" about a year before her death, but was never able to revise it, and the manuscript, in her own hand-writing, has since been carefully preserved in the safe of the office, now being made public for the first time, forty-odd years after her death.

The book is issued as a memorial to a woman who, aside from the duties which she held as pastor of the Nantucket church, contributed much in prose and poetry, to Nantucket literature, and who lived and worked in a kindly and loving manner, leaving an impression upon all who knew her.

Miss Baker dedicated "Eunice Hussey" in 1895, in the following words, which is printed in the book exactly as she wrote it:

To Nantucketers everywhere, the strangers within our gates, this little book is sent out with no other aim than to describe the life in the past. It is a record of the rugged character and experiences of those who lived here, and to bring to the reader some flavor of the breath of the mayflower from "the commons". It is also, with a genuine affection, a Nantucketer wherever he may be, and those who have adopted Nantucket as their home may be the happy reading.—The Author.

Death of Moses Joy, Jr. in New York.

Moses Joy, Jr., one of the last of the Nantucket families connected with the old whaling days, died in Bellevue Hospital, New York city, on Friday morning week, from injuries received when he was struck by a trolley car the previous day. Mr. Joy was on his way to the Camera Club at 68th street and Broadway from his residence at 143 East 15th street, going by street car to the 42nd street and Third Avenue station, where he was to transfer to the subway.

In reminiscing while here last summer, He said to the writer:

"I had all sorts of stumbling blocks placed in my way and the public refused to give me the least encouragement in carrying out the project. In fact, even after I had the pipes laid into town, so pronounced was the spirit against the water system, that the firewards would not permit me to use the town's hose in order to show to the people of Nantucket that water could be thrown onto the Unitarian church. I wanted to connect hose to the hydrant on Orange street, near the James Easton house, but the firewards would not loan me the hose to New York."

Upon Opening Volume 117

As the month of June draws to an end in the year of our Lord 1937, *The Inquirer and Mirror* brings to a close its 116th volume. It is a long hark back to June 23, 1821, when Joseph Melcher launched the first issue of the Nantucket Inquirer under the able leadership of Samuel Haynes Jenks as editor.

The years have flown by all too swiftly and many changes have occurred. James Monroe was President of the United States in 1821 and Samuel Jenks put his name on the subscription list to receive *The Inquirer* each week. It is recorded that President Monroe did not care to be listed as a "dead head" and at once became a "paid in advance subscriber." For many years the letter from President Monroe to Mr. Jenks was preserved in the archives of the Nantucket paper, but in the changes that time has wrought the letter became lost and the fact is now noted as handed down from our predecessors.

The years have since flown by—116 of them—and Nantucket has seen many changes. It has experienced its "ups and downs" and *The Inquirer* has stood by it, with it, and for it through prosperity and adversity. Verily, the real history of Nantucket through the past 116 years has been recorded in the columns of this paper, which has made its weekly appearance without fail, occasionally with serious handicaps and stumbling blocks encountered through its long life-journey.

Thirty years ago this July the present editor took over the reins and for the past three decades has guided the destinies of *The Inquirer and Mirror* to the best of his ability, endeavoring to work for the welfare and betterment of Nantucket and its people. It has been a hard struggle at times, we must admit, for it has not always been smooth sailing and occasionally our efforts have been misunderstood, even by our friends.

Yet there has always been a sense of pleasure in "getting out the paper," even though we might be told an hour later that "there was nothing in it." It is not the editor nor any member of the newspaper force that makes the news—it is the people, the public—and in a peaceable, law-abiding, isolated community like Nantucket news has oft-times been "as scarce as hens' teeth."

Every man deserves a respite from his duties at times—even a newspaper man—and it happens that, as these words are being printed, the editor has again deserted his post—placed the helm in younger, possibly keener, more active minds—and for the past month has been sojourning in the far West and Northwest, apparently without a care in the world, for he has left his troubles behind. And so, as *The Inquirer and Mirror* closes its 116th volume, and the editor reaches the thirtieth anniversary of the day when he first shouldered the task of getting out "the largest newspaper in America," he again sends greetings to all readers, both far and near.

May *The Inquirer and Mirror* continue to inquire into all good deeds and pleasant happy events on Nantucket and carry to its readers the reflection of this beautiful isle in the sea—a peaceful, home-loving community, blessed with deeds of good citizenship that bespeak contentment and prosperity.

Harry B. Turner, Editor.

characteristic pose.

promoter continued his efforts and secured the right kind of backing to bring the project to a head. The present up-to-date water supply which Nantucket enjoys (considered one of the best in the state) is a monument to the perseverance and energy of Moses Joy when as a young man he conceived the idea of a town water supply nearly sixty years ago.

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Besides these larger boats there were a hundred catboats, and dories, besides six of the S. P. Naval Reserve craft, and two of Taylor's big lighters.

With scallops at \$6.50 a gallon, and quahaugs at \$15 a barrel, it is no wonder that fishermen here can easily remember those days, twenty years back, when the ice cut them off from a chance to "make a dollar." It was some weeks before they were able to move, the embargo not only costing the fishermen money but cutting the town off from a much-needed revenue at a time when it needed it most.

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In 1919 the temperature went almost as high as it did this year on Columbus Day, when 76.6 was recorded. In 1928 it went up to 75 degrees and in 1930 to 69 degrees.

Many of our readers readily recognized the memory picture printed in our last issue as that of the late Hiram Reed, an esteemed colored citizen of Nantucket, who passed away in June, 1911, **to Alcohol** eighty-one. Mr. Reed

eighty-one. Mr. Reel
slavery and was one of
race emancipated in
which he fought wi
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Nantucket he took pri
good citizen. Born a
family of Mrs. Harrie
Louis, he first saw the
a little log cabin on the
Mississippi, May 4, 1
after his birth his "Mi
Thomas L. Snead of St
was in this gentleman'
he lived until he came

Hiram was an indoor man. He tended the front family mansion, waited on the guests, acted as valet for his master. He declared that he was never dissatisfied. He always had plenty to eat and was a slave quite contented.

In the year 1860 he went to a steamboat company Mississippi, and it was

Whereas, Thomas L. Snead, of the City and County of St. Louis, State of Missouri, has been taking active part with the enemies of the United States in the present insurrectionary movement against the government of the United States, now therefore, I, John Charles Freemont, Major-General commanding the western district

No Tips

Phone 98

Sanford House, 17 Federal Street

Open Daily 9:30 to 1:00 a. m. and 2:00 to 5:00 p. m.

DELICIOUS FOOD MADE BY NANTUCKET COOKS

Gift Shop and Continuous Rummage Sale of Interesting Articles, Books, Antiques, Men's and Women's Clothing.

(For the Benefit of the Nantucket Hospital)

Now Open for the Season.

re-season schedule of rates in effect.

Open for the Season.

Excellent Cuisine

on the old J. C. Swan
fastest boats on the
river, that Hines gained
one of the places he
wanted and paid, for the
first time, his taxes.

...carefully preserved to his dying day, reads as follows:

after joined the Company I, of 5th Massachusetts regiment, under Col. Henry H. Russell, and went into the cavalry. He fought all through the war and in the fall at Richmond.

Returning to Nantucket at the close of the war, he married and engaged in business as a teamster, which calling he followed until failing health and increasing years compelled him to retire to his little home on Pleasant street, where he died in 1911, at the ripe age of eighty-one years.

THE AUTHOR OF "EUNICE HUSSEY"



REV. LOUISE SOUTHARD BAKER

The story "Eunice Hussey", a tale of life, which is now published for the first time, is more than forty years after Miss Baker has received her reward.

"Eunice Hussey", the story of New York tucket life written by the late Louise S. Baker over forty years ago, was issued from the press of The Inquirer and Mirror this week. Copies are now on sale at this office at Miss Stevens' store on Broadway street. Price \$1.25 per copy; \$1.00 by mail.

The book is bound in hard cover of a light gray linen, and has twelve tone illustrations, including the portrait of Miss Baker, who was a popular pastor of the Congregational church in Nantucket from 1881 to 1888.

Miss Baker completed the text of "Funie Hussey" about a year before her death, but was never able to revise it, and the manuscript, in her own hand-writing, has since been carefully preserved in the safe of the city office, now being made public for the first time, forty-odd years after her death.

The book is issued as a memorial to a woman who, aside from the position which she held as pastor of the tucket church, contributed much in prose and poetry, to New England literature, and who lived as a woman of wonderful character, in a kindly and loving manner, leaving an impression upon all who knew her.

Miss Baker dedicated "Aunt
sey" in 1895, in the following
word, which is printed in the
exactly as she wrote it:

To Nantucketers every-
the strangers within our
little book is sent out with
at anything save a description
land life in the past. It
personalities, aiming simply to
the rugged character and
experiences of those who
us, and to bring to those
read it some flavor of the
breath of the mayflower
from "the commons". It is
also, with a genuine affection
Nantucketer wherever found
any "strangers" read, in the
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home may be the happier
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The remains were brought to Nantucket on Monday and brief services were held in the Unitarian Church on Tuesday, conducted by the Rev. Harold L. Pickett. Interment was in the family lot in the North Cemetery.

Born on Nantucket, June 18, 1853, Moses Joy, Jr., was the son of Moses and Ann C. Joy, and, although spending many years of his long life on the mainland, he has always been identified with the island. In fact, it was through Mr. Joy's enterprise, when a young man of twenty-five, that the Wannacomet Water Company was established in 1878 and 1879 and running water led into the town from the pond—a development that encountered all sorts of opposition.

In spite of the feeling that Moses Joy's "crazy scheme" would never amount to anything, "for water could not be made to run up-hill", the young

In reminiscing while here last summer, He said to the writer:

"I had all sorts of stumbling blocks placed in my way and the public refused to give me the least encouragement in carrying out the project. In fact, even after I had the pipes laid into town, so pronounced was the spirit against the water system, that the firewards would not permit me to use the town's hose in order to show to the people of Nantucket that water could be thrown onto the Unitarian church. I wanted to connect hose to the hydrant on Orange street, near the James Easton house, but the firewards would not loan me the hose for the demonstration. I went to New Bedford and borrowed the necessary lengths of hose from the fire department of that city. Some folks hooted at me when I connected the hose to the hydrant, but it was only a few minutes before they broke into cheers, for I had a good stream of water going over the church. I did not have any more trouble—after that the islanders were willing to help."

When a lad of seventeen Moses Joy went to New York city and worked as an apprentice and as a student at the Cooper Union Institute. He made a special study, in subsequent years, of community water systems and the project which he developed at Nantucket was one of the first which he actually materialized.

In 1880 he built the water system at Milford and Hopedale, Mass.; in 1884-5 he successfully launched a similar enterprise at Lexington, Mass.; and in 1885 he completed a water line for fire service at Cottage City (now Oak Bluffs). The next two years he developed the water system at Bennington, Vt., associated with H. W. Purnam, and also the hydraulic electric light system at Petersburg, Va.

In 1898 he established a water supply for Milford, Ct., and in 1899 a water system for the towns of Guilford, East River, Madison, Clinton, Westbrook, Saybrook, Essex, Deep River and Chester—eighty-five miles of pipe lines.

In 1901 he projected the electric light system for Clinton, Conn., and in more recent years represented various mining and industrial interests. During his active life he travelled extensively in connection with his various developments.

Moses Joy was something of an inventive genius, as well as a machinist. He was a skilled workman in whatever he undertook and whether working on metal or on whales' teeth, the result showed his remarkable skill.

At New York City, May 1, Moses Joy, Jr., aged 83 years, 10 months, 13 days. Interment at Nantucket.



The Late Moses Joy in a characteristic pose.

promoter continued his efforts and secured the right kind of backing to bring the project to a head. The present up-to-date water supply which Nantucket enjoys (considered one of the best in the state) is a monument to the perseverance and energy of Moses Joy when as a young man he conceived the idea of a town water supply nearly sixty years ago.

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The Business Section of Main Street in the Nineties.

Main street in Nantucket has seen many changes during the past fifty years. Therefore, we thought that it might be of interest to the readers of the Standard to learn, or have recalled for them, what some of these changes have been.

Of course, there are many still living who recall the changes, but it seemed to us that the oldest resident business man would be the logical one from whom to obtain the information.

Upon inquiry, we found that Mr. James V. Deacon, who now runs a store on Main street, was just the man to see, as an interview was arranged.

Mr. Deacon was very glad to give us a "picture" of the Main street as it appeared in the "Gay Nineties". He told us that he first made his residence in Nantucket at a permanent business place in 1881 when he worked at the Point Breeze Hotel. Previous to that Mr. Deacon had, as a resident of New Bedford, made many trips to Nantucket.

After working at the Point Breeze and during those in various parts of the island, Mr. Deacon opened his first Main street shop in 1895, where Edward Tracy now has his barber shop.

He told us that there had been no extensive changes in the buildings on the north side of Main street, but that there had been almost complete changes in the line of business being conducted in the stores and in the people who ran them. We will, therefore, try to give you this "picture" of the Main street of 1895.

There were several meat markets. Richard Brown had one where the A. & P. store is now, while his brother had another almost across the street. The Lamb Brothers, Frank and Nelson, ran the market in the building now occupied by the "Episcopal". At one time, it is said, the Inquirer and Mirror in printing the advertisement of this establishment abbreviated the title of the owners too much, making the ad read "Lamb Bros." rather than "Lamb Brothers." Frank Lamb is father of Everett Lamb, the present janitor of the Academy Hill School.

Corner grocery stores seemed to be popular in those days for there was one in the shop now occupied by the Corner Store. It was called the Union Store and was managed by John Harris. Later it was run by Butler Pollock. There was a grocery store where Mr. Brown's shop now stands, operated by Mr. Myrick.

Coffey's Pharmacy was as it is now, but Coffey's Drug Store was owned by a man named Albert Tobey.

Coffey's Hardware Store was then Deacon's Hardware. Henry Brown, whom most of us remember, was in partnership with Deacon, and took over the store when the owner died.

Robert's was known as Jernegan's. In Coffey's Auction Shop, there was a furniture store run by George E. Martin, who had a meat auction stand in front of his store.

The "Nantucket Journal" was owned and published by the Number One Store, a market owned by James and his wife where the Coffey Store and the Food Shop.

In the building next to the First National Store, Thomas B. Hoy established the first moving picture house on the island.

On the upper part of the opposite side of Main street, there were the following: a Dry Goods and Shoe Store run by A. Mowry where Coffin's is now, with a Watch Repair Shop, owned by J. W. Westgate, next to it. In the same block was a tin and stove shop owned by George C. Barrett.

Going toward the fountain, there were: a Shoe Repair Shop owned by a man named Jones; a Barber Shop owned by John Brady, father of Malcolm Brady; and, later, the original A. & P. store was on that side of the street for seven years, and it has been on the other side of the street for the past fourteen years.

In place of the present brick building occupied by the C. F. Wing Company, there was a wooden building that housed the Post Office. John M. Winslow was its postmaster.

Henry Paddack and Benjamin Long had a paint business in the same place as the present Paddack's Paint Shop. Mr. Paddack built the Masonic building and rented it to the Masons. It was willed to them by Mr. Paddack when he died. Byron Pease had a fruit store and pool room in a part of the lower Masonic Building.

The Nantucket Gas Company had its headquarters where Marshall Gardiner has his shop.

We have learned from Mr. Deacon that his brother, William Deacon, a plumber, was then associated with Mr. William F. Codd, superintendent of the Wannacomet Water Company.

We have tried to cover most of the changes in Main street as they were related to us by Mr. Deacon. The cobbles still remain, but automobiles instead of horses are drawn up at the curb. We wonder what the next forty years will witness in changes. What type of vehicle will be there in 1977 and what will the stores be selling? Perhaps one of us will be interviewed on the Main street of the "Wild Thirties". Only time can tell.

When Wind Hits 75 Miles It's A Hurricane.

Just how fast does wind travel before it reaches the velocity of a hurricane?

The weather station at the Massachusetts State College in Amherst, realizing that the recent hurricane in New England has made the public weather-conscious, gives a set of definitions covering all kinds of wind conditions.

When the wind blows more than 75 miles an hour it represents a genuine hurricane. Anything less is either a breeze, gale, or storm.

Wind conditions with their respective velocities follow:

| | Miles an hour |
|------------------------|---------------|
| Light breeze | 1 to 3 |
| Gentle breeze | 4 to 12 |
| Moderate breeze | 13 to 18 |
| Strong breeze | 19 to 31 |
| High wind (gale) | 32 to 38 |
| Fresh gale | 39 to 46 |
| Strong gale | 47 to 54 |
| Whole gale | 55 to 63 |
| Storm | 64 to 74 |
| Hurricane | 75 and up |

SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 26, 1938.



Photograph by Bachrach.

REV. FR. JOSEPH M. GRIFFIN

A Quarter of a Century.

It was Saturday afternoon, February 22, 1913, and a cold, blustering day. The steamer had just docked and a young man wearing a clerical garb stepped across the gang-plank and nodded pleasantly to the people gathered on the wharf. He had a ruddy complexion and an active step—a man in the prime of life. It was Rev. Fr. Joseph M. Griffin, the new rector of St. Mary's Catholic Church.

How the years have flown by! A lapse of a quarter of a century! The step may not be quite so lively now and the hair has whitened, but the cheeks are still ruddy and the same pleasant smile beams across the face of Father Griffin today. For twenty-five years he has served Nantucket, faithful to his church, faithful to his parishioners, and faithful to the community as a whole.

Year after year has passed and Father Griffin had many an opportunity to go to other fields of labor, but he declined. He loved Nantucket and Nantucket loved him—he did not want to leave it, for here he had found the opportunity he sought—to serve God and Humanity among people he understood and who understood him. Here he has given the best part of his life, without hope of reward, laboring early and late through the years that have passed, working for the uplift of mankind.

Respected by all denominations—a man among men—Father Griffin has built for himself a monument in the hearts of the people of Nantucket, and, today, after a lapse of twenty-five years, we are happy to be able to look upon him as a friend and daily acquaintance whose "Good Morning!" (often preceded by a gentle tap on the window) has been an inspiration more than once.

When Two Ships Were Wrecked in March On South Shore.

Nantucket's long South Shore, scene of many a ship-wreck since the time of the traditional loss of a French ship years before the settlement of the island, seldom saw two more unmarined disasters than during the month of March, 1877, sixty years ago when two large vessels were cast within half a mile of each other during an interval of less than a night.

The ships were the bark *W. F. Marshall* and the Italian bark *Papa Luigi C.* Both became total losses, although there was fortunately no loss of life.

Early on the morning of Friday, March 9th, Surfman Horace Cash of the Surfside Life-Saving Station, returning to the house, was astonished to see a large bark headed directly for the shore. A heavy fog cloaked the water, with a strong southeast breeze creating quite a surf on the beach. He was unable to signal by lantern to the coming craft because of the conditions, and so he ran for the station to summon aid.

When the life-savers arrived on the beach there was no sign of the bark, the fog having closed in again, but as they watched they heard the vessel in the breakers and, waiting only a few minutes, saw her come slowly in to the beach. She stranded in such a position that the wind and waves thrust her about, gradually working her sidewise into the breakers.

A line was made fast, and the crew of fourteen, the wife and child of the steward, and the captain were quickly hauled to the safety of the beach. The bark proved to be the *W. F. Marshall*, of St. John, N. B., Captain James H. Wright, bound from Hampton Roads, Va., in ballast.

Capt. Wright told of leaving Hampton Roads on March 6, with the weather fine until the next afternoon, when a breeze sprang up, gradually increasing to a moderate gale. He took an observation at this time, and then steered east of north, intending to pass twenty miles outside of South Shoal, which was then the Old South Shoal, about 18 miles off-shore from this island.

The weather continued to thicken, and at midnight on the 8th he calculated on his chart to be 50 miles south of Nantucket. He ordered the top-gallant sails taken in, and at two o'clock went below and turned in, leaving the deck in charge of the 2nd mate. The *Marshall* was under top-sails and courses and was making some ten knots when she struck. The first intimation the crew had of being in shoal water was upon entering the breakers, when she almost immediately struck.

The bark was a new vessel of 940 tons burthen, and had made but one voyage—to Ireland—from which she had just returned. She was sold at auction, as she lay, to James Powers, of Boston, for \$185, and her spars for \$25. She was subsequently purchased by Boston parties, and for two months many attempts were made to get her off; but she became a total wreck as the result of a storm in early July. Her shattered hull was afterwards burned.

On the evening of Wednesday, on the 21st of March, about 9 o'clock, the Italian bark *Papa Luigi C.*, Capt. G. Romano, from Girgenti, Sicily, for Boston, with a cargo of 720 tons of brimstone, came ashore within a half mile to the east of the *Marshall*. A strong southerly breeze was blowing at the time and the sea was high, and when Surfman George A. Veeder sighted the lights of the craft he was powerless to warn her, the wind blowing strongly on shore.

The life-savers from Surfside were soon on the beach, but the crew had already landed, although their boat capsized in the surf and Patrolman Glidden helped pull two of them to safety. A few of the Italians could speak some English and from them it was learned that at 4 p. m. that day they made the South Shoal lightship bearing E. S. E. from them. The fog shut in thickly, and they did not know they were approaching a shore until the vessel began to thump.

A boat was lowered and five of them got into her, but she capsized and the men were saved only by life-preservers with lines attached thrown from the ship. The boat was lost during the excitement, the strong current whirling it away. The bark worked over this shoal but was found to be leaking, with 3 feet of water in her hold. She was put before the wind, and struck the beach an hour later.

The *Papa Luigi C.* was not two years old, was 456 tons burthen, and owned at Palermo, Italy. She was purchased by the same parties that took over the *Marshall*, stripped of her sails and rigging, and most of the 100 bbls. of wine which the captain had aboard were safely gotten out of her.

On March 30th, Henry H. Nickerson, while working on the vessel, fell from the maintopsail yard to the deck, being almost instantly killed. He was a member of the life-saving crew.

During a severe storm the following October, the bark broke up and her bottom eventually drifted ashore at Tuckernuck.

The quarter-board of the *Papa Luigi C.*, is now affixed to the Ayers building on North wharf, facing on Easy street, having been a familiar object there for many years.

A painting of the wrecked bark is now in the possession of *The Inquirer and Mirror*, hanging on the wall of the editor's office. It was painted by the Nantucket artist, Wendell Macy, and bears the date 1883. It is painted on a pine board, with an ordinary frame, and bears the signature of the artist in faded letters on the back, also the date of the wreck. Mr. Macy drew a sketch from the beach, and then made the painting from the drawing. It shows the hulk lying about fifty yards from the shore, with her three masts still standing, and her deck-houses and bulwarks still intact.

JUNE 18, 1938.

Garage and Sightseeing Bus Are Consumed in Spectacular Fire.

The town was aroused shortly after ten o'clock Thursday night by the fire horn, at the Central Fire Station sounding 151, the Surfside district number. One of the quickest responses on record was the result, with the big pumpers racing out to the scene.

It was a night thick with mist and fog, and when the drivers in the long procession of cars had reached a point just beyond the Cyrus Peirce School they saw the southern sky dyed a deep red from the reflection of the blaze.

The firemen found the Butler Folger garage a mass of flames upon arrival at the scene, with the familiar orange sight-seeing bus, used for so many years by the late Butler Folger, a ruin inside the burning structure.

Nothing could be done to save either the bus or the garage. The fire had gained a tremendous headway; there was no water supply available; and they were forced to watch it burn itself out.

Harry W. Cady, who has been operating the bus for the past few years, gave the department an account of what had happened.

Mr. Cady had just finished re-painting and cleaning the bus, intending to take it out this week-end for its first appearance of the season. The painting had been a laborious task, as he had re-finished the lettering as well as the outside surface, and completely varnished the interior.

Taking a large can of gasoline, Mr. Cady had gone into the bus to fill the large tank, which had been placed under the rear seat. He was using a kerosene lantern for illumination, and had poured some of the gasoline into the tank through a funnel when the explosion occurred which set fire to the bus. It was not a loud report, rather a complete ignition of all the volatile gases inside the bus, fumes from the new paint mixing with the gasoline vapor, exploding "all at once," to quote Mr. Cady, "so that a wall of fire shot up and along the roof of the bus."

Mr. Cady tried to check the quick blaze with a fire extinguisher he kept handy, but, finding his efforts useless, he raced to the U. S. Radio Compass Station nearby and telephoned to the fire department. During the interim, the bus became a mass of flames, and the garage, of a sheet-metal construction, had become a roaring furnace when the department arrived.

The Legion boys did yeoman service in taking care of the traffic which, as can be imagined, was very heavy.

In this town, December 17, William T. Swain, aged 60 years, 15 days.

Representative Swain Passes Away In His Sleep.

Representative William T. Swain passed away in his sleep early yesterday (Friday) morning at his home in Nantucket. He had been in his usual health and consequently the news of his death came as a great shock to the community. Cerebral hemorrhage was assigned as the cause of death by Dr. Roy L. Gilpatrick, who was summoned by Mrs. Swain when she found her husband unconscious.

The passing of Representative Swain is a distinct loss to Nantucket. During the six years he had served in the Legislature he had given strict attention to the duties of the office and worked diligently for whatever he felt was for the best interests of Nantucket. Deeply interested in the island fisheries, he had frequently advocated measures which he thought would benefit the fishermen. He was highly esteemed by his colleagues in the State House and at the time of his death was chairman of the Committee on Conservation.

He was first elected to the Legislature in November, 1931, following the death of Representative Jones, and had since been re-elected three times, each for a two-year term.

Prior to his service at the State House, Mr. Swain was on the Board of Selectmen, to which he was first elected in 1912, serving seven years in succession, and resuming his position on the Board again in 1930 and 1931.

The deceased was born in Nantucket, December 2, 1877, the son of Capt. William T. and Sarah (Cornish) Swain. His father was one of the island's well-known master mariners, who, upon retirement from the sea, engaged in the coal and lumber business. The son succeeded to the business, following the death of Capt. Swain, and operated it for a number of years until the business and the South wharf were sold to the Island Service Company in 1917.



WILLIAM T. SWAIN

Upon retiring from the business in town, Mr. Swain conducted Island View Farm for a number of years and showed considerable interest in various branches of the farming industry.

DECEMBER 18, 1937.

During his young manhood he was very fond of athletics and developed into a fast bicycle rider, following the "circuit" several seasons and winning many laurels. As a bowler he was considered an expert and was the leader in the numerous "big pin" matches held semi-annually between the Nantucket Athletic Club's team and that of the Brockton Commercial Club.

In December, 1918, he met with a serious mishap through an assault alleged to have been made upon him at the Phillips building in 'Sconset, by one Peter Leveen, and as the result he received a severe blow on the head from the effects of which he never completely recovered. A civil suit brought by Mr. Swain against Leveen was tried in the Superior Court the following year.

Mr. Swain was a well-known member of the Masonic fraternity and was a Past Master of Union Lodge of this town.

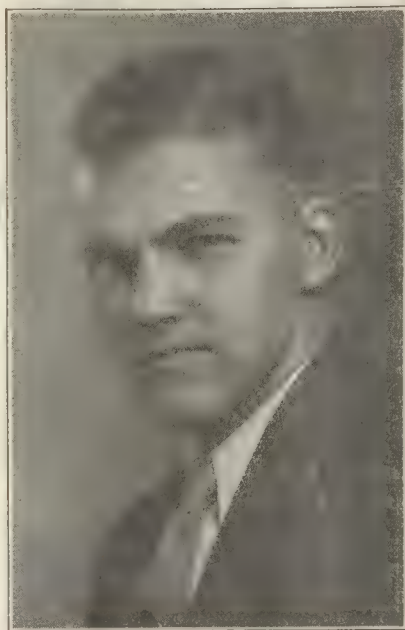
He is survived by his widow, to whom he was married about forty years ago. He also leaves two sisters—Miss Florence Swain and Mrs. Sarah Phillips, both residing in Nantucket—and a half-brother, Israel M. Swain, of New Bedford. The sympathy of the entire community goes out to the relatives in their bereavement.

Funeral services will be held in the Congregational church next Tuesday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock (or on arrival of boat) and will be conducted by the pastor, Rev. Fred D. Bennett, followed by a short Masonic ritual. A delegation from the House of Representatives will probably be in attendance.

Representative Backus Sworn Into Office On Wednesday.

State House, Boston, Mass.—Robert Small Backus was sworn into office as Representative in the General Court from Nantucket on Wednesday afternoon, at ten minutes past one o'clock. The oath was administered by Governor Hurley, in the presence of the council, all members standing during the procedure.

As Mr. Backus stood before the Governor, with right hand upraised, he swore to uphold the Constitutions of Massachusetts and the United States of America, and to serve as Representative to the best of his ability.



REPRESENTATIVE ROBERT S. BACKUS.

After the oath had been administered, Mr. Backus was introduced to each member of the Council.

Governor Hurley, in his introductory remarks, emphasized that Mr. Backus was the nominee of both the Republican and Democratic parties.

Speaker Cahill, of the House, has assigned Representative Backus to seat No. 146, an aisle seat four rows from the rear. The new member of the Legislature took his seat for the first time when the august body convened at one-thirty, Thursday afternoon. Representative Backus will probably be placed on the Committee on Harbors and Public Lands.



ROBERT S. BACKUS
FOR REPRESENTATIVE

, FEBRUARY 19, 1938. N

Backus Wins Special Election By a Substantial Margin.

Robert Small Backus became one of the youngest men to be elected a Representative to the General Court from Nantucket, this week, when he won a special election for the position, defeating three other aspirants for the office.

The polls opened at 6:00 Tuesday morning and closed at 5:00 p. m. Voting was not at all brisk in the morning, there being only 300 ballots cast at 10:00 o'clock, but the majority of the voters came in during the afternoon and at closing time a total of 1248 votes had been cast. Of this number, 697 were men and 551 women.

The tellers began counting at five and did a swift job, being finished at ten minutes to six o'clock. Town Clerk Eordyce then announced the result as follows:

| | |
|--------------------|-----|
| Robert S. Backus | 641 |
| Reuben S. Glidden | 295 |
| Marcus L. Ramsdell | 155 |
| Arthur C. Hayden | 142 |
| Blanks | 15 |

On the whole, the special election may have been quiet during its regular proceedings, but it brought out a larger number of voters than those taking part in the primary two weeks ago, when 1179 went to the polling place to cast their ballots.

It also brought out a larger number of votes than during the annual town election of last year, when the total was 1162 votes. Considering the political gossip making the rounds this week, it is openly predicted that there will be a strong vote at the regular annual election next Monday.

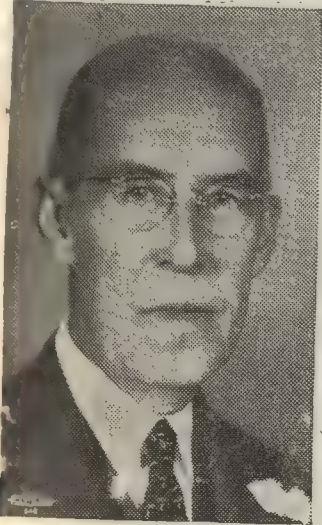
And They Are Elected!



LEVERETT SALTONSTALL
Governor



HORACE T. CAHILL
Lieut.-Governor



FREDERIC W. COOK
Secretary



WILLIAM E. HURLEY
Treasurer



CHARLES L. GIFFORD
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MARCH 19, 1938.

Midnight Fire Almost Totally Destroys Hollywood Farm.

"Hollywood Farm," the pleasant and most attractive home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred B. Maglathlin, on the Polpis road, was badly gutted by a fire which broke out shortly before midnight on Thursday evening.

The fire started in the north wing of the house, and had gained a good headway before the fire department was notified at 11 o'clock. A workman, who had been painting in the kitchen, reported that everything appeared to be all right when he left for town, in the late afternoon. It was evident, however, that the blaze probably smouldered for some time before it burst forth through the windows to reveal itself.

The fire-fighting apparatus responded quickly, but upon arriving at the scene were handicapped by the lack of an available water supply. After running a hose line into a near-by pond, the motor-pumper got in some fine work, squelching the blaze, which by this time had eaten through the ell and was working into the main portion of the house.

Unfortunately, the great start obtained by the blaze, and the delay in getting a water supply, enabled the flames to destroy the ell. The many spectators, who made the trip out from town, expressed the belief that the entire building was burning from the reflection in the sky, as they approached the scene along the road.

The cause of the blaze is not known, although one of the reasons advanced was defective wiring.

The smoke and water damage completed the ruination of the house proper. When the flames were finally subdued the place presented a sadly desolated appearance, with the ell roof collapsed; the charred wood, which had fallen into the main building, all over the floors and stairs; the plaster thoroughly soaked; the water seeping through the walls and over the floors; and the dank smell of wood smoke permeating every nook and cranny of the once most attractive dwelling.

Mr. and Mrs. Maglathlin, who have been spending the winter in Florida, are due to arrive this week-end. The sympathy of all is extended to them upon such a home-coming.

Entire Family Lost Forty Years Ago.

Forty years ago today (October 15, 1898) Thomas W. King, his wife and their two sons, Rufus and Worthington, were lost when the steamer Mohegan struck on the "Lizards" and sank with all on board. The King family had been on a visit to Engand and were returning to their home in Nantucket when the terrible disaster wiped out the entire family. Mr. King was a legal resident of Nantucket and had that year spent a large amount of money in fitting up and modernizing his home in "Seonset." He was very active in local affairs and was a leader in many undertakings for the welfare of the island.

"THREE HARBOURS" by F. Van Wyck Maso

REAL BARGAINS and VALUE RECEIVE
ABBOTT S. COFFIN COMPANY
SALES and RENTALS
Notary Public
20 Broad St.
Tel. 72

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VOL. 117. No. 20.

LOUIS COFFIN QUALITY STORE

Best Quality and Fair Prices Make Satisfied Customers

TAPESTRY NEEDLEPOINT with the design you fill in the background, prices \$

TAPESTRY YARN (moth proof) 25c

Hooked Rug PATTERNS 50c Hooked Chair

WORSTED SOCKS for Sportswear, plain colored combinations, misses sizes 8½ to 10½,

WORSTED MITTENS, Jacquard pattern

CHILDREN'S 3-piece SKI SUITS, jackets and Sizes 2 to 8 years \$5.98 set

CHILDREN'S WOOL SOCKS sizes 7 to 10



Designed and Built by Elmore Swain

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CONGOLDON
BUILDING

Residence

CARE
DURABLE

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Real Estate and Insurance

CONGDON & COLEMAN

Tel. 344

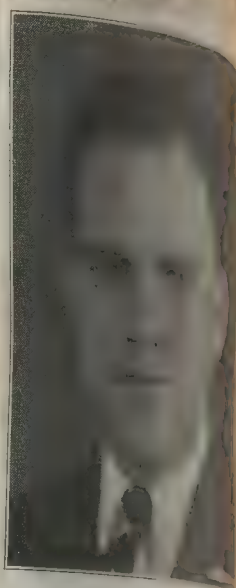
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ten minutes to six o'clock. Town Clerk Fordyce then announced the result as follows:

will be a strong vote at the regular annual election next Monday.



ROBERT S. BACK
FOR REPRESENTATIVE



CLINTON S. FOLGER AND HIS FAMOUS "OVERLAND" CAR.

The late "Clint" Folger is seen at the wheel. Elliot Whelden is seated alongside him. The sight was a familiar one twenty-five years ago.

Passing of Clinton S. Folger, The Automobiles' Pioneer.

The death of Clinton S. Folger on Friday week last removes another of the colorful figures of the older type of Nantucketer who linked the island scene of this day with that of an era which began in the two decades of the closing years of the last century. He was in his 78th year.

"Clint" Folger, as he was popularly known, was the man who waged a more or less single-handed fight of a minority of the citizens here who wanted to bring autos to the island.

It is generally believed that Mr. Folger was the first to bring autos here. This is not correct, for in 1900 Arthur H. Folger and his son, Dr. George A. Folger, brought the first "horseless carriage" to the island—a Stanley Steamer. In 1907, W. V. Birney, a 'Sconset summer resident, came down with a "buck-board" motor car, and Frank Tyler brought a Maxwell here the same year, causing a turbulent controversy to arise and resulting in an edict by the selectmen banishing the automobile from Nantucket.

In 1912, an "opening wedge" was begun when the town voted to buy a motor-chemical for fire protection purposes. The fight between "antis" and "pros" now began in earnest.

When Clinton S. Folger calmly announced he thought he'd buy a car, in 1913, many townspeople wondered. He was a livery man and most of these business men were opposed to the introduction of cars. But "Clint" went about making his statement a fact—and on Wednesday, Nov. 5, 1913, arrived on the steamer *Sankaty* with his now-famous Overland touring car—a five passenger.

The town was all agog. Mr. Folger had secured a government contract to carry mail to 'Sconset. The first thing he did was to drive to his livery stable, put two signs "U. S. Mail" on the

mail-bags. When he drove over the state highway to 'Sconset he also had Henry Paddock, president of the Pacific National Bank, as a passenger.

This was the opening gun of a fight that lasted five years. The selectmen immediately called a special meeting—and the citizens backed them up in enforcing the edict banning autos.

A hearing at the State House in Boston followed, and again the "no's" had it. At a special town meeting on June 18, 1914, the vote was 376 to 234 to accept an act of legislation excluding autos from Nantucket.

But "Clint" Folger was not discouraged. The town's law did not apply to the State highway—and so, he hitched a pair of horses to a dumpcart, put a tow-rope on the front axel of the Overland, dragged it as far as the first mile-stone, and then cast off and carried the mail over the road. This unusual spectacle was a common sight for some time.

The fight went on, with the "auto-ists" gaining steadily. On April 24, 1918, Gov. McCall signed a bill repealing the selectmen's edit and providing for a local referendum.

It was on the 15th of May, 1918, that the town voted to allow automobiles to operate here, the vote being 336 to 296, showing how strength was almost equally divided.

Mr. Folger turned his livery stable into a garage. He bought a bus and operated it as "Admiral Folger's bus," to distinguish it from a "Captain Folger's" line. For years he was a familiar figure at his South Beach street establishment, and he will be greatly missed by his many friends.

Throughout the past twenty-five years "Clint" Folger was always identified as the man who had most to do with the coming of the auto to Nantucket. But he never had much to say on that score himself; he would grin a little to be sure and, bringing his pizored cap own a little further over one eye, would invariably say: "Well, I had something to do with it."

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Nantucket Whalers' Discoveries Basis For U. S. Pacific Claims.

The long-smouldering issue of the sovereignty of islands in the South Pacific promises to break out soon in a diplomatic exchange with Great Britain along lines now being carefully determined by the State Department.

Recognizing the value of many of the small islands for airplane bases, an extensive and intensive study of the whole question has been in progress for more than a year by direction of Secretary Hull. Old records of American discoveries are being searched to ascertain whether priority can be established for the United States.

Whether the issue in its recent phase has been the subject of diplomatic exchanges between Great Britain and the United States officials would not say. Before the United States takes a positive position, however, the investigations may have to go farther.

For months geographic experts of the State and Navy Departments, acting under orders from the top, have been examining old records at Nantucket and other points along the Atlantic for documentary proof that American whalers were the discoverers of a number of islands in the South Pacific. Many of the islands have for years been claimed by Great Britain.

The islands under investigation are the numerous ones of the Phoenix, Gilbert, Ellice and other groups lying along the south of the Equator from the vicinity of the International Date line and extending toward Australia.

The claims of the United States to these Pacific Islands are based principally upon the discoveries of Nantucket whaling captains. A local historian presented the State Department with a list of some twenty-five of these discoveries, the result of a research that has taken place over a period of ten years. He believes that Nantucket should be credited with supplying the basis for this country's claims.

It was in the year 1818 that whale-ships poked their bluff bows into a region of the Pacific on the equator among the Caroline, Gilberts and Phoenix groups of islands, becoming the first whalers from any country, in this locality. From 1818 to 1828, these Nantucket navigators charted and named over twenty-five islands in this section of the Pacific alone.

In the Gilbert (or Kingsmill) group, Parker's island was discovered by Capt. William Plaskett in the "Independence", in 1828. Chase's, Lincoln's, Bird's and Dundas islands were discovered by Capt. George Barrett during the years 1821 and 1822. Starbuck, Loper and Tracy's islands were discovered by Capt. Elisha Folger in the "Equator", in 1824. Coffin's, Great Ganges and Little Ganges islands were discovered by Capt. Joshua Coffin in the "Ganges," in 1822. Tuck's, Worth's and Rambler islands were discovered by Capt. William Worth in the whaleship "Rambler", in 1824.

Howland Island (Worth's) and Baker's Island (New Nantucket), were discovered in 1821 by Capt. Elisha Folger in the "Equator". He also discovered Granger's Island in the Mariana group.

Maro or Allen's Reef was discovered by Joseph Allen in the whaleship "Maro", first whaler to enter Honolulu harbor and also the first to whale on the Japan grounds.

On July 21, 1827, Capt. Alexander Macy, in the ship "Peruvian", landed on an island not laid down on any charts in 8 degrees 52 minutes south latitude and 157 degrees 23 minutes west longitude.

Capt. Prince Mooers, in the ship "Spartan", discovered Mooers, and Spartan islands and Dangerous Reef, in 1825.

Reaper Island was discovered in 1828 by Capt. Benjamin Coffin, in the ship Reaper.

These, as well as other islands, were first laid down on charts by Nantucket whalers who sailed among them during the whaling season on the Kingsmill Grounds, as the region was called. These whalers were the only white men in these waters during the years 1818, 1819 and 1820.

In 1824 and 1825 two Nantucket whalers from the ship "Globe" lived two years in the Mulgrave islands of the Caroline Group. They made an accurate survey of the atolls and wrote a book on their adventures.

They were rescued in 1825 by the United States war vessel "Dolphin", first navy craft to fly the Stars and Stripes in these waters.

Queer People, The Mormons.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Queer people, the Mormons.

They tried to settle at Independence, Mo., and at Nauvoo, Ill., but they weren't wanted.

Under the leadership of Brigham Young, they made a perilous trek to Utah where, as everyone knew, nothing would grow, and they made the desert blossom.

It was a tenet of their faith, as well as a means of producing badly-needed man-power, to engage in plural marriages, and this created a national scandal, though the Mormon wives themselves were quite satisfied with the arrangement.

Nineteenth century America had no use for a people like the Mormons, who practiced the old virtues to a puritanical degree and duplicated the kind of human society created by the ancient Jews. Once more the Mormons are exhibiting queeriness.

Not one of them is on relief.

A year and a half ago, 84,460 Mormons were accepting handouts from Washington. One in every six.

The church leaders, invoking the spirit of Brigham Young, became alarmed. They felt that the dole was sapping the character of the people. They felt that the more prosperous members were losing the fine feeling of responsibility for the less fortunate ones that is a tradition of the church.

So, as a moral measure—to re-establish independence, industry, self-respect and thrift—they launched a great drive to provide work for the unemployed.

Jobs were found in private employment, a private public works program was instituted in which men were paid, not in money, but in kind. The old tithing plan was put into effect, by which each farmer placed a share of his produce in the "Bishop's storehouse" for the needs of the poor.

In a year, every one of the 84,460 Mormons was off the relief rolls. America needs more such queer people.

Wreck of Steamer "Canonbury" 50 Years Ago This Week.

Monday, March 28th, will mark the 50th anniversary of the wreck of the English iron steamship *Canonbury*, which was lost off the southeast shore of the island following her stranding.

The *Canonbury*, under command of Captain Mitchell, was a steamer of 17 tons, burthen, and was bound from Matanzas, Cuba, to Boston, with a full cargo of sugar. She approached this coast following a succession of heavy storms, when the surf was running high on the shore, and unfortunately ran into fog soon after taking her last observation off Hatteras.

At 2:30 in the afternoon on the 28th of March, 1888, the steamer struck heavily inside the Old Man Shoal—about five miles off-shore. It was not until two hours later, when a rift in the fog gave the crew a chance to look about them, that Nantucket was sighted to the northwest.

About 5 o'clock that night, Surfman Gardner of the Surfside Lifesaving station, drove rapidly down Main street to Smith's livery stable, where he informed those in the vicinity that a large steamer had stranded on the Old Man, and her crew had taken to their boats.

Under Captain Veeder, of the Surfside crew, a boat was launched and rowed out to intercept the boats containing the shipwrecked mariners—taking a few of the sailors into their boat and then landing through the surf just to the east of the station.

Meantime, help had arrived from town, and Captain Veeder launched the large lifeboat. It was a difficult feat for the surf was very high and the west-running tide was increasing the height of the seas. Darkness was coming on and, in the fog, the chances of rescuing the men were becoming jeopardized.

But Captain Veeder was a man of skill and nerve, and his crew was made up of experienced men. He took aboard the remainder of the shipwrecked men and, by expert work at the steering oar, brought his big lifeboat through the breakers without mishap.

One or two of the men, however, jumped as the boat struck the beach, and, but for the prompt work of the Nantucketers, would have been swept into the surf.

The men were taken to the station and well cared for, but one of their number, a Robert Williams, of Wales, who had been ill, did not survive the experience, the exposure taking its toll, and he died about midnight.

The mariners were placed in strict quarantine by the local physicians until all had been carefully examined for any communicable disease.

The *Canonbury* subsequently was worked loose from the Old Man by the tide and wind and drifted a half-mile to the south end of Pochick Rip. Here, a short distance from the shore, she sunk only her smokestack, her masts, and portions of her taffrail being out of water.

Although attempts were made to raise the *Canonbury* none of them was successful and she remained for many years the object of considerable interest, especially during the summer months, when 'Sconset's summer population kept a close check on the process of the breaking up of the wreck.

Funeral Services For The Late O. D. Ingall Held in Pasadena.

From the Pasadena Star News.

Funeral services were held last Saturday at 4 p. m. at the C. F. Lamb Funeral Home for O. D. Ingall, 53, of 1500 Morada Place, who died Thursday afternoon of a heart ailment which steadily had been growing worse since the night of the recent flood when he had to be carried to safety from his threatened residence on a stretcher.

Removed to the Mendocino street home of his friend, Dr. Richard A. Schaub, he remained there until the storm had subsided, but upon being returned home he failed to rally and death came at 4 p. m.

Mr. Ingall, who was vice-president and treasurer of the Island Service Company at Nantucket, Mass., his summer home for the past 16 years, had been ailing for the past six months, but his genial disposition and uncomplaining nature resulted in few people being aware of the seriousness of his condition.

Members of the Pasadena Knights of the Round Table of which he recently was re-elected a director, particularly were shocked by his passing.

It was only last April that fellow members were extending congratulations to him upon his marriage to Mrs. Adeline Bowers and shortly afterwards he and his bride and daughter by a former marriage, Florence, left for Nantucket for the summer. He attended club luncheons until just recently and always was in the best of spirits.



THE LATE OSWALD DREW INGALL

Mr. Ingall was born in Saulte Sainte Marie, Canada, Province of Québec on September 10, 1884. He had been coming to Pasadena for the past six winters and decided to make Altadena his permanent home, selecting the location that narrowly escaped serious damage by the recent flood waters.

Before going to Nantucket Mr. Ingall worked for the Forest Service, traveling principally through the South.

He had been connected with the United States Department of Agriculture, the British Columbia Forest Service and the United States Bureau of Entomology. He was a 33rd degree Mason and a member of Union Lodge, F. & A. M., in Nantucket.

A member of the Class of 1907 at Cornell University, Mr. Ingall was affiliated with the Bandhu fraternity, which in later years acquired a national affiliation. He also attended the Forest School at Yale in 1909 and was a great lover of the outdoors. He was active in local Boy Scout work, having been connected with Troop 20 at the First Congregational Church and the Mexican troop at the Pasadena Settlement.

Surviving Mr. Ingall are his widow, Mrs. Adeline Bowers Ingall; his daughter, Florence, 18; his son, William, 20; a stepson, Herman E. Bowers of Canton, O.; an aunt, Mrs. Henry Lang, of Pasadena; and his father, E. D. Ingall, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.

Cremation followed the service, and the ashes were placed in Forest Lawn Memorial Park.

NING, MARCH 19, 1938.

Death of Oswald Drew Ingall In His California Home.

Oswald Drew Ingall, prominent as a business man and resident in Nantucket for many years, but who had been spending his winters in California the past few years, died in Pasadena on Thursday afternoon, March 17, following a heart attack.

Word of his passing reached Nantucket Thursday evening, and it was a great shock to the community, for Mr. Ingall was always a deeply interested islander and strongly attached to Nantucket. Through his management of the Island Service Company for many years, he was identified with the forward progress of the island's business interests in many ways. Retiring from the active managing position he maintained posts of vice president and treasurer until his death.

Mr. Ingall was born in Sault Sainte Marie, Canada, on September 10, 1884. He was educated in the schools of Ottawa until he was 15 years of age. In December, 1899, he moved to Montclair, N. J., to live with his aunt, Mrs. Henry Lang.

He graduated from the Montclair High School in 1903, and from Cornell University in 1907. He took a Master's Degree in Forestry from Yale in 1909, and for several years thereafter did considerable work in the U. S. Forest Service, the British Columbia Forest Service, and in the Gypsy Moth Laboratory in Melrose Highlands, Mass. For a time he farmed in Norton, Mass.

In October, 1915, he married Elizabeth Hoyt Church, whom he had met in college, the marriage taking place in Kingston, Pa.

When Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lang purchased the Old South Wharf and adjoining property in 1917, and subsequently launched the fine organization known as the Island Service Company, Mr. Ingall came to Nantucket, arriving in February of that year.

He became manager of the Island Service Company soon after its organization, and took up his residence here permanently until 1932. In June of that year, Mrs. Ingall passed away.

On March 30, 1937, Mr. Ingall was married to Mrs. Adeline E. Bowers, of Canton, Ohio, the wedding taking place at the home of Mr. Ingall's aunt, Mrs. Henry Lang, in Pasadena. Although he resided principally in California, he still retained his property on North Liberty street and his cottage at "Top Gale" in Shimmo.

Besides his widow, the deceased is survived by two children by his first wife. His son, William E. Ingall, was born here in November, 1917, and his daughter, Florence E. Ingall, was born on the island in July, 1918.

Possessed of a keen sense of the harmony between nature and man, which came from his ingrained love of the out-of-doors and his training as an expert in his field, Mr. Ingall was always endeavoring to preserve those insular features of Nantucket which can be so easily destroyed.

His place among those who worked so faithfully for the welfare of this island will be missed. Friend, business associate and acquaintance will mourn his passing as a genuine community loss.



THE LATE SIDNEY MITCHELL.

Mitchell Made \$1,000,000 Gifts To Four Island Institutions.

The will of the late Sidney Mitchell, filed this week at Weehawken, N. J., his legal residence, revealed in a startling way his unswerving devotion to Nantucket and her institutions.

Sums of \$100,000.00 each were left to the Unitarian Church, the Nantucket Cottage Hospital, the Old Peoples' Home and the Coffin School—a total of \$400,000.00

Sums of \$50,000.00 each were left to the Nantucket Historical Association and the Nantucket Atheneum Library.

The bequests are all left in trust.

Personal bequests include Herbert L. Coffin, Fred V. Fuller, Marion L. Ramsell, and Mrs. Helen L. Wyeth—\$1,000.00 each. Mrs. Marie K. Swayze will receive a bequest of \$2,000.00.

The remainder of the estate was bequeathed to his brother, Leeds Mitchell, and to his sister, Mrs. Helen Mitchell Todd, with numerous other bequests to relatives.

"Mr. Great-Heart."

"He of whom we are about to speak is one that hath not his fellow."—John Bunyan.

It is sad news that comes over the wires from Nantucket. We both felt that a strong, protecting wall had suddenly crumbled and let our defenses down against the enemy. Nantucket is very deep in the hearts of all Mr. Great-Heart's friends and for them he symbolized Nantucket.

How he loved the island! Every summer he would journey from New York to Nantucket; back and forth, week in and week out, year in and year out, for a whole faithful life-time through. No wonder he became an institution to every one on the Fall River, New Bedford and Nantucket steamers. Every porter, sailor, pilot and stevedore knew Sidney Mitchell and sometime or another felt his generosity. He became a part of their lives as he did all of us.

I shall miss the warm feeling of pleasure it always gave me when, after a day's sail, I rowed in from my moorings and saw the ensign blowing from the staff over his hospitable boathouse to tell that "Sid's here!" We'd shoot alongside the ancient *Mneemoosha*, tie up as we received a royal shout of welcome. I shall miss seeing the light in the window of his boathouse as I used to see it when I turned in, in my cabin on old North Wharf. It was particularly comforting to see it burning brightly at the end of the pier on the nights of the big north-easters.

I shall miss his laughter most of all as he roared at all our foibles. Human beings and their funny antics kept him constantly amused, and he laughed at himself the loudest!

I shall miss seeing him play the genial host to Nantucket's children, serving them ice cream and cakes, with a large cigar in his mouth and a happy twinkle in his eyes. I shall miss the rakish set of his old yachting cap, as he walked up old North Wharf, stopping to "gam" with the Wharf Rats along the way. I shall miss his wise advice, his strength of decision in big affairs, and the generous ring in his voice when one went to him in times of stress.

Never mind what the charity, down would go his hand into his large pocket, as the poor of the Island may well testify. How many old shut-in men and women knew the tenderness of his protecting hand through the years!

It doesn't take much imagination to realize the welcome he is getting on the other side by the Great Company. There will be the sound of joyous laughter if I'm not mistaken. How surprised he will be to find himself their honored guest.

Well, it is for us, his life-long friends who are left behind, to tighten our belts and close up the ranks and keep stoutly on. We may thank God we have memories to give us strength, and the memory of Sidney Mitchell of Nantucket Island is among the dearest of our lives.

—Austin Strong.

Burlingame, Cal., Feb. 28.

Sidney Mitchell, one of the best known among those residents of Nan-

This is a scan of a blank page from a document. The paper has a light cream or off-white color. There are some very faint, sparse dark specks scattered across the surface, which appear to be dust or minor imperfections in the paper or the scanning process. A thin black border is visible along the top and left edges of the page.

... ..

stitute and appoint my beloved brother, Leeds Mitchell, and my friend and counsel, William S. Stuhler, trustees of the property and assets belonging to said trust estate, with the same rights, privileges and duties as had as trustee thereof, said substituted trustees to serve without bond. Forty-seventh: I hereby nominate, constitute and appoint my beloved brother, Leeds Mitchell, and my friend and counsel, William S. Stuhler, executors and trustees of this, my last will and testament, and I direct that no bonds be required of them as such executors and trustees as aforesaid, saving to them, or the survivor of them, full power and authority at any and all times to sell any and all my estate, moveables and immoveables.

THE LATE SIDNEY MITCHELL

trustees hereinafter named, their survivor or survivors, or their successor or successors, the sum of Fifty Thousand Dollars (\$50,000.00), in trust, nevertheless, to invest and reinvest the same, and to pay over the net income arising therefrom to the Nantucket Historical Society of the Town of Nantucket, County of Nantucket, and State of Massachusetts, until all the trusts created from my residuary estate, as hereinafter set forth, shall have been fully executed in accordance with the terms thereof, at which time I direct my said executors and trustees

Ninth: I give and bequeath unto Joseph Schutt, Traffic Manager of the United Paperboard Company the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Tenth: I give and bequeath unto David H. Riemer, Purchasing Agent of the United Paperboard Company, the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Eleventh: I give and bequeath unto Max Zimmerman, Superintendent of Mills of the United Paperboard Company the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Twelfth: I give and bequeath unto Harry B. Jones, Superintendent of the Thomson Mill of the United Paperboard Company, the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

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THE LATE SIDNEY MITCHELL

publish and declare the following to be my last will and testament.

First: I hereby revoke all wills and codicils heretofore made by me.

Second: I direct that all my just debts and funeral expenses be paid as soon as may be reasonable after my decease.

Third: I direct my executors hereinafter named to provide for the perpetual care of my cemetery plot in Prospect Hill Cemetery, Nantucket, Massachusetts.

Fourth: I give and bequeath unto each of the employees in the New York office of the United Paperboard Company, who, at the time of my death, have been in the continuous service of the company for five (5) years or more, the sum of One Hundred Dollars (\$100.00) each, excepting, however, those employees to whom specific bequests are made in other paragraphs of this will.

Fifth: I give and bequeath unto Margaret Bechtold, Secretary of the United Paperboard Company, the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Sixth: I give and bequeath unto Charles E. Daniel, Treasurer of the United Paperboard Company, the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Seventh: I give and bequeath unto Harold R. Krause, Assistant Treasurer of United Paperboard Company, the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Eighth: I give and bequeath unto Charles J. Scriven, Assistant Secretary of the United Paperboard Company the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Sidney Mitchell's Will a Long And Complex Document.

The will of the late Sidney Mitchell, filed at the Surrogate Court in Hudson County, N. J., on April 20th last, was filed in the Probate Court at Nantucket Friday last, (July 1st) by Miss Grace Henry, local attorney representing the estate. It contains forty-seven, different items, a number of which are of great interest to Nantucketers as Mr. Mitchell left half a million dollars in trust to several island institutions, as well as other sums to local residents.

The Unitarian Church, the Coffin School, the Old People's Home and the Nantucket Hospital received \$100,000 in trust, and the Nantucket Athenaeum and Historical Association received a trust fund of \$50,000 each.

Herbert H. Coffin, Fred V. Fuller, Marcus L. Ramsdell and Helen Wyeth received \$1,000 each and Mrs. Marie K. Swayze \$2,000 by Mr. Mitchell.

The complete text of the will provides a lengthy document, but it is of such interest that it is printed herewith in its entirety.

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN!

I, Sidney Mitchell, of the Township of Weehawken, in the County of Hudson and State of New Jersey, being of sound and disposing mind, memory and understanding, do hereby make, publish and declare the following to be my last will and testament.

First: I hereby revoke all wills and codicils heretofore made by me.

Second: I direct that all my just debts and funeral expenses be paid as soon as may be reasonable after my decease.

Third: I direct my executors hereinafter named to provide for the perpetual care of my cemetery plot in Prospect Hill Cemetery, Nantucket, Massachusetts.

Fourth: I give and bequeath unto each of the employees in the New York office of the United Paperboard Company, who, at the time of my death, have been in the continuous service of the company for five (5) years or more, the sum of One Hundred Dollars (\$100.00) each, excepting, however, those employees to whom specific bequests are made in other paragraphs of this will.

Fifth: I give and bequeath unto Margaret Bechtold, Secretary of the United Paperboard Company, the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Sixth: I give and bequeath unto Charles E. Daniel, Treasurer of the United Paperboard Company, the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Seventh: I give and bequeath unto Harold R. Krause, Assistant Treasurer United Paperboard Company, the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Eighth: I give and bequeath unto Charles T. Scriven, Assistant Secretary of the United Paperboard Company the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Ninth: I give and bequeath unto Joseph Schatt, Traffic Manager of the United Paperboard Company the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Tenth: I give and bequeath unto David H. Riener, Purchasing Agent of the United Paperboard Company, the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Eleventh: I give and bequeath unto Max Zimmerman, Superintendent of Mills of the United Paperboard Company the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Twelfth: I give and bequeath unto Harry B. Jones, Superintendent of the Thomson Mill of the United Paperboard Company, the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Thirteenth: I give and bequeath unto Harry S. Cutler, Superintendent of the Urbana Mill of the United Paperboard Company, the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Fourteenth: I give and bequeath unto Carl Tanner, Superintendent of the Thompson Box Company, the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Fifteenth: I give and bequeath unto Herbert L. Coffin, of Nantucket, Massachusetts, as a token of my esteem and affection, the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Sixteenth: I give and bequeath unto Fred V. Fuller, of Nantucket, Massachusetts, as a token of my esteem and affection, the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Seventeenth: I give and bequeath unto Mrs. Marie K. Swayze, of Nantucket, Massachusetts, as a token of my esteem and affection, the sum of Two Thousand Dollars (\$2,000.00).

Eighteenth: I give and bequeath unto Marcus Ramsdell, of Nantucket, Massachusetts, as a token of my esteem and affection, the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Nineteenth: I give and bequeath unto Helen Wyeth, of Nantucket, Massachusetts, as a token of my esteem and affection, the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Twentieth: I give and bequeath unto my beloved sister, Helen Mitchell Todd, all my household furniture and silverware.

Twenty-first: I give and bequeath unto my beloved brother, Leeds Mitchell, the portraits of my grandfather and grandmother; the Army Discharge of Major Plunkett signed by George Washington, and all my jewelry and personal effects.

Twenty-second: I give and bequeath unto my beloved brother, Leeds Mitchell, the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Twenty-third: I give and bequeath unto my beloved sister, Helen Mitchell Todd, the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Twenty-fourth: I give and bequeath unto my beloved nephew, James Todd, Jr., the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Twenty-fifth: I give and bequeath unto my beloved nephew, Mitchell Todd, the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Twenty-sixth: I give and bequeath unto my beloved nephew, Leeds Mitchell, Jr., the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Twenty-seventh: I give and bequeath unto my beloved niece, Margaret Mitchell Wendell, the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Twenty-eighth: I give and bequeath unto my beloved grand-nephew, Mitchell Todd, Jr., the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Twenty-ninth: I give and bequeath unto my beloved grand-niece, Sidney Mitchell Todd, the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Thirtieth: I give and bequeath unto my beloved grand-niece, Elizabeth F. Todd, the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Thirty-first: I give and bequeath unto Doris Todd, wife of my nephew, Mitchell Todd, the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Thirty-second: I give and bequeath unto Elizabeth F. Todd, wife of my nephew, James Todd, Jr., the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Thirty-third: I give and bequeath unto Cristel Mitchell, wife of my brother, Leeds Mitchell, the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Thirty-fourth: I give, devise and bequeath unto my beloved sister, Helen Mitchell Todd, so long as she shall live, my houses known as street numbers 412 Easton avenue and 77 Main street, Nantucket, Massachusetts, and, upon her death, I give, devise and bequeath them to my executors and trustees hereinafter named, to have and to hold as part of my residuary estate.

Thirty-fifth: I give and bequeath unto my executors and trustees hereinafter named, their survivor or survivors, or their successor or successors, the sum of One Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$100,000.00), in trust, nevertheless, to invest and reinvest

WILL OF THE LATE SIDNEY MITCHELL

the same, and to pay over the net income arising therefrom to the Unitarian Church, of the Town of Nantucket, County of Nantucket, and State of Massachusetts, until all the trusts created from my residuary estate, as hereinafter set forth, shall have been fully executed in accordance with the terms thereof, at which time I direct my said executors and trustees to pay and turn over to said Unitarian Church the principal sum of One Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$100,000.00), or the cash, securities and investments which they may have set aside for the purpose of carrying out this trust, even though such cash, securities and investments may have a market value of less than One Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$100,000.00); unless said Unitarian Church of the Town of Nantucket shall disband or cease to function before the trusts which are to be created from my residuary estate have been fully executed and terminated, in which event the trust created in this paragraph shall immediately cease and terminate, and all the cash, securities and investments which my executors may have in their hands for the purpose of carrying out this trust shall be added to and become part of my residuary estate and be disposed of in accordance with the provisions affecting my residuary estate as hereinafter set forth.

Thirty-sixth: I give and bequeath unto my executors and trustees hereinafter named, their survivor or survivors, or their successor or successors, the sum of One Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$100,000.00), in trust, nevertheless, to invest and reinvest the same, and to pay over the net

income arising therefrom to the Coffin School, of the Town of Nantucket, County of Nantucket, and State of Massachusetts, until all the trusts created from my residuary estate, as hereinafter set forth, shall have been fully executed in accordance with the terms thereof, at which time I direct my said executors and trustees to pay and turn over to said Coffin School the principal sum of One Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$100,000.00), or the cash, securities and investments which they may have set aside for the purpose of carrying out this trust, even though such cash, securities and investments may have a market value of less than Fifty Thousand Dollars (\$50,000.00); unless said Nantucket Athenaeum of the Town of Nantucket shall disband or cease to function before the trusts which are to be created from my residuary estate have been fully executed and terminated, in which event the trust created in this paragraph shall immediately cease and terminate, and all the cash, securities and investments which my executors may have in their hands for the purpose of carrying out this trust shall be added to and become part of my residuary estate and be disposed of in accordance with the provisions affecting my residuary estate as hereinafter set forth.

Fortieth: In memory of my father, who was the first president of the Nantucket Historical Society, I give and bequeath unto my executors and

not limited by any rules of law regarding investments by executors and trustees;

5. And after the payment of the expenses hereinabove set forth

(a) To pay one-half of the net income to my beloved sister, Helen Mitchell Todd, so long as she shall live; and upon her death to pay one-quarter of the net income to my beloved nephew, James Todd, Jr., so long as he shall live, and to pay one-quarter of the net income to my beloved nephew, Mitchell Todd, so long as he shall live; and upon the death of the said Helen Mitchell Todd and James Todd, Jr., to pay one-eighth of the net income to my beloved grand niece, Sidney Todd, so long as she shall live, and one-eighth of said net income to my beloved grand niece, Elizabeth Todd, so long as she shall live; upon the death of the said Helen Mitchell Todd and James Todd, Jr., and Sidney Todd, to pay one-eighth of the net income to the children of Sidney Todd until they arrive at the age of twenty-one years, respectively, when I direct my executors and trustees to pay and turn over to said children, in equal shares, one-eighth of the principal of the trust estate created by this paragraph; and upon the death of the said Helen Mitchell Todd and James Todd, Jr., and my said grand-niece, Elizabeth Todd, to pay one-eighth of the net income to the children of said grandniece, Elizabeth Todd, until they arrive at the age of twenty-one years, respectively, when I direct my executors and trustees to pay and turn over to the children of my said Grandniece, Elizabeth Todd, in equal shares, one-eighth part of the



THE LATE SIDNEY MITCHELL

income arising therefrom to the Coffin School, of the Town of Nantucket, County of Nantucket, and State of Massachusetts, until all the trusts created from my residuary estate, as hereinafter set forth, shall have been fully executed in accordance with the terms thereof, at which time I direct my said executors and trustees to pay and turn over to said Coffin School the principal sum of One Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$100,000.00), or the cash, securities and investments which they may have set aside for the purpose of carrying out this trust, even though such cash, securities and investments may have a market value of less than One Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$100,000.00); unless said Coffin School, of the Town of Nantucket shall disband or cease to function before the trusts which are to be created from my residuary estate have been fully executed and terminated, in which event the trust created in this paragraph shall immediately cease and terminate, and all the cash, securities and investments which my executors may have in their hands for the purpose of carrying out this trust shall be added to and become part of my residuary estate and be disposed of in accordance with the provisions affecting my residuary estate as hereinafter set forth.

Thirty-seventh: I give and bequeath unto my executors and trustees hereinafter named, their survivor or survivors, or their successor or successors, the sum of One Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$100,000.00), in trust, nevertheless, to invest and reinvest the same, and to pay over the net income arising therefrom to the Old People's Home of the Town of Nantucket, County of Nantucket, and State of Massachusetts, until all the trusts created from my residuary estate, as hereinafter set forth, shall have been fully executed in accordance with the terms thereof, at which time I direct my said executors and trustees to pay and turn over to said Old People's Home the principal sum of One Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$100,000.00), or the cash, securities and investments which they may have set aside for the purpose of carrying out this trust, even though such cash, securities and investments may have a market value of less than One Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$100,000.00); unless said Old People's Home of the town of Nantucket shall disband or cease to function before the trusts which are to be created from my residuary estate have been fully executed and terminated, in which event the trust created in this paragraph shall immediately cease and terminate, and all the cash, securities and investments which my executors may have in their hands for the purpose of carrying out this trust shall be added to and become part of my residuary estate and be disposed of in accordance with the provisions affecting my residuary estate as hereinafter set forth.

Thirty-eighth: In memory of my mother, Helen Leeds Mitchell, I give and bequeath unto my executors and trustees hereinafter named, their survivor or survivors, or their successor or successors, the sum of One Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$100,000.00), in trust, nevertheless, to invest and reinvest the same, and to pay over the net income arising therefrom to Nantucket Cottage Hospital, of the Town of Nantucket, County of Nantucket, and State of Massachusetts, until all the trusts created from my residuary estate, as hereinafter set forth, shall have been fully executed in accordance with the terms thereof, at which time I direct my said executors and trustees to pay and turn over to said Nantucket Cottage Hospital the principal sum of One Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$100,000.00), or the cash, securities and investments which they may have set aside for the purpose of carrying out this trust, even though such cash, securities and investments may have a market value of less than One Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$100,000.00); unless said Nantucket Cottage Hospital of the Town of Nantucket shall disband or cease to function before the trusts which are to be created from my residuary estate have been fully executed and terminated, in which event the trust created in this paragraph shall immediately cease and terminate, and all the cash, securities and investments which my executors may have in their hands for the purpose of carrying out this trust shall be added to and become part of my residuary estate and be disposed of in accordance with the provisions affecting my residuary estate as hereinafter set forth.

Thirty-ninth: I give and bequeath unto my executors and trustees hereinafter named, their survivor or sur-

trustees hereinafter named, their survivor or survivors, or their successor or successors, the sum of Fifty Thousand Dollars (\$50,000.00), in trust, nevertheless, to invest and reinvest the same, and to pay over the net income arising therefrom to the Nantucket Historical Society of the Town of Nantucket, County of Nantucket, and State of Massachusetts, until all the trusts created from my residuary estate, as hereinafter set forth, shall have been fully executed in accordance with the terms thereof, at which time I direct my said executors and trustees to pay and turn over to said Nantucket Historical Society the sum of Fifty Thousand Dollars (\$50,000.00), or the cash, securities and investments which they may have set aside for the purpose of carrying out this trust, even though such cash, securities and investments may have a market value of less than Fifty Thousand Dollars (\$50,000.00); unless said The Nantucket Historical Society of the Town of Nantucket shall disband or cease to function before the trusts which are to be created from my residuary estate have been fully executed and terminated, in which event the trust created in this paragraph shall immediately cease and terminate, and all the cash, securities and investments which my executors may have in their hands for the purpose of carrying out this trust shall be added to and become part of my residuary estate and be disposed of in accordance with the provisions affecting my residuary estate as hereinafter set forth.

Forty-first: I give and bequeath unto my executors and trustees hereinafter named, their survivor or survivors, or their successor or successors, the sum of Fifty Thousand Dollars (\$50,000.00), in trust, nevertheless, to invest and reinvest the same, and to pay over the net income arising therefrom to my beloved friend, Elizabeth Willis Morse, should she survive me, for and during her natural life, and on the death of said Elizabeth Willis Morse, the trust fund so set apart for her use and benefit is to revert to and become part of my residuary estate and be disposed of in the same manner as if this trust had not been created.

Forty-second: I give and bequeath unto my executors and trustees hereinafter named, their survivor or survivors, or their successor or successors, the sum of Fifty Thousand Dollars (\$50,000.00), to be held by them in trust, nevertheless, to invest and reinvest the same, and to pay the net income arising therefrom unto my beloved cousin, Dr. Clifford Mitchell, of the City of Chicago, County of Cook, and State of Illinois, should he survive me, for and during his natural life, and, on the death of the said Dr. Clifford Mitchell, the trust fund so set apart for his use and benefit is to revert to and become part of my residuary estate and be disposed of in the same manner as if this trust had not been created.

Forty-third: I give and bequeath unto my executors and trustees hereinafter named, their survivor or survivors, or their successor or successors, the sum of Fifty Thousand Dollars (\$50,000.00), to be held by them in trust, nevertheless, to invest and reinvest the same, and to pay over the net income arising therefrom unto my beloved cousin, Josephine Sibole, of the City of Buffalo, and State of New York, should she survive me, for and during her natural life, and, on the death of the said Josephine Sibole, the trust fund so set apart for her use and benefit is to revert to and become part of my residuary estate and be disposed of in the same manner as if this trust had not been created.

Forty-fourth: All the rest, residue and remainder of my property, both real and personal, whatsoever situate, I give, devise and bequeath unto my executors and trustees hereinafter named, in trust, for the following uses and purposes:

1. To collect and receive all interest, income, dividends and profits derived therefrom;

2. To pay all charges and expenses incurred in connection with the management and maintenance thereof;

3. To continue to hold or sell any and all the assets, either at public or private sale, at such times and upon such terms and conditions as they, in their opinion, deem advisable;

4. To invest and reinvest the proceeds derived from the sale of any assets in such investments as they from time to time deem advisable, without liability or responsibility for any loss or depreciation in value by reason of the making or retention of any investments, it being distinctly understood and agreed that they are

principal of the trust estate created by this paragraph; should either of my grandnieces, Sidney Todd and Elizabeth Todd, die without issue, then, upon the death of my sister, Helen Mitchell Todd, and my nephew, James Todd, Jr., the survivor shall receive one-quarter of the net income during her life; and upon the death of such surviving grandniece I direct my executors to pay and turn over one-quarter of the principal of the trust estate to the children of such surviving grandniece, in equal shares; should, however, both of my grandnieces, Sidney Todd and Elizabeth Todd, die without issue then surviving, then, after the death of Helen Mitchell Todd and James Todd, Jr., I direct my executors and trustees herein named to pay one-quarter of the principal of said trust estate to my nearest living blood relatives, in equal shares; and upon the death of Helen Mitchell Todd, and my nephew, Mitchell Todd, to pay one-quarter of the net income to my grandnephew, Mitchell Todd, Jr., so long as he shall live, and upon his death and the death of Helen Mitchell Todd and Mitchell Todd, to pay one-quarter of the net income to my children, in equal shares, until they arrive at the age of twenty-one years, respectively, when I direct my executors and trustees to pay and turn over to said children of Mitchell Todd, Jr., in equal shares, one-quarter of the principal of the trust estate hereby created. Should, however, Mitchell Todd, Jr., die without issue surviving, then, after the death of Helen Leeds Mitchell and Mitchell Todd, I direct my executors and trustees herein named to pay one-quarter of the principal of said trust estate to my nearest living blood relatives, in equal shares.

(b) To pay the remaining one-half of the net income derived from this trust to my beloved brother, Leeds Mitchell, so long as he shall live, and upon his death to pay one-quarter of the net income to my beloved nephew, Leeds Mitchell, Jr., so long as he shall live, and one-quarter of the net income to my beloved niece, Margaret Mitchell Wendell, so long as she shall live; and upon the death of my brother, Leeds Mitchell, and Leeds Mitchell, Jr., to pay the net income from one-quarter of the trust estate to the children of my brother, Leeds Mitchell, Jr., in equal shares, until they reach the age of twenty-one years, respectively, when I direct my executors and trustees to pay one-quarter of the principal of the trust fund to them, in equal shares, and upon the death of my brother, Leeds Mitchell, and Margaret Mitchell Wendell, to pay one-quarter of the net income to the children of Margaret Mitchell Wendell in equal parts, until they arrive at the age of twenty-one years, respectively, when I direct my executors and trustees to pay one-quarter of the principal of this trust estate to said children, in equal parts. Should either Leeds Mitchell, Jr., or Margaret Mitchell Wendell die without issue surviving, then the survivor shall, upon the death of my brother, Leeds Mitchell, Jr., receive the net income from one-half of this trust estate so long as he or she shall live, and upon the death of such survivor, I direct my executors and trustees to pay one-half of the net income of this trust estate to the children of the survivor, in equal shares, until said children arrive at the age of twenty-one years, respectively, when I direct my executors and trustees to pay and turn over to said children one-half of the principal of this trust estate. Should both Leeds Mitchell, Jr., and Margaret Mitchell Wendell die without issue, then, after their deaths and the death of my brother, Leeds Mitchell, I direct my executors and trustees to pay one-half part of the principal of this trust estate to my nearest blood relatives, in equal shares.

Forty-fifth: With respect to the trust property and the trusts provided for in this will, and in disposing of the principal and income thereof, the duties, authority and discretion of my executors and trustees shall be as follows:

My trustees are authorized to hold the principal of the trusts in one or more consolidated funds in which separate trusts and shares shall have an undivided interest. Net income accrued on property at the time of transfer to my trustees shall be included in the trusts. Upon the termination of any estate, income accrued but not yet due and payable, after deducting any charges or advances against it, shall belong to the next estate. My trustees shall not, out of income, amortize premiums paid for trust securities nor make additions to income because of the purchase of securities at a discount.

I do give and grant unto my execu-

tors and trustees, full power and authority to mortgage, improve, lease, sell, exchange and grant option to purchase upon such terms as they may deem proper, any property, whether real or personal, of which I may die seized or possessed, and vest them with full power and authority to convert all or any part of my estate, upon such terms and at such times as they may deem proper. I further empower my executors and trustees to retain as a proper trust investment, whether authorized by law or not, any property of which I may be possessed at the time of my death, and in their sole and uncontrolled discretion to invest and reinvest trust funds in securities or property, including, but without limitation, common and preferred stocks, bonds, debentures, notes or other obligations, secured or unsecured as they in their absolute and uncontrolled discretion shall deem advisable, not limited to investments or securities of the character permitted for the investment of trust funds by law. I also authorize and empower my executors and trustees, in their sole and uncontrolled discretion, whenever they deem it to the best interests of my estate, to hold cash uninvested for such periods as they may deem to be advisable. My executors and trustees are further authorized to deposit any trust property with any protective or reorganization committee and to delegate discretionary power thereto, and to pay such part of the expenses and compensation of such committee as my executors and trustees deem proper; to vote upon any proposition or election at any meeting of security-holders, and to grant proxies, discretionary or otherwise, to vote at any such meeting; to pay all assessments, subscriptions and other sums of money which my executors and trustees may deem expedient for the protection of their interests as holders of any securities; to consent to, join in, or become party to the sale, lease, mortgage or other disposition of any property by, or the reorganization, consolidation, merger, dissolution, or other corporate action of any corporation, and to exchange the securities held by my executors and trustees for such securities as may be issued in connection therewith. My executors and trustees shall have authority to apportion extraordinary and stock dividends received and charges incurred between income and principal, which apportionment shall fully protect my executors and trustees with respect to any action taken or payments made in reliance thereon, and upon the division or distribution of the trusts or any one of any part thereof, to make division or distribution of property in kind, and for such purpose to determine the value thereof. Whenever I have given discretion to my executors and trustees, it is my intention that it shall be exercised by them as fully and absolutely as I could exercise it myself, if living, in respect to the matter in which such discretion is to be exercised.

Forty-sixth: Acting under the power and authority vested in me under the Trust Agreement, dated February 12, 1912, and signed by my mother, Helen Leeds Mitchell, wherein and whereby my said mother and I created the Helen Leeds Mitchell trust estate, I hereby nominate, constitute and appoint my beloved brother, Leeds Mitchell, and my friend and counsel, William S. Stuh, trustees of the property and assets belonging to said trust estate, with the same rights, privileges and duties as I had as trustee thereof, said substituted trustees to serve without bond.

Forty-seventh: I hereby nominate, constitute and appoint my beloved brother, Leeds Mitchell, and my friend and counsel, William S. Stuh, executors and trustees of this, my last will and testament, and I direct that no bonds be required of them as such executors and trustees as aforesaid, giving to them, or the survivor of them, full power and authority at any and all times to sell any and all my real estate, upon such terms and conditions as they deem fit and proper. And in the event that the trusts herein have not been fully executed and terminated at the time of the death of the survivor, then I give said survivor full power and authority to appoint, either during his lifetime, or by testamentary disposition, his successor or successors who shall succeed him as executors and trustees until the trusts herein created have been fully executed and the corpus of the trust estate has been fully distributed as herein set forth.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 19th day of February, in the year of our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-eight.

Sidney Mitchell (seal)

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the said testator, Sidney Mitchell, to be his last will and testament, in the presence of us, who, at his request, and in his presence, and in the presence of each others have hereunto subscribed our names as attesting witnesses:

James M. Sapp,
640 Mansfield Place,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Edward White,
1220 Hudson st.,
Hoboken, N. J.

Walter J. O'Toole,
12 Liberty Place,
Weehawken, N. J.

Mitchell Made \$1,000,000 Gifts
To Four Island Institutions.

The will of the late Sidney Mitchell, filed this week at Weehawken, N. J.,

publish and declare the following to be my last will and testament.
First: I hereby revoke all wills and codicils heretofore made by me.
Second: I direct that all my just debts and funeral expenses be paid as soon as may be reasonable after my decease.
Third: I direct my executors hereinafter named to provide for the perpetual care of my cemetery plot in Prospect Hill Cemetery, Nantucket, Massachusetts.

Fourth: I give and bequeath unto each of the employees in the New York office of the United Paperboard Company, who, at the time of my death, have been in the continuous service of the company for five (5) years or more, the sum of One Hundred Dollars (\$100.00) each, excepting, however, those employees to whom specific bequests are made in other paragraphs of this will.

Fifth: I give and bequeath unto Margaret Beethold, Secretary of the United Paperboard Company, the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Sixth: I give and bequeath unto Charles E. Daniel, Treasurer of the United Paperboard Company, the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Seventh: I give and bequeath unto Harold R. Krause, Assistant Treasurer of the United Paperboard Company, the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Eighth: I give and bequeath unto Charles F. Scriven, Assistant Secretary of the United Paperboard Company, the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Ninth: I give and bequeath unto Joseph Schatt, Traffic Manager of the United Paperboard Company, the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Tenth: I give and bequeath unto David H. Riemer, Purchasing Agent of the United Paperboard Company, the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Eleventh: I give and bequeath unto Max Zimmerman, Superintendent of Mills of the United Paperboard Company, the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Twelfth: I give and bequeath unto Harry B. Jones, Superintendent of the Thomson Mill of the United Paperboard Company, the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00).

Thirteenth: I give and bequeath



THE LATE SIDNEY MITCHELL

deem expedient for the protection of their interests as holders of any securities; to consent to, join in, or become party to the sale, lease, mortgage or other disposition of any property by, or the reorganization, consolidation, merger, dissolution or other corporate action of any corporation, and to exchange the securities held by my executors and trustees for such securities as may be issued in connection therewith. My executors and trustees shall have authority to apportion extraordinary and stock dividends received and charges incurred between income and principal, which apportionment shall fully protect my executors and trustees with respect to any action taken or payments made in reliance thereon, and upon the division or distribution of the trusts or any one of any part thereof, to make division or distribution of property in kind, and for such purpose to determine the value thereof. Whenever I have given discretion to my executors and trustees, it is my intention that it shall be exercised by them as fully and absolutely as I could exercise it myself, if living, in respect to the matter in which such discretion is to be exercised.

Forty-sixth: Acting under the power and authority vested in me under the Trust Agreement, dated February 12, 1912, and signed by my mother, Helen Leeds Mitchell, wherein and whereby my said mother and I created the Helen Leeds Mitchell trust estate, I hereby nominate, constitute and appoint my beloved brother, Leeds Mitchell, and my friend and counsel, William S. Stuhler, trustees of the property and assets belonging to said trust estate, with the same rights, privileges and duties as I had as trustee thereof, said substituted trustees to serve without bond.

Forty-seventh: I hereby nominate, constitute and appoint my beloved brother, Leeds Mitchell, and my friend and counsel, William S. Stuhler, executors and trustees of this, my last will and testament, and I direct that no bonds be required of them as such executors and trustees as aforesaid, giving to them, or the survivor of them, full power and authority at any and all times to sell any and all my real estate, upon such terms and conditions as they deem fit and proper. And in the event that the trusts here-

principal of the trust estate created by this paragraph; should either of my grandnieces, Sidney Todd and Elizabeth Todd, die without issue, then, upon the death of my sister, Helen Mitchell Todd, and my nephew, James Todd, Jr., the survivor shall receive one-quarter of the net income during her life; and upon the death of such surviving grandniece I direct my executors to pay and turn over one-quarter of the principal of the trust estate created by this paragraph to the children of such surviving grandniece, in equal shares; should, however, both of my grandnieces, Sidney Todd and Elizabeth Todd die without

trustees hereinafter named, their survivor or survivors, or their successors, the sum of Fifty Thousand Dollars (\$50,000.00), in trust, nevertheless, to invest and reinvest the same, and to pay over the net income arising therefrom to the Nantucket Historical Society of the Town of Nantucket, County of Nantucket, and State of Massachusetts, until all the trusts created from my residuary estate, as hereinafter set forth, shall have been fully executed in accordance with the terms thereof, at which time I direct my said executors and trustees to pay and turn over to said Coffin School the principal sum of One Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$100,000.00), or the cash, securities and investments which they may have set aside for the purpose of carrying out this trust, even though such cash, securities and in-

income arising therefrom to the Coffin School, of the Town of Nantucket, County of Nantucket, and State of Massachusetts, until all the trusts created from my residuary estate, as hereinafter set forth, shall have been fully executed in accordance with the terms thereof, at which time I direct my said executors and trustees to pay and turn over to said Coffin School the principal sum of One Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$100,000.00), or the cash, securities and investments which they may have set aside for the purpose of carrying out this trust, even though such cash, securities and in-

Nantucket. suddenly my. Nantucket's friends

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The Passing of Sidney Mitchell A Distinct Loss to Nantucket.

Sidney Mitchell, one of the best known among those residents of Nantucket who spend many months here every year, and a descendant of one of the island's distinguished families, died on Friday week, Feb. 25, at the Flower Hospital, New York City. He had not been in good health for several years.

Word of his passing reached the island late Friday evening and the news spread rapidly, for the knowledge of his philanthropy here was well-known, while he had a wide circle of friends and acquaintances who were shocked and grieved to learn of his death.

Sidney Mitchell was born in Chicago in the year 1875, the eldest son of Dr. Joseph Sidney Mitchell and Helen Leeds Mitchell. His paternal grandfather, Joseph Mitchell, was a vice-president of the Pacific National Bank of Nantucket, a Representative to the General Court, and a cousin of Maria Mitchell, the famous woman astronomer. Among his island ancestors was Peter Folger, the grandfather of Benjamin Franklin. He was a member of the Mayflower Society through his descent from John Howland.

Following an attendance at the University of Chicago, Mr. Mitchell became a member of a brokerage concern in Chicago. A short time later he was admitted to partnership in the firm of Milmine, Bodman & Co., of Chicago, where he remained until 1906.

In was in this latter year that his genius as an organizer attracted national attention when he re-organized the United Box Board and Paper Company, soon becoming its president. This company, one of the largest manufacturers of heavy paper and pasteboards in the nation, occupied his first efforts, and he remained its chief executive until the time of his death. He was also president of the Leedsmere Corporation, N. Y., and of the Benton & Fairfield Railroad, of Maine. For a good many years he was a director of the Chicago Stock Exchange.

He was a member of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. His clubs included the Union League and New York Yacht Club, of New York; the Chicago Club and Saddle and Cycle Club of Chicago; the Pacific Club, the Nantucket Yacht Club, the Sankaty Head Golf Club, the Nantucket Historical Association, the Unitarian Church, the Coffin School Association, and the Wharf Rat Club of Nantucket. He was also a member of the Mayflower Society and the John Howland Pilgrim Society.

A resident of Nantucket for several months in every year since his first coming here as a boy, Mr. Mitchell held a never-ceasing interest for the island. His generosity was always a source of happiness in a great many ways and his benefactions here were many and varied. No one man ever contributed so much of material help to Nantucket as a community.

It is understood that, in his will, Mr. Mitchell has left several large sums in trust to a number of island institutions. The exact amount of the gifts will not be known until the will is filed.

His philanthropy was not restricted to organizations nor to groups. The number of individuals to whom he lent a helping hand will never be known, as they were numerous beyond common knowledge. During every drive for funds which was made by an island organization, his was a generous and large contribution.

Children always held a warm place in his heart. Twice a year—at Christmas and Hallowe'en—he donated large sums to be spent on community parties for the children, in memory of his mother who resided here during the last years of her life. He maintained this practice until his death.

Examples of his keen interest in everything pertaining to Nantucket recurred from time to time. For instance, when he learned that a hall was to be built here by a church, with the purpose for community benefit, his contribution was a deciding factor in the culmination of the plans. Of recent occurrence, also, was his gift for the renovation of the interior of the Unitarian Church. One of his gifts typical of his close following of island events was a donation of enough money to insure last year's senior class of the high school of its trip to Washington.

Mr. Mitchell was unmarried. He lived in Weehawken, in the State of New Jersey a good part of each year. Surviving are a brother, Leeds Mitchell, of Nantucket and Chicago, a former president of the Chicago Stock Exchange, and a sister, Helen Mitchell Todd.

Services were held at the Universal Funeral Chapel, 52nd street and Lexington avenue, New York city, Sunday at 3:00 p. m., and the body of the deceased was then placed aboard a special train to connect with the steamer for Nantucket.

At two o'clock, on Tuesday afternoon, funeral services were held at the Unitarian Church. The Rev. Harold L. Pickett conducted the services, pronouncing a most impressive eulogy.

In closing the service, Mr. Pickett spoke as follows:

Dear Friends:

It is written of old that "we shall be changed from glory to glory.... that this Mortal shall put on Immortality." We cannot help believing that the way of life and death and life to be is Divinely planned for us forever in the loving heart of our Heavenly Father.

We know that on this fair earth of land and sea, and islands rising from the sea, there is no long or sure abiding for the created soul. We children of men are dwelling in habitations that are of Time; and we soon go hence to unseen Realms where are the Many Mansions of God, resplendent in Life and Light and Love Eternal.

Yesterday afternoon, when all that was mortal of Sidney Mitchell came for a last resting place here, beside the graves of his parents and departed the kinfolk on Nantucket Island, for the first time at the moment of his arrival we heard no quick, thudding gun from the adjoining wharf; no gun of greeting and welcome and hearty gladness that he had come home again.

But in how many hearts of friends, and in those of near and dear companions, there is sounding nevertheless, an intimate and tender, if unheard, note—an affectionate note of "Hail, and Fare Thee Well!" for him who was so very much our friend; who was so deeply esteemed and happily regarded by the young and old who knew him, and have known his long and outstanding kindnesses through the years until now.

His life ran in deep places—deep waters of good will and of bounty—and he loved the people and the places and the institutions of his heart's own choice, both elsewhere and here on this island, with a living zest and constant passion.

In the world of affairs, he compassed success with acumen and a high-ordered ability. In the orbit of friendship he surpassed all averages of our human attainment. In the magical sphere of charity and beneficence he shone, and will shine, as few of his fellow mortals can hope to do.

In a word, his life was moulded upon lines of the large and liberal mind, with countless acts of hearty and heart-giving open-handedness. In death, the impress thereof will encompass no eclipse down the on-going years and in the generations that are to be.

, SEPTEMBER 10, 1938.

Get-together Supper With Retiring Pastor.

About one hundred of the business men and associates of the Rev. Fred D. Bennett gathered in Bennett Hall, Thursday evening, for an informal get-together with the young pastor before he leaves for his new post in Boston. The affair was almost impromptu, but it brought together men of all denominations, including many of the young men who had enjoyed and benefited by association with Mr. Bennett ever since he took up his pastorate in Nantucket nearly three years ago.

George Haddon was prime mover of the affair and "Red" acted as master of ceremonies. A very gratifying supper was served by the young ladies of the Congregational church, preceded by an invocation by the Rev. Barrett P. Tyler, rector of the Episcopal church.

After the repast some very interesting moving pictures were shown by Samuel Crocker, a well-known summer resident at Beachside, the final reel of which was of especial interest to all, as it was a complete picture (in colors) of the parade on the Fourth of July.

Every person in the hall thoroughly enjoyed the pictures and there was warm appreciation of the local reel, which was one of the finest examples of moving pictures in colors that has ever been shown here. Mr. Crocker received hearty applause from the gathering at the close.

Wallace Strout sang a couple of solos, which, as always, were warmly applauded. Herbert Brownell played the piano during the evening with a series of lively tunes which kept feet moving.

Mr. Haddon called upon Rev. Mr. Bennett for a few words, and the latter responded pleasantly, stating that memories of his three years on Nantucket would always linger as high spots in his career. He stated that the island and its people had won a warm place in his heart and that he would come back to the island at every opportunity to renew the friendships which he had made. After singing "Auld Lang Syne", the gathering dispersed, but a number of the men lingered for an hour or more in order to have a game of volley ball.

It was a very interesting and enjoyable affair, and the Rev. Mr. Bennett's departure from Nantucket will be a distinct loss to the community.

DIED

Nantucket Institutions Benefit Under Mitchell Will.

The munificent gifts and bequests made by the late Sidney Mitchell under his will, which was filed last week in New Jersey, have been the talk of the town ever since they have been made public.

While it was commonly known that Mr. Mitchell was a great lover of this island home of his ancestors, no one dreamed he was to show his unswerving devotion in such a material way.

Through Mr. Mitchell's deep interest and far-reaching practicability, six of Nantucket's deserving institutions will now be able to carry along more surely the work which they are doing in this community.

The Unitarian Church is to receive a trust fund of \$100,000. This church, more properly the Second Congregational Meeting House, was erected in 1809, with the steeple added a few years later. Since 1823, when the first town clock was installed in its belfry, it has served the community in a public as well as a sectarian way. The interior of the church was renovated and re-decorated last year through a fund donated by Mr. Mitchell. It was from this edifice that funeral services were conducted and the body of Mr. Mitchell lay in state. The present pastor is Rev. Harold L. Pickett.

The Nantucket Cottage Hospital is to receive \$100,000 in trust under the provisions of the will. This institution, filling a much-needed and important place in the community, is this year observing its twenty-fifth anniversary, having begun as a modest, one-building affair on West Chester street in 1913. This splendid gift will insure a new source of income for the Hospital, which is hard-pressed during the off-season to maintain its steady and so necessary work.

The Old People's Home—that fine mansion on Main street, which is so imbued with the spirit of the Quaker idea of caring for one's own in the best way known—is not old in years. But it is an institution which has its roots deep in island soil, and it must be a great satisfaction to President Fuller and his associates to know that the trust fund of \$100,000, under the Mitchell will, is to add a great assistance to the support of the Home.

The Coffin School is the fourth institution to receive \$100,000 from Mr. Mitchell. The fine old brick structure on Winter Street, familiar to all islanders and summer islanders, houses much more than the equipment for manual training and domestic science which are available to Nantucket boys and girls. Its walls contain many memories.

The brick building, built in 1851 to succeed the older Coffin School, which was established in 1827 by Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, has supplied an academic as well as manual training education here. Originally established by Admiral Coffin, of His Majesty's Royal Navy, as a memorial to Tristram Coffin, the ancestor of all the Coffins in America, it was first housed in a building which stood on Fair Street. There have been two periods when its doors have been closed by economic conditions, but it has continued on, principally through devoted friends, the most prominent of which was the late Miss Elizabeth R. Coffin.

One of the late Sidney Mitchell's collateral kinsmen was William Mitchell, father of Maria Mitchell, who was a brilliant scientist. He started his life's career as a teacher in Nantucket's early schools. No doubt, Mr. Mitchell had this fact in mind in his remembrance of the Coffin School.

The Nantucket Atheneum Library is to be the recipient of \$50,000 in trust under the Mitchell will. This deserving institution was established in 1834, when a few hundred volumes were collected by interested folk. In twelve years time its library—housed in what had been a Universalist Church—had increased greatly. Besides this collection, it had an exhibition of South Sea island weapons, shells, etc., brought back by the whalers, as well as old journals. The building and all of its contents were destroyed by the great fire of 1846.

But the calamity did not dismay the members of the society. On the ruins of the former structure rose the present building. A new collection of books was begun, with the result that today the Atheneum has one of the best libraries of any institution of similar size in a town comparable to Nantucket in population. Here, too, the record of a courageous endeavor certainly influenced Mr. Mitchell.

The Nantucket Historical Association is the sixth local institution to receive a trust fund—in this case the amount being the same as that received by the Atheneum—\$50,000. In a few more years the Historical Association will observe its golden anniversary. Only a few of the stalwarts who helped organize it—notably Miss Mary E. Starbuck—are still living on Nantucket. It must be most pleasant to this loyal band, and to President Congdon and his associates, to realize that the Association has received such a substantial sum. The Association provides a vital force in this community by preserving and perpetuating the glory of old Nantucket and its ideals—ideals which had so much to do with enabling Mr. Mitchell to decide how lasting benefits under his will would be distributed.

It is a noble and great thing to cover the blemishes, and to excuse the failings of a friend; to draw a curtain before his stains; and to display his perfections; to bury his weaknesses in silence, but to proclaim his virtues from the house-top.—Smith.

Go to friends for advice; to women for pity; to strangers for charity; to relatives for nothing.—Spanish Proverb.

Methodist Lecture Room Dedicated 35 Years Ago

It was thirty-five years ago last Sunday that the present lecture room in the Methodist church was dedicated with appropriate exercises. The Presiding Elder, Rev. W. L. Ward, came down from Fall River for the event, preaching a sermon from 1st Chronicles 29:5:

"The gold for things of gold, and the silver for things of silver, and for all manner of work to be made by the hands of artificers. And who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?"

The pastor, Rev. J. O. Rutter, made an introductory address, followed by a reading by Edward A. Lawrence and prayer by Rev. F. W. Manning of the Congregational Church.

Mrs. Marden and Mrs. Wood rendered a vocal duet, followed by a reading by Rev. J. E. Dinsmore of the Peoples Baptist Church.

After the service in the main auditorium the audience gathered in the new lecture room, which had been built across the front of the church edifice, where the trustees—Asa C. Jones, Oliver C. Hussey, Arthur A. Norcross and James H. Gibbs, 2d—advanced to the altar. Mr. Norcross made the formal dedication of the lecture room, after which the exercises closed with the singing of "Doxology."

The plans for the new room were drawn by Mr. Norcross and the room was built by Giffin and Manter.

, MARCH 26, 1938.



CUTTING UP THE THIRD "NAPOLEON WILLOW" IN 1918.

Twenty years ago this week, John Clarkson and Samuel Hadland were cutting up what was supposed to be the last of the three original "Napoleon Willows." But this did not prove to be the case, for a shoot from the stump commenced growing and today is still in existence, while another shoot began growing from the remains of the tree, after it had been dumped into the "fill" at Easy street, succumbing to a northeast gale only a few years ago.

The "Napoleon Willows" were originally three in number, and were brought back from the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena by Henry Clapp, on board the whaleship *Napoleon*, of this port, Captain William Plaskett, master. The ship sailed in September, 1838, and returned home in September, 1842, with a full cargo of oil. Henry Clapp planted the willow shoots, which he had carefully nurtured since leaving St. Helena, in front of his mother's home on Centre street. She was Mrs. David Mitchell by her second marriage.

The three young trees grew vigorously during the next half century. It was not until 1892 that the first was blown over by a gale. Six years later, in 1898, the second met a similar fate, but it was not until twenty years after that time (1918) that the last of the three originals came down.

Today, a wooden sign is placed near the little tree which is carrying on the tradition of its parent. It is hoped that no storm will kill it nor insects destroy it during the next four years, so that it may live to celebrate the centenary of the first planting of the "Napoleon Willows" in this spot.

NORWEGIAN BARK "MENTOR" FOUND ABANDONED



Forty-five years ago today (April 23, 1893) the Norwegian bark *Mentor* was found a derelict about ten miles south of Nantucket island and boarded by two boats' crews from Nantucket, who took charge of the vessel and took her into Vineyard Haven. The *Mentor* had a valuable cargo of sugar and had been abandoned by her crew when she struck on Old South Shoal. The men left her with all sails set and took refuge aboard the Great Round Shoal lightship. The bark soon afterwards floated off and the Nantucket men found her abandoned. Vessel and cargo were worth approximately \$73,000.

Superior Court in May And October.

Chief Justice Higgins, of the Superior Court of Massachusetts, has issued the order changing the sittings of the Superior Court for Nantucket County from "July and October" to "May and October".

This is something which has been urged for some years, as under the method which has existed there would be an interval of three months between the sittings of the court in one instance and an interval of nine months following.

Holding court in July has been very inconvenient for those called to jury duty, as it was right at the opening of the summer season and in "July Fourth week". The County Commissioners as well as the District Attorney have favored a change, but it was not until the matter was called to the attention of Chief Justice Higgins the desired result was obtained.

The next sitting of the Superior Court here will be on May 2d next, which will also be the time for naturalization. Clerk Folger has received the official notification of the change, so in the future the sittings will be on the first Tuesdays in May and in October.

Ballot Box Had an Occupant.

Watching the official inspection of the ballot box just before the primary opened last Tuesday morning brought to mind the memory of a similar inspection held a number of years ago, when the late Lauriston Bunker, town clerk, called upon the constables, moderator, tellers, and other attachés, to come forward and see that the ballot box was empty, in conformity with the statutes.

The box is locked in three separate places, with the same key opening each lock. After it is inspected and locked by the town clerk, the key is handed over to the constable in charge so that there may be no possibility of tampering with the box while the voting is in progress.

Upon the occasion we refer to, Town Clerk Bunker called out: "Please come forward and inspect the ballot box!" He inserted the key, turned down the little trap door and stood back for the officials to glance in. The late Chandler B. Gardner was presiding as constable, as we recall, and he was the first to peer into the inner recesses of the box.

"Tain't empty!" he ejaculated. "Not by a jug-full!"

"What do you mean?" responded the genial Town Clerk. "Of course it's empty."

"Tain't neither, I tell you!" insisted the Constable. "Look for yourself!"

Mr. Bunker looked and then he turned around. "What in h—'s been going on here?" he exclaimed. "That's a dirty trick!"

Everybody gathered around and peered into the box, judging from the Town Clerk's discomfiture that something was not exactly right. Comfortably reposing in the ballot box was a dead rat—one that had been dead several days, apparently.

We recall that the balloting was delayed a few minutes that morning, for a proper removal of the remains of the rat and while one of the constables hustled around in the effort to find some suitable disinfectant. But there was a lot of chuckling all day long. How the rat got into the ballot-box remained a mystery to Town Clerk Bunker as long as he lived, but the late Henry Riddell and one or two others always had a peculiar twirk about their mouths whenever anyone referred to the incident in after years.

PRESIDENT WILSON VISITED NANTUCKET TWENTY YEARS AGO



Do you recall the day in September, 1917, when President Wilson and his party visited Nantucket? You may be in the group pictured above, taken when the Presidential party landed on the Yacht Club pier. A lot of boys and girls, who were released from school that day in order to greet the President, may take pleasure in locating themselves in the gathering. President Wilson was accompanied by Mrs. Wilson and his daughter, Mrs. Francis B. Sayre. They were met at the landing by Mr. Justice Clarke, Dr. John S. Grouard, Henry Holding, Fredrik Fischer Meyer, George L. Carlisle and others, some of whom may be recognized in this picture. Hats and gowns of the ladies have change considerably since then, as you will notice by a glance at the picture. In fact, we doubt very much if such a thing as wearing "shorts" in public had been suggested at that time. Certainly no girl in shorts greeted President Wilson when he landed in 1917.



The group of Nantucket boys who lined up before The Inquirer and Mirror camera at Hyannis on the morning of Friday, October 5, 1917, a few minutes before they left on the early train for Camp Devens, to become a part of the United States Army. From left to right they are: Robert C. Nickerson, Maurice C. Killen, Irvin M. Wyer, George W. Cummings, Edgar Adams, Wallace Long, Lincoln Porte, Charles H. Vincent, William Main, George S. Furber, Byron Mooney, Franklin Webster, Karl Brockseiper.

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SHERIFF LARKIN



So pleased were his friends and the court attendants at the appearance of Sheriff Larkin in his official regalia that they finally prevailed upon him to pose before Boyer's camera, and we feel that the result will interest our readers, both local and on the mainland. Sheriff Larkin was warmly complimented by Judge Baker and District Attorney Crossley upon his appearance and the fact that he revives a custom which carries the dignity attached to the office of "High Sheriff" for Nantucket county.

OCTOBER 16, 1937.

Contest For Representative Forty Years Ago.

Forty years ago there was a close contest for the choice of Representative to the Legislature. The anti-seining agitation was keen at that period and the question of whether nets should, or should not, be used around Nantucket island was arousing considerable ill feeling among the fishermen.

The late David B. Andrews headed the anti-seining party at the November election and he won out by 10 votes over the late Rollin M. Allen, who was defeated for re-election as Representative. Andrews, who ran as an "independent citizen," had 262 votes, and Allen, who was the regular Republican nominee, had 252 votes.

Worst April Snow-Storm in 1917 When Roads Were Blocked.

Nantucket received its share of the snow-storm which swept across the country on Wednesday of this week. Snow commenced falling about 5.30 in the afternoon and continued to fall practically all night, with about 4 inches of snow on the ground Thursday morning. The concrete streets were left bare, however, the snow melting as it fell there. In sheltered places, however, it accumulated and fences and trees, as well as roof-tops, were well plastered at day-light. There was practically no wind during the storm and although the snow accumulated on telephone and electric wires, no damage resulted.

This April snow-storm (on the 6th) brought up arguments regarding other April snow-storms, and we find from the Weather Bureau records and from the files of *The Inquirer* and *Mirror* that there have been a number of similar storms within the recollection of the present generation.

On the 9th of April, 1917, the Weather Bureau recorded the worst April storm on record since the station was established in 1886. The temperature was low and the snow was accompanied by a high wind, causing considerable damage to telephone, telegraph and electric wires. Communication with the mainland by wire was broken, numerous poles were down and the wires snapped under the weight of the snow in many sections.

The out-of-town roads were blocked, and for twenty-four hours travel to Madaket and through Polpis was impossible. Large gangs of men were put at work breaking through the drifts, which piled up six feet high in some places.

The snow-storm of 1917 came on Monday and continued through Tuesday, with the streets covered with frozen snow and slush. Sleighs were brought out and the sport was enjoyed for nearly two days, when the weather suddenly grew warmer and the snow disappeared rapidly.

Considerable damage resulted along the water front, due to the high wind, and the schooner William P. Boggs and sloop Nena Rowland both dragged their anchors and were swept against Old North Wharf. The Weather Bureau recorded an extreme velocity of 62 miles an hour, with snow 11.6 inches deep.

In looking through his records at that time, Observer Grimes found that in 1887 there was a snow-fall of 4.8 inches on the 2nd of April; in 1911 there was 2.9 on the 9th; on the 20th of April the same year there was a severe storm, with sleet, snow and rain; and on the 3rd of April, 1915, a northeast blizzard prevailed, with an extreme wind velocity of 89 miles an hour, but with a mixture of sleet, snow and rain which did not accumulate to any extent. The latest April snow recorded was on the 27th in 1932—.02 of an inch. In view of the official records, it would seem as though there have been numerous April snow-storms before this one, the most severe of which was 21 years ago—on the 9th of April, 1917—when a record of 11.6 inches was established and the out-of-town roads were blocked by heavy drifts.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE STREET TAKEN A FEW YEARS LATER

Nantucket Remains Quaint and Peaceful Despite Motors.

Illustrated Article in the Christian Science Monitor, May 12th.

Where Goodman Thomas Macy fled from Massachusetts to escape persecution for sheltering Quakers and sailed by small boat with his family to Nantucket Island, he found friendly Indians aplenty and no stern Puritans. His island became a haven for those who dared to differ from the stern Massachusetts churchmen.

Such were our thoughts as our boat sailed into Nantucket harbor on May 18, 1918. Suddenly a commotion on the wharf quickly turned our attention to the present. On the dock, men were throwing their hats into the air and cheering lustily.

We had been touring the coast guard, naval and air stations along the Massachusetts coast and now were scheduled to impose our programs on sailor lads at Nantucket, who were spoilt by all kinds of entertainment. We knew we couldn't be objects of so much acclaim. It was quite embarrassing to descend the gangplank amid such applause and the cries of "Look, look!"

"Look at what?" we asked someone standing beside a two-seated carriage to which a span of bays was harnessed.

"That, strangers! That you see up there," pointing to a shining, black object on the boat, "is the first automobile to come to Nantucket!"

Thus we were honored by landing with the first imported automobile after the feud over whether "to be or not to be" had ended in favor of the car.

The salesman of that first auto was clever. Any Islander who wanted to ride in it had the chance. The dealer drove carefully so that horses would keep on drowsing by the curbstones, or else would amble along on four legs instead of dancing by on two. Yet that was the beginning of the end for Dobbin at Nantucket.

There is nothing in New England quite like this sandy, rocky island, which Daniel Webster called "the unknown city in the ocean", and which Macy and his friends bought from Thomas Mayhew for "thirty pounds and a beaver hat for both Mayhew and his wife."

Main street still has cobblestones, where shady elm trees that line it on both sides were planted in the middle of the nineteenth century by Charles and Henry Coffin, at the same time that descendants of Josiah Sturgis set

out the pine trees now seen on the Island. Once, Nantucket boasted of much timber, but the pioneers soon used it for building and heating their houses.

Nantucket has had its ups and downs, rising to affluence and then knowing poverty, but it boasts a Golden Age. That was when the whaling industry made its appearance. That was the day when a young lady would not condescend to marry a man until he commanded his own whaling ship, and when to be listed in Lloyds was of social significance.

Houses were built in the substantial Georgian style and remain so today—attractive doorways, fanlights and cornices which still delight visitors. Newcomers build Georgian, when it is impossible to buy an old house, although there is no need today for the "widow's walk" of whaling days.

On that first visit in 1918 we were ahead of tourists; and with the exception of the automobile salesman, were practically the only "off-islanders" during the week-end. We ate in dining rooms where Quakers once met and we looked as long as we wished at the homes of descendants of Coffins, Mayhews, Folgers and Gardners. We were even invited to enter some of them and also to enjoy the gardens which were still in the budding stage.

An island of contrast is Nantucket. Its quiet harbor suggests placid inhabitants—save when the first auto arrived. Drive eight miles across the moors of bayberry, heather and scrub

pinetrees and there is 'Sconset, where Neptune cuts up all the pranks he likes as he comes dashing against the cliffs from over yonder by Portugal. Schools for every kind of culture are located at 'Sconset, where there is a summer colony of artists and actors. One can venture to live naturally. Comfortable clothes, no style, and everyone meeting on terms of good fellowship, that's the order of the day at 'Sconset.

Nantucket always seemed to be in holiday attire on our later summer-time visits, with flags flying, pageants, processions and floats representing the good old days when the one big annual merrymaking was the sheep-shearing, and when even the Quakers unbent and enjoyed themselves.

The festival anciently was held near what is today known as Shearpen Hill. Fakirs came from the mainland along with jugglers and itinerant musicians to make the most of this one gala day. Long, well-laden tables were ready for the men, when they stopped work for the noonday meal.

Nantucket is not quite spoiled by automobiles, although the narrow streets and lanes were never designed for them. One step inside a gate and beyond into the garden and we are back in former days. Or go to 'Sconset and look eastward, where the indigo blue of the ocean blends with the paler shade of the sky, and then landward to the little cliff villages dotted along the coast, and the charm of old Nantucket is to be found again.

THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS., SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 17, 1937.

A HEAVY APRIL STORM OF TWENTY YEARS AGO ----- 11.6 INCHES OF SNOW



Twenty years ago this April Nantucket was swept by a heavy blizzard and the snowfall reached a depth of 11.6 inches. There was sleighing and coasting from the 10th to the 14th of the month. Telephone and electric light wires collapsed and the cables were out of commission for a time. The above view was taken from the south tower looking south and shows how Nantucket looked when buried under heavy April snow. The temperature held in the low 30's several days and streets and walks were frozen solid, making locomotion difficult for both man and beast. (There were no automobiles on the streets then).

April 14th 1917

The Country Newspaper.

(Reprinted from Minneapolis Journal)

It is said that a caller, thirty years ago, saw hanging on the wall of President Theodore Roosevelt's office a framed cartoon, picturing an old farmer sitting in his socks by the kitchen fire after the family had gone to bed, reading his newspaper by the light of a kerosene lamp. The President replied, to his visitor's inquiring glance, "That's the old boy I'm working for!"

The incident calls for no comment, save that we should remember that the paper that "old boy" read was a country weekly with a "patent inside" and several columns of "boiler plate", the remainder made up of local advertising, village and farm gossip, and the shrewd, informal, common sense comment of the rural editor on the affairs of the world.

The RFD carries the city papers to the farmhouse, the radio enables the remotest inhabitant to listen to the voice of the President himself. Yet the rural weekly plays an important part in the life of America, and the time was, not so long ago, when it was the most important link between the farmer and the world he lives in. Fifty years ago two-thirds of America lived on farms and in country villages. It was the rural vote that determined elections, and the rural intelligence that formed the backbone of our national life. The majority of the leaders of modern business and politics were born amid rural surroundings, and gained the rudiments of their education with a hoe and a brindle cow.

These reflections are occasioned by the recent death of one of the old-time country editors of southern Minnesota, the late Herbert C. Hotaling, of the Mapleton Enterprise. The Journal, after recounting his services to the state during a period of fifty years, said of him, "In personal character he was one of the finest men this generation has known."

The mind of the old timer goes back to other notable figures in the newspaper offices of other days, shrewd, far-sighted, thoughtful, kindly men, who brought to their daily tasks minds seasoned by much reading and thought. They called every one of their fellow citizens by his first name. They knew every boy in the neighborhood. Their news columns carried the everyday gossip of the countryside. They were in close contact with everyday life. Their judgments were based on first hand knowledge of their constituents, of the problems which men had to meet every day.

Who can measure the influence they exerted on the destiny of America, their value to the life of the world? Even today, in the midst of the noise and tumult of our busy life, there are multitudes of such men scattered throughout the country, in every state of the Union. In a busy world they have time to think. They keep their ears to the ground. They have not lost the sense of values which is bred of such contacts. The Dean of them all, William Allen White, though he is a citizen of no mean city, has never ceased to be a country newspaperman, and the whole world listens when he speaks.

One cannot measure his neighbors' worth

By the gash he makes in the face of the earth.

The world still has need of the counsel of these frank, simple, direct minds who are inspired by daily contact with the plain folk, and who can help us to keep our feet on the ground.

Nantucket Whalemens Explorers Discovered Pacific Islands.

The part Nantucket whalemens played in the discovery of Pacific Islands now claimed by this country is not so well known to the various radio commentators, who are now broadcasting the various phases of the diplomatic situation, as it should be.

Government agents, under the direction of a Mr. Boggs, were sent to Boston, Salem, New Bedford and New London to search through old records for information, but it was not until they came to Nantucket that they were able to obtain any definite basis for the contention that this country had a prior claim to the most strategic of certain islands in mid-Pacific.

Incidentally, the State and Navy department never took the trouble to acknowledge officially the aid given to them by a local historian in this matter. The fact is, the agents who came here found little or nothing, due to several pertinent reasons, until this local historian presented them with the results of his own research in this phase of island history.

Today, the average person thinks of the Pacific Ocean as containing but two or three principal groups of islands—the Hawaiian group, the Philippine, the Society and possibly the Fijis. When they think of single islands they recall Tahiti, Hawaii, Pitcairn, Guam, Samoa and Easter islands. While these are outstanding historical centers they are not, by any means, the geographically important of all the Pacific isles.

In the early days of deep-sea American whaling, the ships of Nantucket became the pioneers which opened up new whaling grounds in all parts of the watery globe. They were the first to go to the Greenland grounds, to the Brazil Banks, the Coast of Guinea, and the Falkland Islands. And in the early 1790's, it was a Nantucket ship, sailing out of Dunkirk, that first arrived home with a cargo of sperm oil obtained in the Pacific Ocean.

During the last years of the 18th centuries and the first years of the 19th, Nantucket ships sailed the "off-shore" grounds, a thousand miles off the coasts of Chile and Peru. Finding ships from other ports slowly following in their wake, the Nantucket shipmasters began to penetrate to the west and north, penetrating into unknown portions of the South Seas.

It was while sailing through groups of islands which were not laid down on the charts that these whaling captains began to make their own charts—proceeding to name many islands which they had discovered in the vast reaches of this ocean.

Many of them they named for the owner of the ship, some for the ship itself, and in other cases, with pardonable pride, named the island after themselves.

In 1818, several Nantucket whalemens poked their bluff bows into a region of the Pacific on the equator among the Caroline, the Gilbert and and Phoenix groups of islands, becoming the first whalers from any country, in this locality. From 1818 to 1828, these Nantucket navigators charted and named over twenty-five islands in this section of the Pacific alone.

In the Gilbert (or Kingsmill) group, Parker's island was discovered by Capt. William Plaskett in the "Independence", in 1828. Chase's, Lincoln's, Bird's and Dundas islands were discovered by Capt. George Barrett during the years 1821 and 1822. Starbuck, Loper and Tracy's islands were discovered by Capt. Elisha Folger in the "Equator", in 1824. Coffin's, Great Ganges and Little Ganges islands were discovered by Capt. Joshua Coffin in the "Ganges," in 1822. Tuck's, Worth's and Rambler islands were discovered by Capt. William Worth in the whaleship "Rambler", in 1824.

Howland Island (Worth's) and Baker's Island (New Nantucket), were discovered in 1821 by Capt. Elisha Folger in the "Equator". He also discovered Granger's Island in the Mariana group.

Maro or Allen's Reef was discovered by Joseph Allen in the whaleship "Maro", first whaler to enter Honolulu harbor and also the first to whale on the Japan grounds.

On July 21, 1827, Capt. Alexander Macy, in the ship "Peruvian", landed on an island not laid down on any charts in 8 degrees 52 minutes south latitude and 157 degrees 23 minutes west longitude.

Capt. Prince Mooers, in the ship *Spartan* discovered Mooers and Spartan islands and Danerous Reef. This was in the years 1825 and 1826.

Reaper Island was discovered in 1828 by Capt. Benjamin Coffin, in the ship *Reaper*.

These, as well as other islands, were first laid down on charts by Nantucket whalemens who sailed among them during the whaling season on the Kingsmill Grounds, as the region was called. These whalemens were the only white men in these waters during the years 1818, 1819 and 1820.

In 1824 and 1825 two Nantucket whalemens from the ship "Globe" lived two years in the Mulgrave islands of the Caroline Group. They made an accurate survey of the atolls and wrote a book on their adventures.

For three centuries the tremendous sweep of the Pacific had charmed the hearts of the navigators from five nations. It was common knowledge that Magellan had crossed its great breadth and that Drake had dared its storms in circumnavigating the world. The voyages of Mendano and Quiro are not so well known as those of Bougainville and Hervey, but they were all unimportant until the cruises of the redoubtable Cook took place. And yet even this great navigator did not touch in the groups that were used by the Nantucket whalemens as supply bases and watering places.

Three islands—Jarvis, Howland and Baker—were taken over by this government two years ago, by right of occupation and use. For a century Great Britain had claimed them, but apparently the United States sudden announcement of sovereignty in 1936 has not been disputed.

Sailing ever thus into unknown seas the Nantucket whaling masters became the maritime giants of their day. The whale they chased was the sperm—the greatest creature on land or in the sea and every time they lowered to engage him in mortal combat they took their lives in their hands.

They were forced to use the islands for provisions as they needed the fresh fruits and foods. They replenished water casks which were marked with rings of green from stagnant water. Voyages of years made scurvy a dreaded occurrence.

But, having dared uncharted seas, they were influenced with a determination which nothing could stop—not even the dangers of unknown, which have influenced seamen from the beginning of marine history.

Burned By Gasoline Explosion On His Boat.

Eugene Rezendes, aged twenty-four, of 65 Pleasant street, had a narrow escape from fatal injury by a gasoline explosion aboard his boat Monday evening as it was docked at the Island Service Company wharf. The explosion burned him severely about the face and arms and caused him to jump into the water, where he floundered about in a dazed condition until rescued by men from a near-by yacht.

The explosion and resulting fire occurred near the gasoline storage tanks on the wharf, and but for prompt action with the emergency fire-fighting equipment, would have endangered thousands of dollars worth of property. Richard Harradine, a gas station attendant, put out the blaze by spraying the boat with a new type of carbon-dioxide extinguisher.

Three men aboard the power cruiser "Esquire" of Boston pulled Rezendes from the water as he floated near their boat. The men were Frank E. Viano and Donnell Sullivan, of Cambridge, and Walter Bennett of Medford. Sullivan said that Rezendes was in a semi-conscious condition when pulled from the water.

Richard Harradine and Chester Faunce, attendants at the wharf gas station, heard the explosion and saw the boat burst into flames. Faunce phoned the fire department while Harradine ran to the craft with a fire extinguisher, putting out the blaze before firemen could arrive. The injured man was rushed to the hospital, where it was found he had second degree burns.

Rezendes' craft, a small scallop boat, was badly burned.

Peculiarities Long

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Peculiarities of The Eel Have Long Been Pondered.

From the time of Aristotle, people have pondered the genesis of the eel, says the United States Bureau of Fisheries.

Certain it is that the life history of the eel was shrouded in mystery for 2,000 years and solved only recently. Because no ripe roe ever has been found in these fish, it was believed they came into existence in some strange manner.

Aristotle declared that eels arose spontaneously from the mud, both in fresh water and in the sea, while others held their origin to be small worms or horsehair dipped in water. When the true acts were discovered by a Danish scientist during the period from 1905 to 1922, they were as remarkable as the ancient beliefs were fantastic. Eels are born in the warm Sargasso Sea, more than 1,000 miles from American shores. The young eel is ribbon-like and so transparent that print may be read through its body. In this stage it is called "leptocephalus," and in about a year it changes to a more eel-like form called an "elver".

During all this time the young eels have been working shoreward, and it is only when they near the coast that coloration begins to develop in the transparent bodies or that they begin to feed. Elvers from two to three and one-half inches in length appear along our shores in spring, entering tidal marshes and estuaries in tremendous numbers along the coast from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico. It is believed that the males remain in tidewater, while the females ascend the rivers, clambering over falls, up dams, and even over damp rocks if necessary. Eels can live out of water so long as to give rise to the story that they often travel overland, but there is no positive evidence for this.

Although a gluttonous feeder, the eel grows slowly, and full grown adults may be from five to twenty years old. When fully grown the female eels, traveling mostly at night, drop downstream. They and the maturing males that have been living in the river mouths cease feeding, change from an olive to a black color and move out to sea. Once they leave the shore the eels drop wholly out of sight. No one knows how deep they swim, whether singly or in companies. Only the discovery of newly hatched larvae over the deep parts of the oceanic basin, east of Florida and south of Bermuda, show where their destination lies. Evidently the eels die after this single spawning, for no spent eels have been found and no large eels ever run upstream again. On their spawning grounds, American eels mingle with the European species which have made the longer westward journey. In spite of the fact that the breeding grounds overlap, the larvae of the American species always work back to the west side of the Atlantic and the European to the eastern side.

The United States catch of eels was 1,606,000 pounds in 1934, for which the producers received \$124,000 according to the latest available statistical records of the Bureau of Fisheries. Of the eels caught, only 101,000 pounds were smoked with a value to the producers of \$27,140. This is one of our neglected fishery products.

The capture of the eel does not require expensive apparatus and boats. Eel fishing could very well become a good part time occupation, employing numbers of men if the prejudice of the consumer against the eel, on account of its snake-like shape, could be overcome by the delicate appetizing flavor of smoked eel. The eel is a favorite food product in Scandinavia, Germany and Holland, where the demand exceeds the supply.

Eels are caught in small wire traps known as pots, to which the eel is attracted by bait of stale fish. They also are caught by spears. This was (and is) a country boy's recreation in many parts of New England and the middle Atlantic states.—New York Herald Tribune.

Russia.

On toward Armageddon!
We are fighting for the horde—
We have told unto the masses
Things they never could afford
Would be theirs for just the grasping
So our bloody banner soared
Or a nation in rebellion
Where the fruits of wrath are stored.
On toward Armageddon!
By the terror of the sword—
A motley crowd of followers
We have with us on board—
Both pacifists and anarchists
Are with us in accord,
And they're ministers amongst us
Though we blaspheme the Lord!
On toward Armageddon!
How the devil he guffawed
As he watched us killing Christians
While the atheists applaud,
And the people in submission
Who were looking forward toward
A life of perfect freedom
Have found their "ox is gored"!

M. B. F.

Captain Coffin's Steamer Goes On Her Final Voyage.

From the Seattle Sunday Times.

After long service, the steamship *Tacoma*, pride of the Puget Sound routes for more than a quarter of a century ago, has been stripped of her passengers accommodations, engines and other equipment, and the steel hull will be cut into scrap metal.

Retired after long service, the old *Tacoma* was launched from the yards of the Seattle Construction & Dry Dock Company in 1913 as the queen of the Puget Sound fleet. A large crowd cheered as the vessel swept into the waters of the bay with her bow dripping champagne. The launching was a major event in the development of transportation facilities for the Sound.

Capt. Everett B. Coffin, now retired, was master of the *Tacoma* for many years. He took over command of the vessel shortly after she was built.

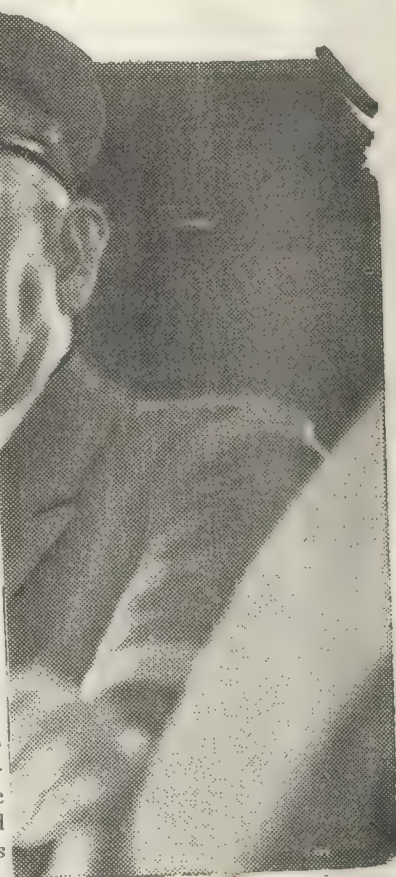
Born on Nantucket Island, Massachusetts, Capt. Coffin came from a seafaring family. His great-great-grandfather was Capt. Hezekiah Coffin, master of the ship *Beaver* of Boston Tea Party fame.

Capt. Coffin had a notable career as a seafarer. After sailing on a whaling voyage, he came to the Pacific coast in 1887 and became a deck hand on the famous old mill tug *Cyrus Walker*. He was employed as watchman in the pioneer steamships *Eliza Anderson* and *Edith* and then became mate of the *George E. Starr* and the *Idaho*, which made Puget Sound shipping history. In 1892, he became master of the *Idaho*.

After a year of adventure in the Alaska gold rush of 1897, Capt. Coffin became mate of the famous little steamship *Flyer*, plying the Seattle-Tacoma route, being mate five years and then master eight years.

OCTOBER 9, 1937.

BOYHOOD HOME



is renewing acquaintances on Nan-
y years' absence and an active career
bout the streets of the town, he does
atures are readily recognized by his
y to stop for a "gam" with anyone

Interesting Facts About Captain Hussey Who Quelled Mutiny.

A few weeks ago an article appeared in these columns which had to do with the mutiny on the ship *Planter* of Nantucket, which occurred off Pitts Island, in the Kingsmill Group of the mid-Pacific, on July 1st, 1849.

In order to quell the revolt aboard his ship Captain Isaac B. Hussey was forced to shoot one of his men. The act restored discipline at a critical time but it ruined Capt. Hussey's career as a whaler through a chain of unusual circumstances.

Since the publication of the article, several interested people have commented on the related incidents. Edward P. Tice remembers his father, Capt. William Tice, another whaling master, tell of the mutiny. Capt. Tice sailed with Captain Hussey and declared him a resolute man, firm with his men without being cruel.

An important addition to the published account is contained in a letter received this week from a subscriber residing in his winter home in Washington, D. C. The letter reaffirms many of the pertinent phases in the article which, in the absence of details, had to be inferred.

The story behind the article is in itself an interesting one. The *Vineyard Gazette* had printed a short summary of items gleaned from a volume of newspapers published in Honolulu nearly ninety years ago. One of these items mentioned a mutiny which had taken place on board the Nantucket whaleship *Planter*, in which Captain Hussey had killed four men.

Believing that here was a bit of history well worth recording, Edouard A. Stackpole, of the staff of *The Inquirer and Mirror*, set to work investigating. Starbuck's History of the Whale Fishery, the great authority on the subject, had no notation of the mutiny and, because of this, it was at first thought that the mention in the eighty-seven-year-old Honolulu paper was a rumor, elaborated to some extent, as was common in those days but not so common as today.

Starbuck, however, noted that Capt. Hussey did not come home with his ship, leaving her at Strong's Island in the Pacific. To say the least, this fact was most unusual, and so the researcher redoubled his efforts. After a check on the dates involved, and a thorough perusal of files of both *The Inquirer* and *The Mirror* for the years 1850 and 1851, the search was at last rewarded by half a dozen references at various dates, all of which went into the creation of an article appearing in the December 11th issue of *The Inquirer and Mirror*.

There was still, of course, the risk of a wrong interpretation of the facts involved in the mutiny. But the letter received this week from the subscriber established the important fact that the several surmises in the material were correct, and that the account, as printed, was a proper version of the affair. This subscriber should know, as he is the grand-nephew of Captain Hussey of the *Planter*. He is Lieut. Lester Mitchell Folger, of Nantucket and Washington.

"I congratulate *The Inquirer and Mirror* in presenting the facts exactly as they happened, correct in every detail," writes Mr. Folger. "My knowledge of the mutiny on the *Planter*... can not be disputed, as I have in my possession Captain Hussey's statement, signed by himself" and the officers and crew of the ship.

Mr. Folger's letter is so interesting that it deserves re-printing in its entirety. It is as follows:

Washington, D. C., Dec. 26, 1937.
Editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:

I read with much interest the article in your December 11th issue covering the story of the mutiny on the ship *Planter* of Nantucket, commanded by my grand-uncle, Captain Isaac B. Hussey, and the fatal shooting by the captain of a member of his crew named William Clark, that the mutiny might be quelled and the crew return to their duties, which was imperative, owing to the large number of natives who had boarded the vessel and who, if discipline had not been maintained, would undoubtedly have put the officers and crew in grave peril.

I congratulate *The Inquirer and Mirror* in presenting the facts exactly as they happened, correct in every detail. My knowledge of the mutiny on the *Planter* and all the circumstances connected with it can not be disputed, as I have in my possession Captain Hussey's statement signed by himself and the following members of his crew, Joseph Fisher, 1st Mate; William H. Chase, William Paddock, Cornelius Conway, Joseph A. Warren and Charles G. Macy.

I have also a letter written in Honolulu, dated October 20, 1851, from my grandfather, Peter Folger, to his brother-in-law, Captain Hussey, enclosing a printed copy of the examination of Mate Fisher of the *Planter* before a U. S. Commissioner and discharging Mate Fisher from any responsibility of law as Captain Hussey would have been had he appeared at the hearing. The Commissioner did find, however, that Captain Hussey was wholly wrong in not submitting himself to a judicial inquiry.

In the letter of Peter Folger, Captain Hussey was authorized to draw on him for \$1,000 in either Honolulu, Sydney, or Valparaiso, where he (Peter Folger) was well known.

A number of other papers concerning this incident are also in my possession as well as the painted portrait of Captain Hussey and a letter of Peter Folger to Captain Hussey, informing him of the death of his wife, Lucretia Hussey, three years after the captain had written her to join him at Strong's Island. The delivery and collection of mail in those days from isolated ports in the South Seas was very uncertain and letters were often transferred from one ship to another until they finally reached their destination.

It may be of interest to readers of *The Inquirer and Mirror* to learn that Captain Hussey acquired land and erected a house on Strong's Island, with the expectation of his wife joining him there. A copy of the deed to this land reads as follows:

"Know all men by these presents that we, Tohasah, King of Strong's Island and Karsah the wife of said Tohasah in consideration of ten pieces of cloth, one keg of powder, one barrel of oil, one box of soap, small hatchet and other small articles to us paid in hand by Isaac B. Hussey of Nantucket and Samuel Brown of New York State, both American citizens, the receipt thereof we do hereby acknowledge have bargained, sold and quit claimed unto the said Isaac B. Hussey and Samuel Brown, and to their heirs, and assigns forever all and each of our right, title, interest, estate claim and demand, both at law and in

equity as well in possession as in expectancy of in and to all of a certain farm or piece of land, situated on the small Island opposite the landing or small beach, thirteen rods in front and thirteen in rear extending right across the Island to the opposite sand beach, bounded on the North by the road and stone wall and on the South by land belonging to said Tohasah the King, said land taking a serpentine direction to the North East by East with all singular heridiments and appurtenances thereunto belonging.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hand and seal this 27th day of December in the year 1850.

Tohasah, his x cross
Karsah, her x cross.
Witnesses: George Haggerty; Harry Davis, his x mark; Gieva, King's son, his x mark.

This is an exact copy of the phraseology and spelling of the deed. Nothing is known as to what became of this land, although the undersigned's father, Isaac Hussey Folger, inherited the real estate of Captain Isaac B. Hussey.

The exact location of Strong's Island in the South Seas is unknown to the writer and any information as to its location would be deeply appreciated. Wishing *The Inquirer* a happy and prosperous New Year, I am

Very sincerely yours,
Lester Mitchell Folger.
Washington, D. C.

Pitts Island, in the Pacific Ocean, is in the Phoenix or Kingsmill group, where the natives were noted for their treacherous ferocity. At Strong's Island Captain Hussey left the *Planter*, sending her home in charge of the mate, Joseph Fisher. It was also at this island that he took command of the trading schooner *William Penn*.

Captain Hussey did not live to receive much benefit from his plantation on the island for in November, 1852, he was killed by a native sailor during an uprising.

THE DATE OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

Herr Kalb, the German savant, in a work recently published, shows that there was a total eclipse of the moon concomitantly with the earthquake that occurred when Julius Caesar was assassinated on the 15th of March B. C. 44. He has also calculated the Jewish calendar to A. D. 41, and the result of his researches fully confirms the facts recorded by the Evangelists of the wonderful physical events that accompanied the crucifixion. Astronomical calculations prove, without a shadow of doubt, that on the 14th day of the Jewish month Nisan (April 6), there was a total eclipse of the sun, which was accompanied in all probability by the earthquake, "when the veil of the Temple was rent from the top to the bottom, and the earth did quake, and the rock rent," (Matthew xxii, 51.) While St. Luke describes the eclipse in these words: "And it was the sixth hour (noon), and there was a darkness over all the land till the ninth hour (3 o'clock P. M.), and the sun was darkened." (Luke xxi, 44).

The mode of reckoning corresponds perfectly with the result of another calculation our author made by reckoning backward from the great total eclipse of April, 1818, allowing for the difference between the old and new styles, which also gave April 6, as the date of the new moon in the year A. D. 31. As the vernal equinox of the year fell on March 25, and the Jews ate their Easter Lamb, and celebrated their *Frib Passah*, or Feast of the Passover, on the following new moon, it is clear April 6 was identified with Nisan 14, of the Jewish calendar, which moreover, was on Friday, the *Paraskevee*, or day of preparation for the Sabbath, and this agrees with the Hebrew Talmud. Thus, by the united testimony of astronomy, archaeology, traditional and Biblical history, there can be but little doubt that the date of the Crucifixion was April 6, A. D. 31.

TWENTY YEARS AGO AUTOS WERE BANNED . . . THEN THE BARS WERE YANKED DOWN ON THE 15th OF MAY-1918

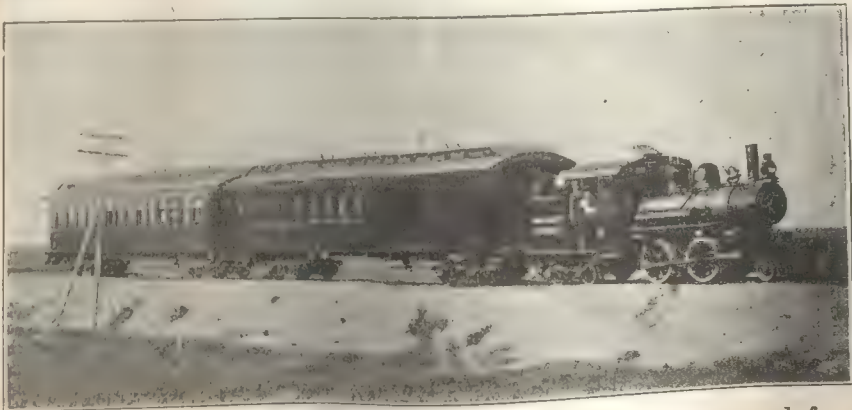


NANTUCKET "TAXIS" LINED UP ON STEAMBOAT WHARF IN THE SUMMER OF 1917—BEFORE THE BARS WENT DOWN.

This was a familiar scene on Steamboat wharf, the picture being taken in the summer of 1917. There were no automobiles there then, but the lamented railroad backed its passenger and freight cars down close to the freight-house, from which point the little locomotive chugged away with its load bound for 'Seonset. The last train was run in September, 1917, and the following winter the track was taken up and the whole outfit departed for other climes. And, then, on the 15th of May, 1918, the voters of Nantucket decided to let down the bars and extend a welcome to automobiles. That was only twenty years ago this May!



Orison V. Hull (Selectman) and Joseph Terry (carriage driver) posted the auto exclusion signs about town when the Selectmen issued their last exclusion order in 1917.



The last trip out in September, 1917, when the train stopped for a minute at the Goose Pond to have its picture taken.

Lively Electrical Storm.

A vigorous thunder and lightning squall swept over the island early on Sunday evening, creating a lively display of torrential rain, jagged lightning, and heavy thunder heads rolling in over the town from the northeast.

The storm lasted but a short time, but did considerable damage in various parts of the island. The electric service to 'Seonset was interrupted for two hours and a circuit on Atlantic Avenue was cut out for a time. The main chimney on Roy True's house, just past the first mile-stone, was sheared off within a few bricks of the top near the roof, and one of the buildings at John Ring's tar pit was entered by a stray bolt of lightning.

The most extensive damage was done to the Oldest House, on Sunset Hill, where the big main chimney was struck, the bolt evidently splitting at the moment of impact, one charge of the powerful fluid going down the chimney to scatter some pots on the cranes, and knock off plaster, and the other charge going half way down the roof, splintering the roof and ripping off a number of shingles before it shot off to follow a piece of iron in the attic, on a beam.

The old "horse-shoe" chimney was not seriously damaged, however. The southwest top corner was knocked off but the chimney proper was not injured beyond the scattering of plaster in the fireplaces from the vibration of the shock.

June 19th 1938

LOST TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY Feb. 5 1918



The Cross Rip lightship, which was lost twenty years ago with all on board. Neither sail nor steam nor wireless—just a boat without means to help herself.

TWENTY YEARS AGO last Tuesday (on February 1, 1918) the little lightship moored at Cross Rip in Nantucket Sound broke from her anchorage and was carried by the ice-fields out around Great Point to her doom. The Sound was at the time packed solid with ice, steamboat communication was impossible, and the worst cold wave in a century had its clutches on Nantucket.

For four days the plight of the lightship was noticed, but owing to the extent of the ice-field nothing could reach her. Gradually the field moved to the eastward and on the morning of the 5th the keeper of Great Point lighthouse saw the little vessel slowly being carried out by the island with her flag flying the signal of distress, and the six men who were on board the ill-fated craft watched the island pass from their view, as the ice-field moved inch by inch and foot by foot out towards the dreaded shoals east of the island. They realized that help could not reach them.

What those men went through in those four days no one ever lived to tell. Of the struggles, the vain hope against hope, the realization that they were beyond human aid, and gradually but steadily being carried to their doom, can only be imagined.

The Cross Rip lightship of 1918 was absolutely helpless even when moored on her station. She had a single mast, but no sails, no steam, no propeller, no wireless—nothing with which she could aid herself when the emergency came. How the lighthouse department happened to place such a craft in service was a mystery. It was known that she was helpless and unable to battle wind, sea or ice; yet when the clutches of the ice-fields came, help could not reach her, although for four days she remained within sight of land.

Nothing was ever seen or heard of her after she passed from sight beyond Great Point that morning of February 5, with the light keeper ashore seeing her mute signal for help flying at mast-head but unable to send the aid the six men aboard the vessel were imploring. There the story ended.

The Cross Rip lightship was never heard from, although for several weeks the lighthouse tenders *Azalea* and *Anemone* searched the waters and shoals to the eastward of Nantucket. A small piece of wreckage was found at one time, which it was thought was the stern of one of the Cross Rip's small boats, but nothing more. Finally it was decided that the little vessel, fast in the grasp of the powerful ice-field, had been carried onto Bass Rip, or Rose and Crown shoal, where she touched bottom and was forced under by the ice, never to be seen again. No one will ever know what actually happened, of course, but that the lightship struck bottom and was swept under by the ice seemed to be the logical solution.



The shelter which the Coast Guards put up on the beach while the *Ruby* was stranded at the west end.

Went to 6.2 Below Zero—Stranding of Steamer "Ruby."

The first day of February, 1918, came in with the temperature down close to the zero point, after several weeks of frigidity. And the following day was not much warmer. The next day it lowered again and on the morning of the 5th the official record was 6 degrees below zero—the lowest ever recorded by the local weather bureau station.

The heavy ice-field had Nantucket in its clutches. Steamer *Ruby* went ashore at the west end of the island, laden with supplies for the army overseas. That there was something radically wrong aboard the *Ruby* was evident when the Maddequet Coast Guards saw her headed for the island, flashed the Coston warning signal, but found that no attention was paid thereto.

When daylight came the Coast Guards endeavored to communicate with the steamer by the "wig-wag," but soon learned that no attention was paid to them. The *Ruby's* captain must have been a queer individual. He was, but no one to this day (outside of the government officials who were directly connected with the event) can say who he was or what became of him. The exploit of the *Ruby* will always remain a mystery to the layman. News dispatches and messages of all kinds were at that time censored and the people on the mainland knew little, if anything, regarding the mishap.

A fleet of government craft from Newport soon surrounded the stranded craft, including one of the lighthouse tenders, and mysterious movements aroused the suspicion of the islanders—but that was all.

Many persons either drove or walked out to the west end of the island to see the big steamer lying there in the ice, not far from the cable-house, broadside on to the shore, with the government tugs and patrol boats hovering about her. It was a cold trip that day, with the temperature around the zero point all day long. The island was buried with heavy snow and all the roads and highways were covered with a thick mantle of white. We recall making the trip out with "Dewey" Sandsbury, and there we found the Coast Guards huddled on the shore opposite the steamer in an improvised shelter made by digging a hole in the beach-sand and erecting a canvas over it in

which they tried to keep warm over a wood fire.

The Reservists from town had reached there before this and were doing their bit. And during the days which followed the boys worked hard in the bitter cold, unloading the big barrels of lubricating oil from the *Ruby* onto the ice and bringing them ashore. All the islanders themselves knew about the *Ruby* was that 1700 barrels of oil were brought down from the west end of the island during the subsequent week, to be later transported to the mainland.

The *Ruby* herself was floated and taken away in tow of the government tugs, but little was said about it. There was something about the whole affair that caused great secrecy. The public had its own opinions of what it was all about, but it was at a time when the public mouth had to remain closed, when nothing could be said in the way of criticism.



Steamer *Sankaty* wedged in the ice at Brant Point putting her passengers ashore—almost an Arctic scene. *Winter of 1918*



A scene on the harbor in February, 1918.

A Very Active Winter on Nantucket Twenty Years Ago.

The winter of 1918 was one of the worst in the history of Nantucket. The island was held firmly in the grasp of the ice embargo for several weeks and steamer *Sankaty* was held a prisoner in the harbor from January 20 to February 13. Government tugs at times forced their way into the harbor with provisions. The trip of the mine-sweeper *Comber* was quite a thrilling event, for it took the powerful craft thirty-four hours to reach Nantucket after leaving Woods Hole.

It was Saturday night when she ran in towards Coskata station and there took aboard Captain Topham to serve as pilot in the attempt to break into Nantucket harbor. All night long the *Comber* battled away, gaining foot by foot, but at times bringing up against a solid ice barrier as though it were a stone wall. By taking advantage of the tidal conditions, however, Captain Topham managed to bring her through and docked her at Steamboat wharf around 8:00 o'clock Sunday evening.

There was excellent skating on the surface of the harbor that winter. Steamer *Sankaty* landed her passengers over the ice at Brant point. Quahaugs were bringing \$15 a barrel. There were 300 Reservists stationed here. And, aside from the troubles brought by the ice embargo, there was plenty of activity around Nantucket that winter.

Weather New Year Day.

The first day of the New Year rarely brings Nantucket winterish weather, as may be determined from diaries and weather records. Only once during the last fifteen years has there been snow on the ground New Year Day; in fact, mild weather seems to have prevailed on January 1st. Here is the record from 1924 to 1938 inclusive:

- 1924—Temperature 32 above.
- 1925—Chilly.
- 1926—Mild.
- 1927—Mild.
- 1928—Chilly.
- 1929—Rain.
- 1930—Springlike.
- 1931—Cool and cloudy.
- 1932—Bleak.
- 1933—Mild.
- 1934—Mild.
- 1935—Rain.
- 1936—Good sleighing.
- 1937—Mild.
- 1938—Snow turning to rain.

Shurrocks' Collection of Indian Arrow-heads a Notable One.

For several years past, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred F. Shurrocks, of Vestal street, have been engaged in collecting Indian arrowheads, and other relics of the original aboriginal islanders, which are to be found in different localities about Nantucket. Pursuing the practice more or less as a hobby, they have gotten together a notable collection, which includes arrowheads, spear-points, scrapers, sinkers, hammers and other stone implements used by the Indian dwellers of this island. They estimate the total to number over a thousand pieces.

The majority of the pieces have been picked up on the surface of the ground, in out of town roads, scraped sand roads, ploughed fields, and even on concrete roads, where sand has been washed onto the hard surface after a heavy rain. The edges of ponds have yielded a number of "finds," also, and even the harbor shore, when the tide is out, has revealed a stone sinker which was promptly recognized.

Many Nantucketers have from one time to another picked up arrow-heads and chips during walks out on the commons. A few islanders have unearthed skeletons of Indians, and found bits of pottery in the grave, as well as other stone implements. But, Mr. and Mrs. Shurrocks have gone about their hobby in a scientific manner, with entirely dissimilar results.

For instance, every piece in their large and varied assortment has been catalogued as to place of discovery, time of year, condition and type. They have even traced the outline of the piece so as to further insure against misplacement.

Many archaeologists and mineralogists who have viewed the Shurrocks' collection have pronounced it not only interesting from the scientific point of view but of considerable importance historically. It is rare, indeed, for any collector to have a certain definite locality represented in his collection, as in most exhibitions, while the pieces may be well represented and varied, it often represents a number of different localities, often from other states.

But the Shurrocks' collection is entirely one of Nantucket Indian implements, and thus is of great value to the student of archaeology and history.

In getting together this unusually large number of specimens of the now vanished Indians' art, Mr. and Mrs. Shurrocks have found material in every portion of the island. Due to the fact that the land along the South Shore and to the westward has been subject to considerable erosion during the passage of time, not many pieces have been found there in comparison to other sections.

The finders followed out certain ideas about Indian life which have been more or less proven by the results of their search. They believed that the Indians lived along the shores of the harbor during the summer, also along the east shore as far as Tom Nevers. In these places they found shell-heaps of clam, quahaug, scallop and oyster shells, showing how the Indians lived on shellfish and fish to a large extent during the summer, and then moved inland during the winter to the shelter of the swamps, there to live on the dried corn and beans that were raised during the growing sea-

An arrow-maker's pit usually discloses a quantity of chips accumulated from the process of shaping the arrow point of stone. The collectors have obtained a large number of these chips and stored them away for purpose of future reference. It is not unusual to find arrow-heads and points in the shell-heaps, but of course the chips are a certain indication that the maker of the arrow-head was at work there.

The arrow points found are mostly of quartz and of an impure flint called "chert." Mr. and Mrs. Shurrocks' fine collection of these quartz arrow points show a beautiful assortment of crystal, milky, yellow and brown specimens. The "chert" material yielded some colorful bits of work, while several other arrowheads show a variety of basalt and granite.

There are also some made from the pure flint brought over from England by the settlers. These are interesting from the fact that they were made after the white men landed here. Likewise a number of pieces of flint have been found which came from the old flint-lock muskets, a deduction which the collectors point out is proven by the fact that pure flint in its natural state is unknown to this section of New England.

While the small bird-points are perhaps the finest of the Indian arrow-makers' art, the spear-heads are the most spectacular. Many spear-heads have been mistaken for arrow-heads, and likewise many stone knives or scrapers have been mistaken by the layman as spear-heads. The Shurrocks' collection contains many splendid examples of the spear-head and the knife. A perfect specimen of an Indian hoe, made from a piece of basalt, is one of the prize bits.

Stone hammers, with a noticeable ridge around it for the thong of the haft, are to be seen, together with the round-shaped sinkers used to keep the crude nets down as well as smaller sinkers for single fishing lines.

One of the extraordinary finds made by Mr. and Mrs. Shurrocks was that of a deer antler which reveals hundreds of years of age. It is their contention that the deer were brought to the island in barter or trade by the Vineyard or Cape Indians. It is also possible that the antlers could have been used for ceremonial purposes, a number of drilled stones having been unearthed at Plainfield which were very evidently used during ceremonies by the natives.

Several persons who have heard of the Shurrocks' collection, have donated arrow points, spear-heads, and hammers, one young man giving a large number of points which he had found near the first mile-stone.

It is the intention of Mr. and Mrs. Shurrocks to give their entire collection, with a catalogue and cabinet, to the Historical Association, for housing in the Fair Street Museum. This is a laudable decision and an important one, for the custodians will have not only a large exhibition of Indian material but a collection which is entirely Nantucket in every respect. There is little doubt but that students of the American Indian will find much that is worthy of study in this island exhibition, so obviously the result of long and painstaking efforts on the part of the collectors.

Mr. and Mrs. Shurrocks are professional folk in their own fields, Mrs. Shurrocks being a well-known botanist and Mr. Shurrocks an architect of high standing.

Tom Nevers Lodge Building Destroyed by Fire.

The building which has stood for twenty years as a land-mark on Tom Nevers Head was totally destroyed by fire about 4:30 o'clock (Friday) morning. That the fire was of incendiary origin there is no doubt, as the place has been the rendezvous for "parties" for a number of years, and the building was steadily showing the effects of depredations, both interior and exterior.

The number 145 (indicating 'Sconset) was sounded on the fire alarm and, owing to the stillness of the air, the blasts reverberated through the town and aroused the populace from their early morning sleep. The apparatus from central fire station responded, but no effort was made to squelch the flames, as the fire was too far advanced.

The lodge building was totally destroyed, but the blaze was kept from reaching the other buildings.

Thus passes into history another of the "land booms" which have made appearance on Nantucket from time to time. Many of us can recall some of them with interest. For instance, the Surfside boom, Miacomet Park, Madaket Terraces and Tom Nevers. There have been others, but the memories of them have almost faded completely away.

The Tom Nevers boom started out in 1916, when land sales were held and everybody enthused over the project—that is, most everybody. All kinds of crockery were given away as bonuses and the little railroad train took large crowds out there daily, the land sales being conducted so as to furnish entertainment and free rides.

Extensive surveys were made, streets laid out and even named, and the whole section at one time really looked as though the project might materialize into something worthwhile. The town built a road there and the lighting company ran out lines to the head. For several years the lodge building was conducted as a restaurant and for one or two seasons it seemed to prosper. Then the bubble burst and now the lodge building has gone up in smoke.

"To the Editor of the Post:

"Sir—I am anxious to get the lines of an old quotation warning us to be careful of whom we speak, to whom we speak, and so on."

There are several versions of the old motto, originally written in Latin by Saint Ambrose. A more modern, rhymed form of the advice is by W. E. Norris, an English writer, as follows:

*If your lips would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care:
To whom you speak, of whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.*

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Nantucket's Unique Investment of Forty-Five Years Ago.

How many of our readers can recall the investment which the town of Nantucket made forty-five years ago—in 1893? It was an investment which proved a white elephant and was a failure in every sense. At that period the town was only partly sewered and a problem presented itself to dispose of sewage other than by the old-fashioned method, which was far from sanitary and extremely objectionable to the community, even though the disposal was supposed to be made between nightfall and dawn.

It was a warm town meeting, held in February, 1893, and after heated debate and passage of many harsh words across the town-meeting floor, a vote was passed to purchase an "odorless excavator." It was several months after the appropriation was made before the outfit arrived and the town paid \$776 for the equipment. Then it was discovered that a pair of horses would be necessary to draw it, and the horses cost \$325.00. And of course horses were useless without harnesses, so the town paid \$92.05 for the harnesses. Finally, the "odorless excavator" stood fully equipped and ready for service—excavator, horses and harnesses—at a cost of \$1,193.05.

The idea may have been all right—at least it sounded reasonable. Where there was ample room the suction hose would be run up through the yard, but it was understood that such was not always to be the case, and it was one of the soundest arguments heard at town meeting before the appropriation was made—that the equipment could be used "right through the house" without any ill effects.

It was a great day for Nantucket when the outfit was put to practical use for the first time. We well recall when it drew up in front of a certain house and the suction hose was run out. There was not length enough for it to go around through the yard to the rear of the dwelling, so it was decided to run the hose up the front steps and through the hall. What a lot of comments were heard! What a lot of good-natured joshing was heard on all sides. Not everyone was optimistic over the success of the project.

Everything was in readiness finally and the pump was started. A man stood at the horses' heads and the grand demonstration was on of Nantucket's latest investment—the "odorless excavator."

And then something happened—something unexpected. Things were not working just as had been planned. Consternation now reigned within the household, and consternation reigned without.

The full board of selectmen stood in the street watching the procedure. The board comprised Arthur H. Gardner, Hiram C. Folger, Henry Riddell, Joseph C. Brock, Charles E. Snow, Daniel C. Brayton, Sr., and William H. Norcross, all of whom have long since been called to their reward.

"Shut off that pump—quick!" came from within. "Shut it off!" Further details of what happened cannot be told, but those who were in the crowd, assembled to witness the first demonstration, can well recall the excitement that prevailed.

The pump was shut off. The suction hose was withdrawn with as little annoyance as possible under the conditions, and Nantucket's "odorless excavator" was promptly declared a dismal and complete failure.

The horses and harnesses were sold at auction, and the man who was the auctioneer was alleged to have taken an exorbitant fee for the job, causing a great deal more wrangling among the voters that echoed through the next annual town meeting. The excavator was later transformed into a street watering cart, and at times it was used to wet down the track at the fair ground.

Along with the stone crusher which Nantucket purchased the following year, the "odorless excavator" went into history as one of Nantucket's investments which proved to be "white elephants."

There may be others who can recall the events of the early 90's, when Nantucket for a number of years made some rather interesting investments. In 1895, Charles Warren Austin was one of the Selectmen and "Warren" has a good memory, so he probably recalls some of the entertaining experiences of those days. Mr. Austin, by the way, is Nantucket's oldest Selectman in period of service, for he was on the job away back in 1895. There are four other Selectmen now living, who, like Mr. Austin, are all over seventy. Philip L. Holmes, who first served in 1902, is now 78; Horace G. Norcross who served in 1930, is now 77; William Holland, who served in 1931-2-3, is now 71; and John C. Smith, who served in 1932-3-4-5, is now 78.

OCTOBER 22, 1938.

Passing of The "Paint Shop."

For generations it has been called "the paint shop". When in need of a pot of paint, a little varnish or a dab of putty, "to the paint shop" one always hied himself in years gone by. The name of H. Paddack & Co. was familiar to all, not only as the oldest paint shop in Massachusetts, but as the place to go when the changing seasons called for a little "touching up" around the house. In recent years it has not been "the paint shop" to as many as it was years ago, for now there are numerous other places where the same line of goods may be obtained, and with the passing generations the personnel of H. Paddack & Co. has changed and the retail business for which it has been famous for more than a century has largely been diverted to other channels. But to the older men and women of Nantucket it is still referred to as "the paint shop".

And now comes the announcement that the retail business is to cease—that H. Paddack & Co. will henceforth continue only as painting contractors—that no longer will it be to "the paint shop" one will hasten for a light of glass or a brush, or for a pot of paint mixed to a certain shade. The store building with its corner entrance on Main and Washington streets is offered for sale. As a retail paint store it is to cease and no one now knows what will be the nature of the business to be conducted there in the future.

A business first established in 1775, "Paddack's" has continued through generation after generation the oldest business establishment on Nantucket today—and the oldest paint shop in Massachusetts. The original "H." of H. Paddack & Co. was Hezekiah—not Henry, as some folks may have the impression. But it is Henry Paddack who was best-known as "the Paddack" connected with the store—a man beloved by all, who passed away not so very many years ago.

The Paddack firm was first started by Abisha Paddack and in 1836 we find that it was conducted by Laban & John Paddack. Later it went into the hands of John and Hezekiah, and, when his brother John died, Hezekiah adopted the firm name of H. Paddack & Co., taking David into partnership with him. Subsequently Alexander took hold and then his son Henry, the late Benjamin B. Long at that period becoming connected with the firm.

From the time of Hezekiah the firm name of H. Paddack & Co. has been maintained, and since its beginning in 1775 until the retirement of Henry Paddack it was always in the family. Associated in the firm since Henry retired from activity were the late Benjamin B. Long, Edward G. Thomas and Harry B. Smith, all of whom had many years' activity with "the paint shop".

Time changes all things and business changes are the natural sequence as the personnel changes and men complete their life work and step aside for other and more youthful minds and hands to take hold. It will seem strange to us all when "the paint shop" closes its doors as a retail establishment, but the name of "H. Paddack & Co., Inc." will continue.

That "Rotten" July Weather Brought No Dust Storms.

Everybody seems to be of the opinion that July weather was not up to standard—in fact, it has been referred to as "simply rotten". Whether it established a record we do not know, but it is certain the whole of New England experienced the worst summer weather conditions in July that the present generation knows anything about.

Nantucket escaped the heavy rains that deluged the mainland and had no cloud-bursts and no floods. In fact, the rainfall here on Nantucket this July was .87 of an inch below normal. Only three years ago (in 1935) July had a total rainfall of 5.73 inches. This year it was only 2.00 inches—about one-fourth of what Boston recorded.

But there was a lot of fog. In fact, the only days in July that were without fog (either light or dense) were the 1st, 4th and 7th. After the 7th every day was foggy throughout the entire month. The local Weather Bureau records the fog as follows, in two classes:

Dense—2, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 23, 25, 27, 28, 29, 31.
Light—2, 3, 5, 6, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

The highest temperature was recorded on the 11th, when the thermometer touched 81 degrees. The lowest temperature was 55 on the 1st.

Only seven clear days were recorded during the month. From the 10th to the 29th there was not a single clear day.

Only twice during the month did the wind get into the north or east—on the 3rd and 4th. On every other day the wind was either south or southwest. The wind was south sixteen days and southwest thirteen, being northeast on the 3rd and north on the 4th. This was an unusually long stretch of southerly weather, which "got on the nerves" of most everyone.

The Weather Bureau made one interesting notation on its records, as follows: "Dust storms, none."

Jan 28 Cahoon—Holm.

From the Falmouth Enterprise.

Mrs. Leora W. Holm, daughter of Mrs. J. Morton Grouard and the late Herbert W. Bennett, of Nantucket, and Clarence T. Cahoon, son of Mrs. Angelina F. Cahoon and the late Thomas H. Cahoon, were married Tuesday afternoon at the parsonage of the First Congregational church. The double-ring ceremony was performed at 2 p. m. by the Rev. Ralph H. Long.

Donald Hatch of Falmouth Heights was best man. The bride was given in marriage by her brother, John Bennett. She wore a raspberry colored dress with blue clips and a velvet hat to match and carried a bouquet of carnations and narcissus. The couple returned last night from a wedding trip to Boston. They will reside on Palmer avenue.

Mrs. Holm is the widow of Leslie Holm, former owner of Nobadeer Farm and Nobadeer Airport on Nantucket. Mr. Cahoon graduated from Lawrence high school and is employed by Lawrence S. White.

Easterly Storm Upset Boat Schedule Once More.

A heavy easterly storm swept the coast last Saturday and Sunday, upsetting the steamboat schedule once more. It blew heavily both days, with a drenching rain, and when word came Sunday morning that steamer Naushon would not attempt to cross the sound, no one was surprised. It wasn't fit weather for even a big boat like the Naushon to be out and Captain Sandsbury used good judgment in remaining at Vineyard Haven.

The storm abated somewhat on Monday and the steamer came over, reaching here about 2.30 in the afternoon. The conditions in the sound were so bad, with the barometer acting queerly, and fog and rain shutting in, that Captain Sandsbury announced that he would not attempt the return trip, but would hold the Naushon at the Nantucket dock until 4.00 o'clock Tuesday morning, when she would start out on the regular trip, conditions permitting.

There was a large out-going passenger list, and some of them had stowed themselves away comfortably in their state-rooms, hoping thereby to ease the discomforts of what they felt would be a rough trip. The after deck was lined with young people, mostly the football squad and their rooters from Provincetown, who were waiting for the gang-plank to be drawn ashore. When they heard the word that the boat would not put out they started to cheer—evidently somewhat pleased at the prospect of spending another night thirty miles at sea.

On the whole, the passengers did not do much grumbling because the boat did not put out Monday afternoon. Most of them realized from the sea which was kicking up in the harbor that it must be mighty rough out in the sound and accepted Captain Sandsbury's decision as one showing good judgment.

Tuesday morning brought smoother seas and dawned with bright sunshine. The Naushon put out as planned and then made the scheduled trip to New Bedford and return.

Marjorie Mills Says Nantucket "Truly a Paradise."

Marjorie Mills, who handles the household page in the Boston Herald, comes to Nantucket when she wants a real vacation and is always duly appreciative of what the island has to offer. In the Herald of Monday last she refers to Nantucket as "Paradise", (something which Nantucketers themselves already knew) and presents a very pretty word picture, as follows:

I never go to Nantucket without wishing everyone who'd love that little gray town by the sea could be transported there by some magic carpet arrangement. Sailing into Nantucket harbor past the skimming fleet of little sail boats you begin to feel you're approaching a place where people are happy and gay and peaceful.

The zinnia colors of those sails, burnt orange, reds and greens and cerulean blues, are so gay; the youngsters who handle the boats so bronzed and jolly-looking. In the background the gray roofs of the town, the church spires, the elms arching over cobbled streets and the gardens brimming with hollyhocks, poppies and all the sweet old-fashioned flowers make you feel unreasonably happy and at peace, too.

You'll love Saturday night on Main street in Nantucket; it's like a community club. The best looking youngsters in slacks running about, splendid "tweedy" or ginghamed summer people shopping at outdoor counters piled high with fruits and vegetables. The villagers draw their cars up at the curb and park for the evening, sitting as though they were in boxes at a show.

On every street corner there are knots of men... good sea talk and fishing talk and pipes glowing in the darkness. The youngsters sell pond lilies and island wild flowers... some one plays an accordion... the hacks rattle past with the peaceful clomp-clomp of the horse's hooves on the cobbles. The old gentlemen who drive these hacks love to tell you tales of the town and its people, tales, for instance, of the gentleman called "Timepiece" who went every day at 11 for a quart of rum and you could set your watch by his passages through the swinging door.

It's a world by itself out there in the Atlantic and incidentally it's a happy hunting ground for good, old-time recipes and a gourmet's Paradise, if you like New England foods like the bowls of fish or clam chowder they serve at the Skipper, the old whaling vessel drawn up by the wharf and turned into an eating place. Nantucket fish cakes are light as the clouds in the summer sky; Nantucket blueberry pie spills rich juice and is served with sage cheese; spiced cherries accompany a platter of cold meats and the Elderberry wine they serve with cakes in cool Nantucket parlors is a brew worthy of your attention.

Cruiser and Coast Guard Boat Wrecked in Near Disasters.

The thick weather that shrouded Nantucket Sound on Saturday last was directly responsible for the loss of the 65-foot cabin cruiser *Intrepid III*, of Philadelphia, which, bound to Nantucket from Edgartown, got off her course and struck on a portion of a submerged wreck some distance to the south of the regular course into this harbor.

The cruiser, under Capt. William Gray, of Forked River, N. J., had been chartered by Charles B. Reeves, of Baltimore, who had as his guests Miss Edith O'Donovan, and Dr. and Mrs. J. A. C. Colston, of Johns Hopkins Hospital, also of Baltimore.

When the *Intrepid* struck the sunken wreck, her keel forward was stove. In a comparatively short time it was apparent that nothing could be done to save the cruiser, and Reeves with his party boarded the dinghy, equipped with an outboard motor, and started for shore. Capt. Gray, with his two seamen Gene Morse and Jack Bertulis of Philadelphia, got into a row-boat soon after the dinghy left, when the cruiser had settled into the water so that her decks were awash. Gray and his companions were picked up by the cruiser *Fantasy*, of Marblehead, Capt. Bernard Doyle.

Upon reaching this port, Reeves and his party went to the Sea Cliff Inn, where they had made reservations to spend the week-end.

As soon as the Coast Guard were notified of the wreck, three boats were dispatched to the scene. Cutter 409 from the Woods Hole base came down, while surf-boats from the Madaket and Coskata areas joined in the search.

The *Intrepid*, with her decks under water, was finally located about five miles south-southeast of Cross Rip lightship. The wreck which she had struck was that of the *Alice M. Lawrence*, which in December, 1914, was unfortunate enough to become a total loss by fouling the wreck of the 3-masted schooner *French Van Guilder*, loaded with paving stone, which had been lost there in March, 1883.

The *Alice M. Lawrence* was one of the largest six-masters ever to sail in these waters. Her hull was afterwards blown up by the government, but a portion of it must have worked up by the continual action of the currents.

After locating the *Intrepid*, the cutter hooked on and attempted to tow the almost submerged craft. Finding she was pulling the cruiser's bow under, the cutter was forced to relinquish the task to the two surf-boats.

For several hours the two boats tugged at the *Intrepid*. With gasoline supplies running low, James Locke, No. 1 man at the Madaket station, in charge of the boat in the absence of Capt. Howes, volunteered to go into port here for gasoline while Captain Johnson and his Coskata crew stood by in their craft.

A series of squalls out of the west had caused the seas to rise considerably and the boats were working in a heavy swell. To make matters worse, a thick fog bank settled down over the water.

With all bearings swallowed up by the fog, the surfboat, low in the water, steered by its compass for the jetties. The men were tired, having been out since seven o'clock the night before, and when the mouth of the jetties

loomed up in the fog, they naturally expected a bit of respite once inside the breakwaters.

With Locke in the surfboat were Henry Wasierski, Antone Sylvia and Thomas McGrath, all of Madaket Station.

What actually took place after they had come in through the mouth of the jetties happened so swiftly that the crew was unprepared for it. The channel runs close to the eastern jetty here and the surfboat naturally ran in this direction.

It was at this moment that the first fierce squall came out of the lowering sky to strike the boat. The rain blinded her crew. Before it could be seen or felt a great sea suddenly "made" under the boat and hurled it against the jetty rocks.

The slabs of granite stove in the planking. The men managed to shove her clear, but another sea lifted her up and tossed her against the rocks once more, this time on the starboard side, smashing the planking.

An anchor was quickly thrown over, and after the boat had swung free the men scrambled up onto the rocks and waited for rescue. Due to the air-tanks in the bow and stern, the boat did not sink.

It was then shortly after seven o'clock Sunday morning. Less than an hour later, when a boat came to pick them off their uncomfortable perch, the wind had died and the sky had cleared somewhat.

It was the auxiliary sloop *Bonnie Dundee*, Capt. Mallory, of Greenwich, Ct., which took off the marooned men, transporting them to shore.

Meanwhile, Captain Johnson was standing by the sinking cruiser. The succession of squalls that swept the sound at that moment proved too much for the *Intrepid* and she went down like a stone, sinking in about nine fathoms of water.

Johnson put a temporary buoy over the spot and then left the scene for his station at Coskata.

At last reports it can not be definitely learned if the insurance company intends to send a wrecking company here in an attempt to salvage the *Intrepid*.

Four Words.

There are four words in the English language somewhat alike in pronunciation and spelling but having widely different meanings:

Tax—what most men dislike to pay.

Tacks—what small boys put on the chair of an unpopular teacher.

Tact—what is required in dealing with men and women of uncertain temperament.

Tack—a vessel's course, starboard or larboard.

W. Frederick Brown.

Australia.

Coast Guard Driving Seals Southward Again.

Bobbing like huge corks in an open sea, thousands upon thousands of sleek seals will slowly move southward this fall, shepherded by the U. S. Coast Guard, which every year watches over milady's future fur coat.

The seals, owned by the United States, Russia, Japan and Great Britain, begin their annual southward migration each fall. They eat their fill of squid in California and Mexican waters during the winter. Early in the spring they start their long swim to the Pribilofs to breed.

A treaty among the four countries owning the valuable natural resources protects the seals from poachers. Under provisions of the treaty, only United States coast guard vessels convoy the herds. In return the United States gets the lion's share of the \$2,000,000 worth of skins taken annually.

Only Eskimos and Indians may hunt the seals, and then only in the primitive methods of spearing them from kayaks or canoes. As the great herds swam by Vancouver island, Indians paddled out in canoes and speared several hundreds of the mammals.

The migration has been described as one of nature's most interesting spectacles. Its route is through the Aleutian islands' passes, southeast along the coast of Alaska and British Columbia and still south to the coast of Lower California and Mexico.

The female seals go farthest south. The old males winter south of the Aleutian chain in the Gulf of Alaska. The younger males swim almost as far as the females. Generally speaking the seals return to the Pribilofs in order of their age, the oldest first and the youngest last.

First herds begin arriving at their rookeries late in May and early in June. Most of the young are born between June 20 and July 20. The females mate again a few days after giving birth to a pup.

The mother seals have the remarkable ability of identifying their pups from thousands. After the females mate again, they take to the sea for food and recreation. Their pups form "pods" while they are gone. Returning, the sows find their young and nurse them.

Bull seals are polygamous. The stronger the bull, the larger his harem. The bull fights not so much to conquer, but to win choice homes in the rookeries. Cows are attracted as much by the comfort of rocks and their closeness to the water as they are by the savageness of the bulls.

The annual "take" of skins comes from bachelor's row, where the old bulls relegate the younger ones until they pass adolescence and develop muscles strong enough to gain and hold a front seat. By that time they can emit guttural bellows from a tusked mouth. Their faces also are dignified by lengthy, exuberant mustaches. There are more than 1,600,000 of the seals. A census is taken every year. When the count is finished, government representatives decide how many may be killed without a further decrease in the great herds.

SHOWING HOW AN AIRPLANE IS CONSTRUCTED



The ruins of the tri-motored plane after the fire, showing the frame-work and the many pieces of light metal which are electric welded in thousands of joints. No bolts or screws or nuts are used in the frame-work. This picture gives a good view of the skeleton of the fusilage.



A "bow view" of the burned plane, showing all three of the motors, the center one having fallen to the ground. It may be noticed that one blade of the propeller at the right was melted off by the heat of the fire. The two side motors are held from the ground by the struts which carried the wheels. This view shows the two gasoline tanks which are built into the structure and are out of sight when a plane is completed and in service.

These pictures are presented, not to show merely how the fire destroyed the plane, but that a better idea may be obtained of the large amount of work which enters into the construction of aircraft. Thousands of joints are welded together in building a tri-motored ship like those of the Mayflower Airlines, calling for the most skilled workmanship. The loss of the plane last Saturday, while on the ground and hours after it had been in operation, was due to a "short circuit" developing in a hidden place, just as sometimes happens in an automobile or a house. It was not through faulty construction or carelessness.

Mayflower Airlines Plane Destroyed by Fire.

Fire destroyed a \$10,000 ten-passenger tri-motored plane of the Mayflower Airlines Inc. at the company's landing field, about 9.40 last Saturday morning. The plane was standing on the field where it had been since making the trip from Boston the previous evening.

Lieut. Parker Gray, chief pilot of the lines, had just finished a radio communication with the plane's sister ship en route to Boston, and was just leaving the plane when radio operator, Perley Littlefield, who was about 100 yards down the field, shouted that the plane was on fire.

The blaze spread quickly, in spite of the fact that Gray and Littlefield emptied two fire extinguishers on it. The fire apparatus from town, which responded to Gray's 'phone call, could do nothing to save the ship. The

origin of the fire was thought to have been from a short-circuit, which developed in some mysterious manner, as frequently occurs in connection with an automobile when not in operation.

Lieutenant Gray said that about \$3,000 had recently been spent in overhauling the plane, which was a Stinson tri-motor, one of the two airliners which have been operating between Nantucket and Boston for several years. The fact that the plane was standing on the field when the fire broke out and that it had not been in operation since the previous evening, gives no clue to the cause of the fire other than a short-circuit of the wiring. The plane was covered by insurance.

Early Sunday morning the work of removing the wreckage from the field was started and before afternoon there was nothing left on the field except the burned grass and cinders where the plane stood.

Cadrain's acetylene torch was used in cutting the frame-work into sections, and it was taken to the dump. The three motors, however, and a few of the struts and other parts which were not destroyed, will be taken to Boston by Carl Wyer in his truck. Parts of the motors may possibly be of use, but in the main the intense heat warped the metal, even to melting the blades on the propellers, so that little, if any, of the mechanism was worth salvaging.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Adams observed the 59th anniversary of their marriage on the 16th of September. They are the second oldest married couple on Nantucket. Hearty congratulations upon such a noteworthy occasion. 1938

Bertha Chapman.

Bertha Chapman, director of the Ann Reno School in New York, who for sixty years, through vital friendships and family relationships, kept her association with this island, died of pneumonia on August 11 at the General Hospital in Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania.

She was buried on Sunday at Hopedale, Mass., within a mile of the house in which she was born on October 14, 1868. The old Chapman homestead still stands there, set upon a hill, surrounded by hills and wide open fields, unspoiled. It was symbolic of the effective life of the teacher who was born there, serene and spacious in her aims and enthusiasms throughout a half century of splendid service in her profession.

She first came to the island in 1879 to live with her sister, Mrs. Richard E. Congdon, and to enter the Coffin School. Soon afterward her parents came to Nantucket and her father, the late Nathan Chapman, opened the Veranda House.

Her childhood was spent here and from then on, wherever her activities might take her, she was, in spirit, a Nantucketer. She was one of the eight school girls who organized "Our Octagon," for charitable purposes, and who have kept alive their intimate friendships ever since. Miss Chapman was the third of the group to die.

Her professional training was at Framingham Normal School, where she was graduated in 1889. Thereafter she was an enthusiastic pioneer in seeking and testing new and better methods of teaching and of school administration. She was quick to adopt the new when once convinced that it meant genuine progress in education.

Because of this her influence, both as a teacher and as administrator, was of lasting benefit to such important establishments as Roland Park Country Day School at Baltimore, and to similar institutions in Washington and New York. The last and most fruitful ten years of her work were as director of the Ann Reno School in New York city, for the training of teachers in kindergarten and primary grades.

In 1912, Miss Chapman went to Italy to confer with Maria Montessori, to learn from first-hand, personal research the merits of Madame Montessori's system, which stresses the importance of each child as an individual and the wisdom of letting that child learn things by actually doing them. Two years later Miss Chapman made a second visit to Italy for the same purpose, but was caught in the turmoil of the war, which made educational work impossible.

However, the results of the journey in 1912 were ample and it was largely through the influence of Miss Chapman that the best features of the Montessori system were adapted to the needs of schools in this country.

But after recalling all that can be said about Miss Chapman as a teacher there is still much to add about her as a woman. She was a remarkable, forthright character in her stubborn and never failing loyalties to both principles and persons. Her friendship was indestructible. No one who once had it could ever forfeit it by any offence or by any difference of opinion.

Her own nickname for herself, which she sometimes signed to her letters, was "Old Dog Tray," the ever faithful. And so she was, despite the fact that in the tense war years, when she was in Washington and afterward in New York, it happened, as often as not, that her dearest friends were opposed to her convictions in matters political, sociological and literary. She would fight for a favorite old author, whom the rest of the world had discarded, as vigorously as for an unpopular statesman or political measure in which she believed.

She would never suppress her opinion for the hypocritical purpose of keeping a conversation innocuous and serene but she had a rare and kindly genius for completely restoring serenity after the storm and no controversy with her ever ended in bitterness.

There is no better suggestion of the life-long continuance of her youthful spirit, her friendliness, and her successful way with devoted pupils than that contained in the two following stanzas of a poem by Whittier which was read at her funeral:

"To homely joys and loves and friendships
Thy genial nature fondly clung;
And so the shadow of the dial
Ran back and left thee always young.
"The task was thine to mould and fashion
Life's plastic newness into grace;
To make the boyish heart heroic
And light with thought the maiden's face."

year 1788 - August

The World's In Accord!

Oh East was East and West was West,
And never the twain did meet,
'Til Earth and Sky stood recently
At Ireland's Baldonnell Seat.

"Then East was West, and West was East,"

For thus saith a flying lad;
And the Earth hath started a-humming his tune,

"Shure the Twain are One, bedad!

Shure the Twain are ever and always One,

And the compass is obsolete,
For tho' you head for the Coasts of the West

'Tis the East you'll always greet!

For a magnet jus' keeps a-drawing you!

'Tis lodged 'way back in your mind!
An' so your dial, no matter how set,
The Twain together will bind!"

"Begorry, ye're right!" quoth one Mulligan.

"What a chip o' old Ireland ye be!
Shure with Winds n' Fogs a-scurryin' 'round,

Who'se sartin these days, whar ye be!"

Thus the word went from Corrigan to Mulligan

And thence on to John Cudahy
And then it was passed to you and to me,

And back to Joe Kennedy.

So now the Whole World's a-greeting
From Alaska to far-off Chinnee
That the East is the West, and the West is the East!

The World's in accord! Glory Be!

—G. Hawkes.

Nantucket.

Reception to Rev. and Mrs. Claude Bond.

The members of the Congregational Church and parish tendered a reception to the new pastor and his wife, Rev. and Mrs. Claude Bond, in Bennett Hall, Thursday evening, which was attended by about two hundred of the parishioners. Also attending were Rev. and Mrs. Spear of the Methodist Church; Rev. and Mrs. Rogers of the Baptist Church; Rev. and Mrs. Tyler of the Episcopal Church; Mr. and Mrs. Byron L. Coggins, representing the Unitarian Church; and Representative and Mrs. Backus. Father Griffin of the Catholic Church, sent his greetings to the gathering.

In the receiving line, on either side of Rev. and Mrs. Bond, were the four church deacons and wives, namely: Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bartlett, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Tirrell, Mr. and Mrs. William C. Brock, Mr. and Mrs. Alcon Chadwick.

A pleasant word of welcome was given Rev. Mr. Bond and his wife by Deacon Bartlett, to which the pastor made a fitting response, stating that he and his wife were looking forward with keen anticipation to their work in Nantucket.

Refreshments were served by a bevy of young women and the evening was spent in real sociability in which men and women joined. During the evening the young pastor was called to the 'phone and on his return he announced that he had been talking with Rev. Fred Bennett, who was his predecessor. Mr. Bennett requested him to extend greetings and best wishes to the gathering. The announcement was received with warm applause.

The hall was attractively decorated with ivy, red berries, and autumnal flowers, all of which grew on the island and were picked from Nantucket gardens that morning. There was one bunch of seven different kinds of roses which came from Mrs. Norton's garden—evidence of what Indian summer weather produces out here in the ocean.

Nov. 10th 1938

Hurricane Swept Nantucket But Did Little Property Damage.

While islanders sat in their comfortable homes, listening to the wind whistling out-of-doors, and well aware that the strong southerly was of more than ordinary intensity, it was not until they tuned in their radios and heard the reports of the devastation throughout New England, that they realized the full extent of the storm.

The coast-line of the island had suffered, it is true, but the damage here could not be compared to anything on either the Vineyard, the Cape or the mainland. It became a contrast, instead.

Surrounded by shoals, which acted as natural bulwarks to the sweep of the waves, the island's east and north shores are more protected, perhaps, than the south and west ends, which bore the brunt of the seas. But in the town, aside from a few branches ripped off the trees, the tops of several chimneys shorn of a few bricks, and a few fences toppling, the storm did little damage. The telephone, electric power and lighting service was not interrupted; and the old houses merely took the blow as just another storm.

When the cable connections with the mainland went "by the board," fears for the island's safety were expressed, with a number of radio news broadcasters announcing that "there was no news" from Nantucket. Through the medium of the U. S. Compass Station at Surfside, the government coast guard headquarters were notified that "Nantucket was all right."

Madaket and South Shore Eroded.

Only those who braved the elements and went out to the south and west shores of the island Wednesday night realized the full force of the storm, for the well-protected town did not get the sweep of the wind. From Tom Nevers head to Surfside and Point-o-Breakers, the bluff was pounded by the great seas, which cut into the land from ten to fifteen feet. A number of indentations at Nobadeer were even more deeply cut back. What was once the dried-up Nobadeer pond became filled with water again.

But it was along the shore, from Cisco to Madaket and Smith's point, that the erosion was greatest. The little village of Madaket, huddled low along the creek shore fronting the harbor, was the scene of great activity. Over a hundred cars were clustered there, and their occupants were treated to a rare spectacle—that of watching gigantic seas batter the shore, sweep across the creek head and isolate the tiny community on Smith's Point.

The towering rollers soon ripped out the tar road extension, cut away the bank for a distance of 50 feet, while it buried the road for 60 feet further along. "Sea Breeze," the Deacon cottage, was soon imperiled and for several hours it appeared to be doomed.

Boats were well taken care of, with the exception of Randolph Swain's, which was swept away before he could get to it. Earl Ray's flagpole was blown over, and a number of smaller boats were rolled end-over-end along the creek-beach.

Smith Point Residents Isolated.

On Smith's Point, just across the creek, where the two wooden "bridges" had been washed away, watchers kept a look-out until dark, with anxious relatives naturally entertaining considerable apprehension. But those experienced with weather conditions at the west end were on hand to point out that this section of the island had weathered many a 60-mile-an-hour gale and storm.

Those temporarily marooned across Broad creek were the families of Mr. and Mrs. Manuel Sylvia, Surfman and Mrs. Chauncey Chapel, John Parkinson, Roger Davis, and Arthur Hayden.

One of the wind's freaky manifestations was evidenced in the Russell cottage property. An extensive piece of wooden flooring, used for dancing, etc., atop the bluff in front of the cottage, was undermined by the waves; and the wind, taking it up as it would a blanket, literally stood it on end and wrapped it around the front of the cottage.

Along the beach, great pieces of the tar road were embedded in the sand, showing how the waves and flung them around like pieces of cork.

The little valley between the Madaket road and the cable house to the south, was flooded by the seas breaking over the bluff and formed quite a pond. Around dusk, the waves were breaking as high as the telephone poles at the end of the road.

Giant Seas Smashed House to Pieces.

The mountainous rollers broke into the ponds, with Long pond apparently retaining the most water, for both Massasoit bridge at the lower end, and

Wednesday, about 4.00 p. m., the storm which had been coming up the coast, struck Madaket with great fury and continued unabated throughout half the night. About 6.00 o'clock it had gained such a velocity that the surf was breaking over the concrete at the head of the road and washed the most of it away. The bridge connecting the head of the road with Broad Creek was entirely washed away, leaving the people living beyond that point entirely marooned. One large wave took the dance floor on the pavilion belonging to the Russell cottage and threw it against the front of the dwelling, breaking many windows. The water reached and entered the dwelling of the Deacons, forcing Mr. and Mrs. Deacon to return to their town house. The water flooded the whole area in the vicinity of the Kittila cottage and nearly reached Milly's store. Flags and lights warned the people that the driving beyond that point was dangerous. At midnight the storm began to subside and a few hours afterward only a light wind prevailed.

Thursday morning dawned calm and pleasant and only those who witnessed the storm could have believed it was of such fury.

Tropical Storm Reached Here Wednesday Afternoon.

The tropical storm which for several days had been reported coming up the coast reached Nantucket Wednesday afternoon—a howling gale from the southeast. When the steamer Naushon came in about 2.30 o'clock it was after a rough trip across the sound, with conditions growing worse all the time.

Captain Sandsbury talked with the Weather Bureau on the 'phone and learned that the wind was blowing from 40 to 48 miles from the southeast, and that the barometer was still falling. Within the harbor the boats were riding hard at anchor and many of them were breaking adrift, four or five already having been cast ashore on the children's beach.

The Naushon stayed in port until 3.30 o'clock, when Captain Sandsbury decided to start out, realizing that outside the jetties he would have the wind right behind and that the return trip would probably be no worse than the passage over.

Folks gathered on the wharf would not have blamed him in the least had he remained in port, however, and some of the passengers came ashore rather than go through the experience which was probably ahead. The Naushon reached Vineyard Haven safely and stayed there, which was good judgment.

Word came from New Bedford that there would be no night boat, as the steamer New Bedford would not attempt to make the trip. This left Nantucket with no out-going morning boat Thursday. Had the Naushon remained at the dock here she could have made the morning trip that day.

The Record at the Weather Bureau.

The tropical storm which had been off the Florida coast for several days began to move in-shore during the evening of the 19th. On the morning of the 20th, northeast warnings were ordered south of Virginia Capes to Hatteras. At 9.58 p. m., warnings were extended to Atlantic City, N. J.

At 1.00 a. m., the 21st, the hurricane was central about 225 miles south of Cape Hatteras, moving rapidly north, possibly east of north. At 11.00 a. m. warnings were changed to whole gale, Atlantic coast north of Virginia Capes to Sandy Hook. And southeast storm warnings were displayed north of Sandy Hook to Eastport, Me. The advisory warning at 11.00 a. m. gave the center of the storm about 100 miles east of Virginia Capes; attended by shifting gales over a wide area and whole gale force over considerable area around center.

The storm was accompanied by abnormally high tides and gales, which did considerable damage to the water front.

The wind reached gale force at this station at 11.49 a. m. and gradually increased, reaching a maximum of 52 miles at 3.54 p. m.

The pressure began to fall at 9.00 p. m., the 20th, and fell very slowly until 10.00 a. m., the 21st, when it began to tumble and at 3.15 p. m. the barometer read 29.38. Then it began to rise and rose rapidly all day and the next morning at 9.00 it was 29.92.

The storm center apparently passed over Long Island and up through Connecticut. The unusual route of this

tail-ender gave Nantucket a balmy air, but very little precipitation and no hurricane winds.

All communication with the mainland was disrupted for a time.

The afternoon boat left at 3.30 but put into the Vineyard for the night. The evening boat did not come down.

This is the worst September storm since 1932 (8th and 9th) and 1933 (17th). The storm on the 8th and 9th in 1932 was northeast with a maximum of 56 miles and an extreme of 62. This storm was very destructive, especially to the east end of the island, where seas broke through into Sesachacha Pond and through the Galls and at Wauwinet.

The 1933 storm of September 17th was short but severe. Whole gale warnings were ordered from Provincetown to Nantucket, the maximum during this storm was 54, northeast, with an extreme of 56; the barometer dropped to 29.15 at 1.50 p. m. No boats down during the day.

The storm of this week broke no records at Nantucket.

Nantucket Woman Lost Her Life in Storm.

The horrors of the flood on the mainland came home to Nantucket forcibly when word was received of the death of Mrs. Linda Woodis, of North Brookfield, who was drowned Wednesday. Mrs. Woodis before her marriage was Miss Linda Chadwick, daughter of Franklin P. Chadwick of Nantucket. She is survived by her husband and three children.

She lost her life while serving in the capacity of nurse, returning from a maternity case with Dr. Thomas J. O'Boyle, a well-known physician. They were crossing at Doane's pond when the dam burst and Mrs. Woodis was swept to her doom. Dr. O'Boyle tried valiantly to save her, but without success, and nearly lost his own life. The body was recovered.

Mrs. Woodis was born in Nantucket, April 15, 1895, the daughter of Franklin P. and Helen L. Chadwick. She was planning a visit home within a week or two, to see her father and brothers and sisters.

No members of the family will start from Nantucket to attend the funeral, which is to be held Sunday, as word was received that there is no connection either by highway or train with the Brookfield communities.

A brother, Edward W. Chadwick, police officer at Newton, managed to reach there after an all-day struggle, but only through the fact that he was a police officer did he succeed. At Brookfield he was taken in a boat across the river. Upon his return to Newton he called his relatives in Nantucket, and told them not to attempt the trip to the funeral, and related the experiences he had been through. The family cannot even send flowers.

Nantucket's 1908 Storm Worst In Weather Bureau Records.

Nantucket having weathered that portion of the terrific hurricane which ravaged the coast, a great many summer islanders still lingering here have expressed opinions to the effect that the full force of the storm might have wiped this town out or submerged the island under a tidal wave.

As a matter of fact, Nantucket has survived storms a great deal worse than the one which tore away large portions of the shore-line on Wednesday last.

For example, thirty years ago last January, the local Weather Bureau recorded the worst storm in the history of the station. It was probably the worst in the history of the island, and a wind velocity of 130-miles-an-hour was recorded at that time.

This was a northeast storm on January 23, 24 and 25, 1908. Damage to the wharves and waterfront was extensive; out-buildings were unroofed, trees and fences suffered, but the entire island and town was not devastated, nor did a tidal wave sweep up into the streets.

The point is this: Nantucket is protected by nature against hurricanes; the contour of the heathland, the hills and rolling commons show adaptability to storms; the old town, snug and secure, was built to withstand the shock and strain of gales.

During this great storm of 1908, an unprecedented sea was raised in the harbor, which is open to a northeaster. A tide some seven feet above the normal swept the wharves, inundating the wharf-streets for some distance. The small craft tied up between Old South and Commercial wharves suffered great damage.

Beginning at 6:15 in the evening on the 23rd, the northeaster was first accompanied by snow. The wind averaged nearly 60 miles an hour all the next day. A maximum of 83 miles per hour was recorded at 7:36 a. m. on the 24th—a five-minute record. And for one minute (at 7:31 a. m.) an extreme of 125 miles per hour was recorded. The total wind movement for 24 hours (1525) gave an average hourly velocity of 63.5 miles per hour for the entire 24-hour period.

Several houses had walks ripped from their roofs, the house of Mrs. H. B. Sharp in particular being damaged. The coal shed on South wharf lost 20 tons of coal when its flooring was smashed. Huge seas pounded the eastern shore, cutting in many feet, and sand at the south side of the inlet at the Haulover was transferred to the north, a strange phenomenon. On the sound side of the "Gauls" at Great Point two fan-like promotories built out. William F. Jones, the best authority on shore-line changes here, came down from Boston to make a special survey of the erosion at this time.

Nearly 11 inches of snow came with the wind, causing a considerable savage aspect to the scene, but the crippling of the telephone and telegraph circuits was a result of the combination of snow frozen to the wires and the gusts.

The Coskata crew, under Capt. Norcross, went out to the wreck of the brigantine *Fredericka Schepp*, on the north side of Great Point, and saved those aboard, which included Captain Oversen's wife and two children.

The worst summer storm in the history of the Weather Bureau was on August 23, 1924, when a fierce easterly lashed the waterfront. The local fishing fleet suffered considerably—not only in these waters but in other sections. While the *Native* and several others made port before the gale was at its strongest, the *Five Brothers* was lost on Long Island and the *Thelma Snow* went ashore at Block Island. The *Lincoln* and *Alice N.* reached the haven of other ports safely, while Olaf Anderson and his *Dagney* rode the gale out on the fishing banks.

The damage to the foliage was the greatest ever suffered during summer months. Large elms were blown down in front of the Point Breeze Hotel and Broad street; the leaves of all the trees were burned by the wind and the salt spray.

The shore-line bore the brunt of the gale. When the wind shifted to southeast, the seas smashed into the land at Madaket and swirled around the Coast Guard station washing away an out-building. The "gut bridge" at

Hurricane Swept Nantucket But Did Little Property Damage.

Continued from First Page.

the first bridge at the other, were flooded, the water undermining the road edges and the approaches.

It was when the seas were breaking into Hummock Pond that one of the spectacles of its force was fully demonstrated. The property of Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Blair, of Liberty street, familiarly known as the former Humane Society house, was demolished. It had stood many a storm, but met its doom in this one. Mr. and Mrs. Blair had renovated the place at considerable expense, transforming it into a comfortable shore-house. It was unoccupied at this time, however.

Observers on the Cisco as well as the cove side of the locality realized the inevitable late in the afternoon, as the seas began to sweep in and around the house. The bar at the head of the pond had long since been inundated, and the Hummock at that point was a part of the Atlantic ocean.

Just at dusk, the undermining seas had set the structure at a slant. For a time it remained at an angle, with the seas pounding it. An observer declared the ending of the scene took place with just enough light to see it. One great sea sent the building tumbling into the surf and the very next one struck it and knocked it into a mass of flying wreckage.

The next morning the surrounding terrain was strewn with the lumber. Planking, shingles, timbers—all the dismembered structure—were lying in various places. Some of the material was even found in the pond, two hundred yards down the cove.

The well known gunning camp of Elwyn Francis, concealed in the north bank of the cove, was badly damaged. When the ocean smashed into the pond and flooded the entire section, the crest of the water swept up the pond on one side of Ram Pasture and along the cove on the other side. The flood smashed into the gunning camp, ruining the interior.

Coast Guards Had Few Calls.

The Madaket coast guards responded to calls in the harbor. Mr. Blair's yacht *Raven* was in danger of dragging her moorings, and Roy Josephs, her skipper, was taken out in the afternoon by Winthrop Ellis. Captain Howes and his men then went out to stand by. He also assisted Marcus Ramsdell with the latter's craft.

But the guardsmen's most unusual experience had to do with a trip to Muskeget on Thursday morning. It was reported that Marcus Dunham had spent the night on this exposed island of beach-grass and sand, and that observers had declared most of the houses on the island had been swept into the sea. Captain Johnson, of Coskata, and Capt. Howes of the Madaket station, made the trip up. As they approached the island they saw that several of the fisherman's shanties had been demolished and two other more substantial buildings shoved back from their foundations.

Marcus Dunham was not to be seen at first, but a short search soon located him at his dory, loading shellfish.

"Say," he declared, "there wasn't any need for you fellows to come way up here. I'm all right. Sure, I know it blew last night. It was the worse storm I ever saw here—but I'm all right, now, though I didn't expect to be last night. I was just going over to Madaket in my dory."

Dunham Had Terrible Experience.

From the account given by Mr. Dunham upon his return to Nantucket, he had the most thrilling experience of any islander during the gale. Muskeget suffered the most damage of any place on or around the island.

Mr. Dunham reported that the wind assumed gale proportions around 3:00 o'clock Wednesday afternoon. He had seen to it that his boats were taken care of and then had retired to his house, little realizing what was in store. When the gale increased the seas began to pound up the beach.

"I watched it rise," said Mr. Dunham, "and I never saw it rise so fast. The first thing I knew it was all about the house. Then I decided to get out."

"By this time the wind was wicked. It blew Jim Dennis' shanty away as if it was paper. Then Ed Rose's place went. While I watched I felt my own place moving, and before I could get up the seas had washed it out and the wind blew it back into a bog in the middle of the island. I got out of a window and made for the ridge to the westward. It was then the only place out of water."

"Muskeget was clean under water—with the seas breaking everywhere. I went through water up to my neck in the hollows of the dunes and finally reached the ridge. I had to lay down in a hole there to keep from blowing away."

"When the wind dropped, late at night, the water went down. I spent the night walking the beach. It was pitch dark, and I was wet and tired. I tell you the sight of the island at daybreak was almost unbelievable. The shanties were gone. My house and Robbie's had been blown back on their beam ends, way up in the sand-dunes."

But it was the clubhouse that was the worst sight. The building—which is quite heavily-built, you know—was a wreck; the windows all smashed in; the doors out; the furniture and bedding all washed around inside; some of it out-of-doors. The big phonograph and radio was up in the sand-dunes, a long distance away.

"A plane circled around and I waved to it. I was getting my little necks into the dory, getting ready to go over to Madaket, when the coast guards came. No, sir—I never want to go through that experience again."

A number of houses in the village of 'Sconset suffered minor damage, but the wind's shifting from southeast to southwest precluded any serious trouble. The roof of the garage at the Sankaty Light station was ripped off like paper by a violent gust, just before 5:00 p. m., and it was reduced to kindling wood as it struck the ground many feet away.

Keeper Haskins of Great Point reported several washouts in the road when he came to town in the afternoon on Thursday. He stated that the wind was at gale force all Wednesday afternoon and evening until near midnight. The seas breaking in the rips were tremendous, and made an awesome sight, he declared.

As Nantucketers read over the details of the terrible death toll and the property destruction wrought on the mainland by the hurricane and tidal wave they were amazed. With the neighboring Vineyard suffering the loss of two towns; the Cape hard-hit by the high seas and wind; Woods Hole and Falmouth reporting seven casualties, and New Bedford and its environs receiving great losses, the islanders are deeply thankful for the escape of this ocean outpost, no matter how narrow it might have been.

Notes Here and There After The Storm.

In spite of the fact that the dwelling had been swept away and that he knew his wife had been drowned, Capt. Arthur Small, himself injured, kept on duty at Palmer's Island light in New Bedford harbor and the light was burning all night. It was a trying time for the light-keeper, but it is of such stuff that light-keepers are made.

When they read of the damage caused by the storm, and the loss of life and property on the mainland, the people of Nantucket were justified in giving thanks that they lived on the island, which escaped the full fury of the elements and suffered no damage other than erosion into a section of the south shore.

The electric current on Nantucket was not disturbed by the storm. Not one service failed anywhere on the island.

The Woods Hole wharf was badly damaged by the storm, although it would seem as though its location sheltered it from an easterly blow.

There was heavy loss of life in New England by the storm, but when we read of seven persons being lost at Woods Hole, nine in Bourne, and one on the Vineyard, it somehow strikes nearer home than in merely reading about the storm in the daily papers.

Late Wednesday afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. James Y. Deacon, who were occupying "Sea Breeze", a cottage west of the Coast Guard Station at Madaket, decided they would move to town, as the heavy seas were breaking over the bluff and washing too near their cottage for comfort.

The road-way across the head of Hither Creek was washed away, leaving several families marooned on the other side. Manuel Sylvia, whose family domicile is on the other side of Broad Creek, reached home Wednesday afternoon, but the next morning found the road washed away, so he walked across in his "long-leggers" and then got a ride to town in order to take up his job in the postoffice. Thursday afternoon the Coast Guards got out the tractor and towed Sylvia's car through the mud and across to the town side of the creek, from which point he will motor to town and back until such time as the Hither Creek road-way is rebuilt.

It was possible to telephone from Nantucket to Falmouth, Thursday morning, but no further, as the storm had crippled the lines. Service was restored later in the day, however.

Great Storm of 1815 Paralleled This September's Hurricane.

A hurricane and tidal wave which paralleled the recent devastating gale in a great many ways was chronicled in an issue of the New York Sun of this week. The account was taken from the book entitled "Our First Century," published in 1878, and written by R. M. Devens. A chapter called "The Ever-Memorable September Gale of 1815," states:

"Judging from all the information, historical and traditional, relating to the great American gales during the last hundred years, it would appear that the one which occurred in New England on the 23rd of September, 1815, was and is still without a parallel in its extraordinary characteristics of violence and destructiveness.

"In the history of the country, dating back to its earliest annals, there is no account of any gale or hurricane equalling this in its various phenomena of suddenness, severity and power.

"The air had an unusual appearance. It was considerably darkened by the excessive agitation, and filled with leaves of trees and other light substances. Chimneys and trees were blown down. The rivers raged and foamed like the sea in a storm, and the spray was raised to the height of 60 or 100 feet in the form of thin white clouds, which were driven along in a kind of wave form.

"In Boston harbor, the sea had risen unusually high two hours before the calendar time for high water. But the direction of the wind at this time had a tendency to counteract the tide, and thus secured the port from the awful calamity which threatened it. Great losses however were sustained from the wind alone, many buildings were blown down, great numbers were unroofed or otherwise injured. The most calamitous destruction befell the trees, orchards and forests exhibiting scenes of desolation the like of which had never before been witnessed in America.

"Rhode Island felt the full force of this remarkable gale, Providence suffering to the amount of millions of dollars, accompanied with fearful loss of life, as in other places. This was owing to the wind blowing directly up the river on which the place is built, accompanied by a dreadful and most destructive tide so that vessels were actually driven over the wharves and through the streets.

"All was now confusion and dismay in the exposed regions. The tide, impelled by the tempest, over-flowed the wharves; vessels, broken from their fastenings at the wharves were seen driving with dreadful impetuosity toward the bridge, which was swept away. Every exertion to protect property was rendered futile by the violence of the wind, the rapid rise of the water and the falling of trees.

"At New London, Ct., the tide rose so rapidly that some of the dwellings were deluged before the inhabitants knew of their danger.... The waves rose to six feet in the streets! Stores were seen falling everywhere before the power of the tempest, buildings were unroofed, giant trees fell.

"Fresh water, along the seaboard, was a rarity of price, the wells being generally overflowed and left full of seawater. Watering places for cattle suffered a similar fate.

"The center of the limits of this great and memorable tempest, scientific investigators were unable to determine. It was very violent at places separated by a considerable interval from each other; while the intermediate region suffered much less. There seems to have been no part of the coast of New England which escaped its fury, though in Vermont and the western parts of New Hampshire its severity was much less; yet still further west, on the St. Lawrence, the gale was so great as to render it extremely dangerous to be upon the river.

"According to investigations and the observations recorded at the time are believed to be established, namely: That the hurricane commenced in the West Indies and moved northward.... The hurricane was mostly from the southeast, blowing into and at right angles to the northeast storm, at its southern termination. As the southeast wind approached the line of the northeast storm, it was deflected into an east wind. The general form of the hurricane, in and about New England, was that of an eccentric ellipse."

Nantucket Leads in First Air Mail Flight.

It is interesting to make comparison of the amount of mail matter sent out from the various places in South-eastern Massachusetts on the "first air mail flight" last Thursday. Nantucket was easily in the lead, both as to number of letters and to weight of shipment, in comparison with other towns of this size.

A total of 1691 pieces left the Nantucket office, and 210 the 'Sconset office, the two together making a pouch weighing 40 pounds. Edgartown had 8 pounds, Oak Bluffs 6 pounds 8 ounces, Vineyard Haven and the up-island towns a total of 15 pounds 8 ounces. All together the Vineyard's shipment amounted to 30 pounds, or 10 pounds less than that from Nantucket.

Falmouth, with eight offices, had a total of 1,032 letters, which was not a very heavy response to the "first flight" feature of the air mail service, considering the total population of Falmouth and its eight postoffices.

Postmaster Roberts informs us that the total output of air-mail during the week of May 15 to 21 amounted to 2,189 pieces. Of this number 1,691 went out on the "first air mail flight" May 19.

Among the far-distant points to which air letters were sent were the following: Hawaii, Havana, Guatemala, Rio de Janeiro and several other South American cities, Philippines, Australia, Bermuda, and to practically all of the European countries.

Miss Roberts expresses her appreciation to the people of Nantucket for their co-operation in bringing Nantucket to the fore-ground for towns in this section of Massachusetts. The officials of the railway mail service, under which the "first flight" was held, were very much pleased with the showing which Nantucket made.

Other Great Storms.

In reviewing great storms of the past which might be comparable, in some phases, to the recent hurricane disaster it was noticed that mainland newspapers did not mention the great storm of September 19, 1869.

With the exception of 1815 and 1838, the storm which occurred in September of 1869 was the worst in this section of New England until the hurricane of this year.

This great gale of sixty-nine years ago began to develop at 3 p. m., and soon after was a full-fledged hurricane. Again it swerved off Nantucket shoals and swept west upon the coast, coming out of the southeast.

New Bedford suffered considerable damage. Ships were cast ashore at Fairhaven as if they were egg-shells, and were as easily smashed. The big bridge across the river had a number of craft go swirling through its draw.

In Providence the streets were flooded and many business establishments were inundated. The Central Baptist Church was unroofed, the Hope Iron Foundry battered, the spire of the Chestnut street Methodist Church sent crashing into the street and the Oriental Mills had considerable loss. The city's damage was estimated to be in excess of \$2,000,000.

In North Bridgewater the Porter Church spire fell over, orchards were ruined, and chimneys were toppled by the blasts of wind. Many beautiful trees were flattened.

In Boston the steeple of the Cockrel church in Hanover square was blown down and buildings in Scollay Square were damaged. Swinging signs over the sidewalks were tossed about, seriously injuring many pedestrians.

Altogether the big gale of 1869 was a serious one and had there been the exposed wires in the streets of the cities as there are today and the extensive shore properties of the summer colony, the damages would have been correspondingly larger and perhaps comparable to the great disaster of 1938.

In this town, June 21st, James H. Barrett, aged 93 years, 5 months, 15 days.

Death of James H. Barrett, Veteran of the Civil War.

James H. Barrett, one of the last two surviving veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic on Nantucket, died at his home at 62 Orange street, some time Tuesday night. The end came quietly, as peacefully as he has spent the last few years of his life.

Mr. Barrett was the oldest man on Nantucket, and holder of the Boston Post cane. His wife, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Barrett, died several years ago, and his daughter, Miss Hattie Barrett, has been his constant companion and guardian from the time when his advanced years rendered him a semi-invalid.

The deceased was born in Nantucket on January 6, 1845. Before he had reached the stipulated age of 18, he enlisted in the 20th Regiment of the Massachusetts Volunteers in August, 1862, reaching that regiment at its headquarters in Maryland on Sept. 7 of that year.

Here he joined Co. I, which was composed of practically all Nantucket boys, and marched with them to Antietam Creek, where the 20th Mass. took part in the greatest battle of the war up to that time—Antietam. In relating his experiences, Mr. Barrett, in his last interview with the writer, remarked that McClellan might have gained a great victory had he closed in on the balked Confederates.

"There was a thick fog that night," he had said, "and I guess our generals got lost in it."

Taking part in the several marching campaigns which followed, Mr. Barrett, if he could be drawn out, was able to give a graphic picture of the hardships of the march and bivouac.

On December 13th, 1862, he was one of the heroes in the Federal Army's advance corps which crossed the Rappahannock before Fredericksburg and drove the rebel sharpshooters out of the town. It was here that he saw Holmes, Alley, Macy, Summerhayes, and others of his Nantucket officer comrades perform feats of daring which won for some promotion and others a soldier's death. It was during this great strategic blunder—the Battle of Fredericksburg—that Mr. Barrett was badly wounded, a ball striking him in the foot.

On Nov. 2, 1863, nearly a year later, he was transferred to the Veterans' Reserve Corps, receiving his honorable discharge from the Army of the Potomac Aug. 7, 1864. He promptly reenlisted in the V. R. C. and served for the duration of the war.

Mr. Barrett was in Washington at the time President Lincoln was murdered. He was able to recall vividly the great agitation which swept the capital city and the mass meetings in the public squares. Most of all he remembered the conspirators in the assassination plot—Mrs. Surratt and young Payne, and the famous Dr. Mudd, the latter being the controversial subject for speculation years after. Mr. Barrett was one of the guards at the Federal prison where the conspirators were incarcerated.

In June, 1865, at the age of 22, Mr. Barrett returned to his native island. With the exception of a few years' employment at the old Potomaska Mills in New Bedford, he has been here all his long life since the war.

Until he retired, a little more than fifteen years ago, Mr. Barrett remained remarkably active. He was a mason by trade, and often did carpentry work as well. He lost an eye in an industrial accident when still a comparatively young man, but was able to do his daily reading up until the time of his passing, his remaining eye retaining unimpaired vision through the years.

Funeral services were held yesterday (Friday) afternoon at the Newtown Cemetery, with Commander James H. Wood, lone survivor of the Thomas M. Gardner Post, conducting the Grand Army services at the grave. Members of the I. O. O. F., to which Lodge, the deceased belonged, the American Legion, and the Spanish War Veterans' Encampment, assisted in the services.

Mr. Barrett was of genial disposition, a man of steady habits, to which he often attributed his great age. He was loath to talk about his experiences in the Civil War, despite his participation in two of the war's most terrible battles. "I did my share," he remarked at one time. This was the outstanding characteristic of his long and useful life.

From a Nantucketer Marooned In New York.

A Nantucketer, who feels marooned in New York city during the winter months, sends us the following:

Here in a crowded street I roam
A nomad, e'en with a box-like home.
Not even a lamp in this tiny room,
Can long forestall the lasting gloom.
Here's glory and fame and city dust,
Penthouses, subways, and filth and rust.
And there's none to see and none to care
If your rent is paid or your cupboard bare.
Where I belong the wind blows free
And thro' the window there's space to see.
The length of the gravel beneath one's feet
Is simple and cobbled, uneven but sweet.
Where I belong, the stars shine down
To light the streets of a sleeping town
'Til the street orbs blink and fade away
In the sombre light of the moon's soft ray.
Where once I lived, a friend is true
Whatever you have, whatever you do,
Whether there's sorrow, pain or fear,
There's some who can help, there's one who can hear.
And vices can't help but be far and few
And all that this city knows is new.
For one may not hate or cheat or strive,
Yet he may eat and keep alive.
Where I belong, the sea gulls fly
And ships come home 'neath a wide blue sky,
And God smiles down with love, not pity,
As he must each day on this tired city.
"A Nantucketer"

No Passenger Trains To Woods Hole This Winter.

Passenger trains are unlikely to again run on the Woods Hole branch until next spring.

The New Haven railroad has been studying for some time the possibility of transporting its passengers between Buzzards Bay and Woods Hole by busses.

"Now that we have the busses down there, this is the time to begin," Frank J. Wall, vice-president of the railroad, told the Falmouth Enterprise this week. "Busses will give Falmouth and Woods Hole the same number of train connections they have had in past winters. The busses will make train time between Buzzards Bay and Woods Hole."

Mr. Wall said that railroad figures show bus service can be maintained for the six winter months for \$9,000 as compared to \$30,000 for train service.

"When you have a road in as tough financial shape as the Old Colony the possible saving is too big to be ignored," Mr. Wall said.

Although the Woods Hole branch draws traffic from Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, as well as from the Falmouth villages, it has long been lightly patronized. In winter islanders frequently take advantage of low round-trip automobile rates to bring their cars to the mainland and drive to Boston. Mr. Wall pointed out that the islands are to have but one through steamer this winter.

"Passenger traffic would have to increase 1000 per cent to justify running trains on the Woods Hole branch," Mr. Wall said.

"With busses Falmouth will be to all intents and purposes on the railroad," Mr. Wall added. He said that through trains in summer are certain.

The New Haven ran its first passenger trains through to Hyannis on Monday. The plan which it expects to announce shortly will be to continue year-round passenger train service between Boston and Yarmouth on the winter schedule inaugurated before the hurricane stopped trains at Middleboro. Falmouth and island passengers will travel on busses connecting with the Hyannis trains at Buzzards Bay. Trucks will carry express and mails.

The New Haven is proceeding with all possible speed to restore the tracks on the Woods Hole branch because it wants to open them to freight service. Freight trains will run the year-round.

It is planned to run a bus to New Bedford from the boat which comes to Woods Hole from Nantucket at 5.25 weekdays; and a bus from New Bedford to Woods Hole to provide connections with the 7 p. m. boat for the Vineyard.

Selectmen and Representative "Came To Town." 19

Monday, October 24, will be recorded on the books of the Selectmen and in the diary of Representative Backus as a day when the officials "came to town" (meaning the Hub, of course) in a most unusual manner.

Steamer Naushon put out from Nantucket at 3.40 instead of 2.30 that afternoon, as scheduled. It was an awful handicap for what appeared to be a perfectly reasonable operating schedule (on paper).

Darkness fell long before the boat reached Oak Bluffs—and the rain fell, too. In fact, there was moisture within and without the boat, as six or eight hand basins placed around the deck indicated that they were there to catch the drops falling through from the upper deck and not because anyone had used them for an attack of nausea on the trip down.

Secretary Coleman anticipated something or other and inquired the price of staterooms. But he failed to succumb and at Cross Rip got outside of two pieces of sponge cake, two pieces of pumpkin pie and three bottles of milk. Then he felt better.

At Woods Hole the real novelty of the schedule began to manifest itself. Amid the torrential rain the passengers hurried off the gang-plank to the call of a couple of bus drivers. "Bus for New Bedford here!" "Bus for Boston up near the station!"

And folks hurried aboard, for no one cared to stay in Woods Hole overnight. The party of Nantucketers boarded the Boston bus, of course, for they were headed for Boston to tell the Public Utilities how they liked the new schedule. William Henry Winslow, the new commander of the Legion Post, went along, for he had something he wanted to tell about fish shipments.

The mail was stowed aboard, the bus driver sounded the horn and headed for Falmouth. It was then 6.40 o'clock and raining harder than ever. A stop at Falmouth to take on two passengers, a stop at North Falmouth to let off one, was all there was to the trip aside from the darkness and the rain and the grumbling heard from about every seat in the coach. Another driver took the wheel.

When Buzzards Bay was reached there was no train waiting—it had got tired and gone along about its business. "Anyone here for Wareham or Middleboro?" queried the driver. There was not a peep.

"Well, guess we'll head for Boston, then. Ought to make it if this does not turn out to be another flood!" And then he stepped on the gas. That fellow could drive even if it was raining and the roads covered with slippery leaves. He never wavered from his course and hummed through Middleboro and Bridgewater so fast that his passengers could not sense location.

Finally the bus ran into Brockton and up to the railroad station. There was no sign of a train, but that mattered not. "All out!" called the driver. "Change here for Boston!" He had made the run from Buzzards Bay to Brockton in just an hour.

"Next train at 9.06 o'clock" was the pleasing news. It was then 8.30. "Guess we'll go up-town for a stroll" announced the Nantucket quartet, so with Chairman Soverino in the lead—because he knew more about Brockton than the other three—out they went in the pouring rain.

Just what transpired they did not state when they hurried into the station just as a distant whistle was heard. "What's that?" queried one of them. "Must be our train!"

And sure enough, along came an engine with three passenger coaches, but not a solitary passenger. "Must have made this up special, so as to get us to Boston," commented Representative Backus. "How many stops do we make?" (to the conductor).

"Only six," was the reply.

It seemed like sixty.

At 9.50 in the evening the train rolled into the South Station, thus demonstrating the fact that the winter schedule will really get to Boston, but far from the schedule as arranged. It was a novel trip, anyway, and gave the Selectmen and the Representative some real ammunition to use at the hearing the following day.

There were 26 people in the bus when it reached Brockton and 38 in the train when it reached Boston. The driver of the bus could have continued on to Boston with his load of tired passengers instead of making them wait a half hour in the Brockton station for a train to be made up. But he didn't—so on the train ride the passengers loosened up a little and found a bit of humor in the situation. They even tried to figure out how that Nantucket man is going to fill that order for 10,000 guinea pigs and if he is able to fill it by what route will he ship them to America.

The question was not settled when the quartet packed themselves into the taxi and headed for the hotel up on Beacon street. "Great Scott!" ejaculated Henry, when he saw where the taxi had stopped. "And I forgot to bring my knitting with me."

"It's a long way up to Bean-town—it's a long way to go!" sang Bill Winslow as he hustled into the Bellevue to get out of the moisture. "It's a long journey up to Boston when the wind and rain both blow!"

From 2.30 on the dock at Nantucket to 10.15 on Beacon Hill in Boston really was quite a trip.

A Whale of a Voyage.

From the Brockton Enterprise.

Nantucket's selectmen and representative voyaged to Boston not long ago to put in the island's plea to the public utilities commission for better steamboat service through the winter and, according to The Inquirer and Mirror, it was a whale of a voyage some ways. To start with the boat was an hour late in leaving Nantucket that afternoon, had a wet trip to Woods Hole, the party reached Buzzards Bay by bus after the train for Boston had upped anchor and scooted away, and another bus drive landed the out-of-sorts adventurers at the Brockton railroad station at 8.30 with the next train for the Hub due to go away at 9.06. To while away the time the island contingent took a stroll uptown in the rain. The story of just where they went or what they did is lacking in detail. Maybe they dropped in at a convenient drug store for a round or two of cheering milk shakes, but that is all guesswork. They had only called on the Enterprise perhaps something might have been done to help while away time for the stranded islanders. They didn't say that's that. The delayed delegate eventually reached Boston and a hospitable hotel in the shadow of the State House. And maybe they didn't have plain words to say next day to the commissioners about the pleasure of travel to and from their island home under the prevailing one boat a day schedule! They certainly did.

Nov 12 1938
The Federal government is spending

"At The Sign of The Crest." The Coffin Family.

Mable Louise Keech, in a very readable article in the magazine called "Hobbies," writes as follows regarding the Coffin family and its coat-of-arms:

Quaint old Nantucket! And how the inhabitants through these nearly 300 years have held to their family traditions—preserving the picturesque setting of the homes; the farm and shop implements, and the home furnishings, to show the development from one period to another; and welcoming the vacationists who love the peaceful quiet, or the varied recreations offered.

Family first names are passed down from generation to generation, and many last names are still found on the island that were among the first in the list of founders, governors, grantees of land, and home owners.

Peter Folger, the grandfather of Benjamin Franklin; Stephen Greenleaf, a great-grandfather of John Greenleaf Whittier; Bunkers, Colemans, Starbucks, and others whose names are familiar to us, built wisely and well for the future.

Three other names are outstanding—Tristram Coffin, Thomas Gardner, and Thomas Macy, three first Governors of the island.

And those of us who are descendants of any one of the original families are descendants of nearly all of them, and also come through one line several times, for there were comparatively few families on the island, and they naturally intermarried.

Tristram Coffin, who organized the group who settled Nantucket, came to America in 1642, to Nantucket in 1659, and was chief magistrate in 1671. He was of the Landed Gentry in England from a family of wealth and influence in Devonshire.

The name is derived from the French "chauve" meaning "the bald", and has several other spellings, among them, Cophin, Kophin, Covin, Coffyn and Coffyne.

At Fallaise a town in Normandy, stands the Chateau of Courtetou, which was in the Coffin name for centuries. In 1066 Sir Richard Coffin accompanied William the Conqueror to England. About 1254, the manor of Avington, at Portledge-in-the-Sea, was granted to the family and remained in the name for many generations. There were many Sir Richards (and one of them, in the 12th century, wrote on Heraldry!). One married a lady whose last name was Pine, and they named their son J. Richard Pine Coffin!

Tristram, the son of Peter, married Dionis, daughter of Robert Stevens of Brixton, England, and they had seven children. In 1728 there had been 1,582 descendants, 1,128 living. Twenty-six of his descendants graduated in 1828, at New England Colleges, fifteen at Harvard alone. All in this country by this name, or in a collateral line, can claim Tristram, the patriarch, as an ancestor, and be grateful for their rich heritage.

The first coat-of-arms attributed to the Coffin family was: *Argent a chevron between three mullets pierced sable.* That is, a silver shield on which is charged a black chevron, this between three black stars pierced.

Later a new one was granted. At one time it was "lost in social confusion of the period preceding Cromwell's time," and regained.

The arms registered as belonging to Tristram's branch of the family is described in Burke's General Armory, Fairbairn's Book of Crests, and in several books on early American families and history.

He beareth for Arms: Azure four bezants within five crosslets or: Crest—A bird, or between two cinquefoils argent, stalked and leaved proper. Motto—"ost tenebras, speramus lumen de lumine."

The standard color code, that you may picture the colors in this, or any any emblazonment made in code: Horizontal lines, blue; dotted surface, gold; plain surface, silver; diagonal lines from upper right to lower left, green (not very clear in this small picture).

Translated into non-Heraldic terms it reads: A blue (azure) shield on which are charged five gold (or) crosses having each arm crossed near the end (cross crosslet). These are arranged in the form of a cross, as five symbols invariably are unless otherwise described. Within the four open spaces of this formation are four gold disks, or bezants. The crest is a gold bird, on either side of which is a silver (argent) five-petaled Heraldic flower (cinquefoil), having leaves and stalks of green—that is, natural color, or "proper."

The cross denotes Crusader ancestry, always signifying tribulation and sorrow, and the association with church life. The cross crosslet is symbolical of the four-fold mystery of the cross. It has been a coincidence that nearly every Armorial Bearing shown in these articles has been charged with a cross, also that each has been different. When we know that there are over 250 forms of the cross, that most families are descended from Crusaders, and many desired a Crusader symbol when consulted about their grants, we do not wonder that the cross is so often seen.

Bezants are ancient Eastern or Byzantine coins. Granted to Crusaders or their descendants, they indicated victory over the Turks.

As the bird in the crest is not described with a name, it is given the significance of the bird in general, a message of good-will, and the symbol of tenderness.

The cinquefoil is an Heraldic flower, representing peace, hope, and joy.

Colors represent the personal characteristics of the bearer, and are granted only on merit. Blue signifies loyalty and truth; gold, generosity and elevation of mind; silver, sincerity and peace.

Poor Grandpa!

It may be that your Grandad never saw a movie, an aeroplane, or listened to a radio, or owned an automobile. But there is one thing on Grandad's side: he never had to wait in a barber shop until a girl got her neck shaved; he probably never went in swimming with a lady; he didn't smoke mentholated cigarettes, have his finger-nails manicured or his toenails doctored. We doubt if he drank near-beer and he didn't divorce Grandma; he undoubtedly did not shoot a filling station bandit, didn't sleep in broadcloth pajamas, and was satisfied with a headed game of checkers as an active sport. But somehow, Grandad lived to a ripe old age and never knew what he was missing. He never got behind with his work on account of golf and he was always up to scratch when it came to paying his bills. And there are a good many of the offsprings of Grandad who could profit by his example.

DECEMBER 17, 1938

Seventy-five Years Have Gone Since Lincoln Made Speech.

It was three-quarters of a century ago (in November, 1863) that President Abraham Lincoln delivered his immortal Gettysburg Address. Giving some of the intimate details of the visit in Gettysburg of the martyred President, Henry E. Luhrs says in the current issue of the National Republic:

"We know that the original plans made by Stanton called for leaving Washington early in the morning of the 19th, arriving in time to be present at the dedication ceremonies, and returning that evening to Washington. Fortunately Judge Wills had invited the President to come the day before and make his residence the stopping place, and the President happily acted upon the suggestion and changed the plans of the Secretary, so that the party left Washington on the 18th. Arriving in the evening of that day, the President proceeded to Judge Wills' home where he stayed the night. Other members of the Presidential party were entertained at other homes of prominent citizens of Gettysburg. In addition to the President, Judge Wills also entertained at his home on this same evening Edward Everett, who was to be the orator, and Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania.

"It is also known that on the evening of the 18th, before President Lincoln retired, crowds in the streets of Gettysburg went about from house to house, calling upon the prominent personages housed within to come out and show themselves and say a few words. The crowd naturally gathered at Judge Wills' home and, due to their persistent calls, President Lincoln appeared at the door and said the following:

"I appear before you, fellow citizens, merely to thank you for this compliment. The inference is a very fair one that you would hear me a little while at least, were I to commence to make a speech. I do not appear before you for the purpose of doing so, and for several substantial reasons. The most substantial of these is that I have no speech to make. In my position it is somewhat important that I should not say foolish things. (A voice: 'If you can help it'.) It very often happens that the only way to help it is to say nothing at all. Believing that is my present condition this evening, I must beg of you to excuse me from addressing you further."

"Of course, the President was mindful of the coming election year, and was naturally cautious not to say anything that would hinder his political fortunes in a state so important as Pennsylvania on an occasion of this kind. This, we believe, is the main reason why the President did not care to make any more extensive remarks, plus the fact that in a noisy going about of a crowd of this kind, with the street noises, there would naturally be a disturbance beyond the immediate crowd gathered about one place, so that it would be difficult at best to say anything that would be lastingly effective."

Nantucket Students Vote to End Strike This Morning

NING, MAY 28, 1938.



STRIKING NANTUCKET PUPILS

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The chief subject for conversation this week has been the unprecedented action of the student body of the Nantucket High School in staging a "strike" Tuesday—a demonstration against the action of the school committee in not reinstating Miss Edith Thompson and Clyde G. Fussell, two members of the high school faculty.

The Committee had held a special meeting Monday evening, at which several petitions were received, containing signatures of parents and students, requesting that the two high school teachers be re-appointed for the coming school year. The Committee took no action on the petitions, one way or another, merely tabling the petitions.

This fact, together with the knowledge that Mr. Fussell had been stricken ill on the same evening and had been taken to the hospital, evidently brought the matter to a head so far as the student body was concerned.

Despite the fact that there had been rumors that the students were contemplating drastic action in behalf of the two popular teachers, it was a great surprise to the townspeople to see a large group of the young people come marching down Centre street on Tuesday morning, shortly after nine o'clock. The students had assembled in Bennett Hall for graduation practice. At a prearranged signal, they marched out of the hall and down to Main street square, shouting as they went "We want Fussell," and "We want Tommy!"

Cheering as they marched, the students made their way into Federal street, where they stopped in front of the Gas and Electric Company office, looking for Charles G. Snow, a member of the School Committee. When it was learned that he was at the com-

pany's plant, on Whale street, the one hundred young people marched down there.

Students Refused to Return to School Until Committee Gave "Reasons."

When Mr. Snow appeared, the students surged about him, asking for a statement as to why the School Committee had refused to give a reason for not retaining the two teachers. Mr. Snow declared the reason could not be divulged, and requested the students return to the high school and their classes.

The answer was a chorus of jeers with repeated assertions "We want Fussell!" and "Tommy, Tommy!"

By this time a large crowd had formed, which followed the marchers back to Main street. Placards were appearing, made from all kinds of cardboard, on which were written, "Fussell and Tommy," "We want Mr. Fussell," and "Hurrah for Thompson," as well as numerous other wordings to the same effect.

Supt. of School Charles G. Taylor made repeated efforts to persuade the young people to return to school, but to no avail. Learning that another of the School Committee members was at Academy Hill, the "strikers" headed in that direction, only to halt in Quince Street when it was discovered that the man sought had gone.

A representative of *The Inquirer and Mirror* approached them at this point, to ask them why they were striking, and what they believed could be gained by such a demonstration.

The replies were to the effect that the student body believed that the two teachers had been discriminated against by the School Committee; that no reason had ever been advanced for their not being retained; that the School Committee had acted from selfish motives; and that the "strike"

was their only means of showing the voters of the Town how deeply the issue had stirred them.

The marchers then repaired to the rear of Dreamland Theatre, where a meeting was held to determine the course of action. It was decided among them to hold a public meeting that night, and that the group should return to the "square" in front of the Pacific Bank at 1:00 o'clock that afternoon to learn where the meeting would be held.

Main street presented an unusual sight at 1:00 o'clock. The young people had assembled early and were cheering and waving various placards. The crowd which looked on was apparently of mixed feelings. While in sympathy with the students, there were several among the onlookers who declared the fact of such open revolt and defiance to the school authorities to be rather unfortunate.

When questioned as to this point, one of the "strikers" remarked: "We didn't want to strike—but it is the only way to show the public how we feel about the unfair treatment given Miss Thompson and Mr. Fussell."

It was announced by placards and cheering that the meeting that night was to be held at Chace Hall at 8:00

Extract of Records of School Committee Meeting, May 23rd.

At the meeting of May 23, nine visitors were present representing parents of High School pupils.

Mrs. Elmer Pease, Mr. Harry Cady, Mr. Thomas Williams, Mrs. Elmore Swain and Mrs. Philip Murray, Jr., spoke in favor of the re-election of Miss Thompson and Mr. Fussell as teachers in the High School.

It was voted that Friday, June 17, be the last day of school for the seventh and eighth grades.

A report was received from the Superintendent on the eye and ear clinic.

The resignations of Miss Edna T. Coffin and Mr. Elton Cathcart were accepted with regret.

The secretary was instructed to submit a statement to the *Inquirer and Mirror* and to the *New Bedford Standard*, setting forth the attitude of the Committee relative to the petitions received, requesting retention of the services of Miss Thompson and Mr. Fussell.

Statement by the School Board.

The School Committee is keenly appreciative of the interest taken by the citizens of Nantucket in their school system, as evidenced by petitions recently received and a deputation of parents, relative to the failure of the Committee to re-elect two teachers.

The Committee sincerely trusts that those citizens who have disagreed with its action will realize that the Committee has not acted hastily, nor with any other purpose than that of serving the best interests of the Nantucket Schools, as it appears to them.

The Committee being but human, it is possible that its judgment may not always meet with the approbation of all members of the community, but the community may be certain that the Committee's decisions have been arrived at only as the result of continuous study of conditions in the schools.

It is obvious, of course, that the Committee cannot make public the reasons which have guided it in reaching its decisions. Any committee in dealing with the employment of human beings must be permitted to deliberate its judgments in private, otherwise it would be impossible to discuss impartially the merits and aptitudes of individuals.

The Committee wishes to thank the citizens for their interest, and assure them that it will be very happy at all times to receive and consider any communications, whether of an individual or joint origin, bearing on matters pertinent to the school system.

Charles G. Snow, Chairman,
Charles P. Kimball, Sec'y,
Margaret Harwood,
John C. Ring, Jr.,
Gabrielle Griek.

attempts to induce a minor to absent himself unlawfully from school, or unlawfully employs him or harbors a minor who, while school is in session, is absent unlawfully therefrom, shall be punished by a fine of not more than fifty dollars."

"Is There a Santa Claus?"

Some years ago the New York Sun received a letter from a little girl named Virginia O'Hanlon (long since grown to woman-hood, we presume). The little girl asked the question: "Is there a Santa Claus?" a query that is always somewhat perplexing to answer when asked by a bewildered youngster.

Virginia wrote as follows:

Dear Editor: I am eight years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says, 'If you see it in the Sun, it's so.' Please tell me the truth. Is there a Santa Claus?

Virginia O'Hanlon.

115 West 95th Street

At the time The Sun received the inquiry, the late F. P. Church was one of the editorial writers and he made reply to Virginia as follows:

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the scepticism of a sceptical age. They did not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they can be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the world of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would they prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders that are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! He lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

Lilacs and Roses.

Lilacs and roses are both in bloom in Nantucket. Many of the rose bushes at the Cliff, at 'Sconset and about town are well-laden with blossoms, even if it is November. Tuesday afternoon we were handed a spray of white lilac in full blossom, which was picked from a tree in the yard of Mrs. Pearl Ellis on Silver Street.

The next day Mrs. Mary Furber handed us some more lilacs which she found blooming in her yard on Academy Hill. In several other parts of the town lilac trees are also in blossom. Nov-12 1938

Kate Smith's Creed As An American.

More and more, those who have the attention of millions are keenly realizing their responsibility to the society which has made this opportunity possible. A good citizen anxious to do her part in these troubled days, Kate Smith had this to say on one of her noonday broadcasts:

"Briefly, my creed as an American is this: I am proud to be an American... I believe in the Constitution of the United States... I believe in our Democratic form of Government..."

"I never cease thanking God that I was born and brought up... in the finest country in the world—where we enjoy freedom from tyranny, freedom of thought, and freedom to follow whatever form of religious worship means most to us individuals. I believe that the scrap of paper guarded so carefully down in the Library of Congress at Washington is more precious to the men, women, and children of the United States than anything else on earth. To rich and poor; high and low; Protestant, Jew, and Catholic—to the people of all creeds and races who are citizens of this country—it means everything. It is the only document of its kind in the world—the Constitution of the United States."

"Ever since those lines were written, the American people have been enjoying the benefits planned by the founders of our Nation."

"Much has happened since those early days. There have been problems... wars... depressions. There are those who have criticized our Constitution, those who believe it can not be made to apply to our changed methods of living... But its precepts and its guidance have preserved our unity, our democracy, our country, and our flag for the past century and a half."

"Much has been said about the dangers of various agitators working in our midst. But it may be—unwittingly—their propagandists are doing the American people a favor... Perhaps their activities will make all good Americans wake up to the fact that we've been paying too much attention to foreign affairs—and too little to the preservation of American traditions, policies and ideals."

1930 Voters on Registrars' Lists This Year.

The registration of voters in Nantucket at present is 1930, the records of the Registrars showing a total of 1930, including 1018 men and 912 women. We can well remember the time when women were privileged to vote for school committee only and could not have voice in the election of any other candidate. Now they are on equal footing with the men—and seem to appreciate the privilege, too, as 75% of those registered went to the polls on Tuesday, against 80% of the registered men voters.

The total registration this year is practically the same as it was in 1936—only six different—but it is more than double what it was thirty years ago—before women were allowed the full ballot.

In 1908 there were 758 voters; in 1918 there were 915; and ten years later (after the women were welcomed) the registration jumped up to 1482; and now it has reached a total of 1930. Nov-1938

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was their only means of showing the voters of the Town how deeply the issue had stirred them.

The marchers then repaired to the rear of Dreamland Theatre, where a meeting was held to determine the course of action. It was decided among them to hold a public meeting that night, and that the group should return to the "square" in front of the Pacific Bank at 1:00 o'clock that afternoon to learn where the meeting would be held.

Main street presented an unusual sight at 1:00 o'clock. The young people had assembled early and were cheering and waving various placards. The crowd which looked on was apparently of mixed feelings. While in sympathy with the students, there were several among the onlookers who declared the fact of such open revolt and defiance to the school authorities to be rather unfortunate.

When questioned as to this point, one of the "strikers" remarked: "We didn't want to strike—but it is the only way to show the public how we feel about the unfair treatment given Miss Thompson and Mr. Fussell."

It was announced by placards and cheering that the meeting that night was to be held at Chace Hall at 8:00

NING, MAY 28, 1938.

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Death of Albert G. Brock After Brief Illness.

Albert G. Brock, unquestionably the leading citizen of Nantucket and highly respected by all classes, passed away early Thursday morning after a comparatively brief illness, at his home on Liberty street. His removal from earthly life is a great loss to Nantucket in many ways—a loss that will be felt by the financial institutions of the town, by the many who have for years gone to him for advice and counsel, and by thousands of islanders and summer residents who have had the privilege of his friendship and associations.

"Mr. Brock," as he was usually referred to in the community, had long business experience—an experience that was invaluable to those who so often went to him for advice. His friendly manner, his genial greetings, and his wise counsel have helped many a person over the rough road. Only he and they knew the difficulties that had to be surmounted, and he never betrayed another's trust. Hundreds there are who will look back upon the years that have passed with keen appreciation of the advice and assistance which they so freely received from him who has now been called to his reward.

His business advice was sound and his friendship real, and although he never entered into politics in any way, he served the town far more ably and effectively along the path which he chose to follow. Nantucket and Nantucketers have benefited immeasurably by the influence of Albert G. Brock through a business career lasting more than half a century. His loss to the community is genuine.

Albert G. Brock was born in Nantucket, March 6, 1862, the son of Josiah and Mary E. Brock. His education was received in the island schools and in his young manhood he served as clerk in the post office, later becoming clerk in the Pacific National Bank, with which institution he was connected for more than half a century, first as clerk, then as cashier, and since 1915 in the position of president.

He was but twenty-four years of age when he received the appointment as cashier in 1886, holding that position until 1915, when he was elected president to succeed Henry Paddack. Both as cashier and as president his advice and counsel have been invaluable to the financial institutions with which he was so long connected.

Besides his connections with the Pacific National Bank, he served forty-eight years as a trustee of the Nantucket Institution for Savings; and also served as treasurer of the Nantucket Athenaeum, and as president of the Coffin School corporation.

As executor and trustee he has given valuable service in settling estates, as well as in various other capacities of trust and responsibility, always giving of his experience willingly and cheerfully.

Will of the Late Albert G. Brock Filed in Probate Court.

The will of the late Albert G. Brock, who died on December 15 last, has been filed at the Probate Court. It contains a number of bequests to island institutions, as well as personal gifts outside the family. The will reads as follows:

I, Albert G. Brock, of Nantucket, Massachusetts, make this my last will and testament, revoking all previous wills and codicils made by me.

First: I constitute and appoint my children, William C. Brock and Mary B. Lewis, to be the executors of and trustees under this my will.

Second: I exempt my executor, any administrator with this my will annexed, any trustee appointed as hereinafter provided from giving any bond or any surety on any bond and expressly request, direct, and provide such exemption. None of these shall be liable for any act or omission as fiduciary.

Third: My executors, any administrator or administrators with this will annexed, and my trustees shall have full power to sell at public auction or private sale on such terms as may be thought proper any of my property and any property held in my estate or trust at any time whether real or personal and to invest and reinvest the proceeds.

Fourth: I give all my furniture, books, papers, clothing, and all articles of personal use or ornament whatsoever to my wife Annie C. Brock if she shall survive me and otherwise to my said son and daughter.

Fifth: I give to my son-in-law, Frank E. Lewis, and to my daughter-in-law, Bessie E. Brock, one thousand up (1000) dollars each; in all two thousand and (2000) dollars.

Sixth: I give to each of the following named individuals who survive me the sum of five hundred (500) dollars, sui free of all estate and succession taxes, in grateful recognition of services rendered and of friendship: Clara L. Baker, Cora E. Swain, M. Louise Gordon, Doris E. Mack, Pauline I. Donnell, also known as Pauline G. Donnell; in all two thousand five hundred (2500) dollars.

[The seventh clause makes provision for a trust fund for his cousin, Walter I. Brock.]

Eighth: I give to my son William C. Brock, if he survive me, all my interest in the partnership known as the Albert G. Brock Co.

Ninth: All the rest, residue and remainder of my estate in which is to be included anything over which I have any deposing power, whether real or personal, I give, devise, bequeath, and appoint to my trustees upon the following trusts and purposes:

A. To pay the income to my wife Annie C. Brock for her life.

B. To use for her personal benefit or comfortable support so much of the principal as the said Annie C. Brock may request at any time.

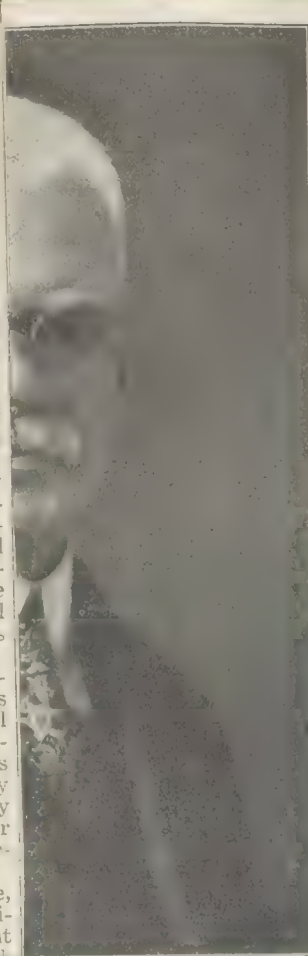
C. At the death of my wife, or if she shall die before me, then at my death, I give out of the trust fund then remaining the following charitable bequests. None of the charities benefited shall be considered to be in any way interested in my estate for the purpose of being a party to any accounting or entitled to object to any act or account of any fiduciary.

| | |
|---|----------|
| Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin's Lancasterian School in Nantucket | \$500.00 |
| Union Lodge, A. F. & A. Masons in Nantucket | \$500.00 |
| Isle of the Sea Royal Arch Chapter in Nantucket | \$500.00 |
| Sherburne Chapter, No. 182, Order of the Easter Star in Nantucket | \$500.00 |
| Nantucket Athenaeum | \$500.00 |
| Nantucket Maria Mitchell Association | \$500.00 |
| Relief Association in Nantucket | \$500.00 |
| Old People's Home Association in Nantucket | \$500.00 |
| First Congregational Church, Nantucket | \$500.00 |
| Nantucket Cottage Hospital | \$500.00 |
| Ten legacies each of five hundred (500) dollars, in all five thousand (5000) dollars. | |

[The testator makes provision for two trust funds covering the remainder of the estate, real and personal, in trust for his son and daughter, William C. Brock and Mary B. Lewis.]

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I do hereto set my hand and seal in the presence of three competent witnesses publish and declare this instrument written on six numbered sheets, one side only of each being used and each sheet pressing the one upon which I sign having been attested by me at the bottom to be my last will and testament this 15th day of October, A. D. 1937.

Albert G. Brock. (Seal)
Signed, sealed, published and declared as and for his last will and testament by the above named Albert G. Brock, known to us to be such in the presence of us, who at his request have hereunto set our hands in the presence of the witnesses.



ALBERT G. BROCK

ant Olivet Chapter of Rose Croix, Boston; Massachusetts Consistory, P. R. S., No. 328, of Boston; and Ippo Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S., of ton.

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One of the largest delegations of Masons in a number of years attended, the Masonic ritual being conducted by the Master and officers of Union Lodge, with the committal ceremony held at the North Cemetery, where the remains were interred in the family lot.

All of the business interests of the town were represented, and during the hour of the funeral business ceased entirely, even the drug stores being closed. It was a fitting mark of respect to him who for so many years was the leader in the town's financial interests.

Representatives of the insurance companies, with which the deceased had for so long been connected, came down from the mainland, and there were many floral tributes from business associates both on the island and on the mainland, as well as a wealth of tributes from fraternal orders, town officials, public service corporations, insurance companies and citizens.

The pall bearers were Edward P. Tice and Arthur A. Norcross, representing the Past Masters and trustees of Union Lodge; William Hall and Lincoln Porte, High Priests of Royal Arch Chapter; Charles C. Chadwick, representing the Pacific National Bank; and Alcon Chadwick, representing the Nantucket Institution for Savings.

A Tribute.

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To a remarkable degree he won the confidence of people. The integrity of his character was firmly established. People implicitly trusted him. He was a great comfort to many people.

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Frederic W. Manning.

103 Myrtle st., Boston.

In Memoriam.

Albert G. Brock

Day by day he went about The even tenor of his way; A quiet, unassuming sort He's crossed the bar, beyond life's bay.

So great in his simplicity, This gentle, kindly man, Shall linger on in memory To brighten life's dark span.

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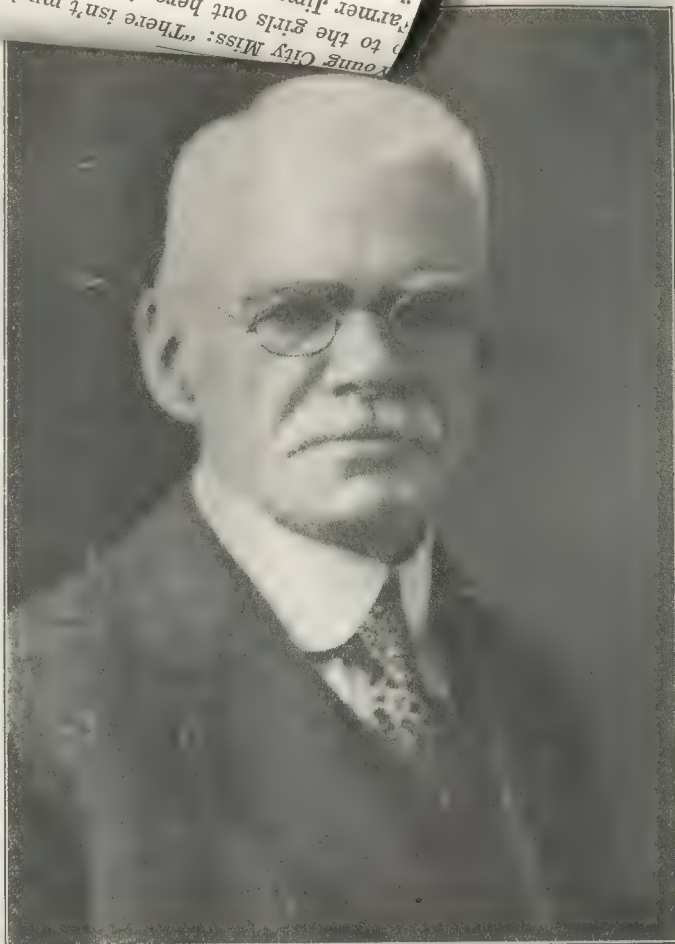
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As executor and trustee he has given valuable service in settling estates, as well as in various other capacities of trust and responsibility, always giving of his experience willingly and cheerfully.



THE LATE ALBERT G. BROCK

During his business career he built up a large insurance business, now conducted under the name of the Albert G. Brock Company, representing more than forty life and fire insurance companies. Some years ago, when the local gas and electric companies were struggling for existence, Mr. Brock became associated with several other Nantucket men who took over and combined the two lighting companies under the name of The Citizens Gas, Electric & Power Company. Subsequently, he personally assumed the controlling interest of the company and by his efforts and business acumen he was able to improve both plants and to commence the development of the lines and extension of the service.

In January, 1929, Mr. Brock retired from the lighting company and transferred his interests to other parties, the name soon after being changed to the Nantucket Gas & Electric Company, as at present.

The deceased was a member of the Masonic fraternity, being a 32d degree Mason and, at the time of his death, the oldest Past Master of Union Lodge of this town, an office which he held in 1893-4-5. Not only did he ably fill the chairs in the Blue Lodge and Chapter in Nantucket, but he was honored with appointment as Grand King of the Grand Chapter of Massachusetts.

Besides his membership in Union Lodge, which extended over a period of 54 years, he was affiliated with various other branches of the Masonic fraternity, including Isle of the Sea Royal Arch Chapter of Nantucket; New Bedford Council of Royal and Select Masters, of New Bedford; Sutton Commandery, No. 16, Knights Templars, of New Bedford; Boston Lafayette Lodge of Perfection, of Boston; Giles Fonda Yates Council of Princes of Jerusalem, of Boston;

Mount Olivet Chapter of Rose Croix, of Boston; Massachusetts Consistory, S. P. R. S., No. 328, of Boston; and Aleppo Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S., of Boston.

For a number of years it has been his custom to entertain the Knights Templars at high noon on Christmas day at his residence on Liberty street, an observance that has had especial significance to the Sir Knights.

Besides his fraternal connections, he was also a member of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, of the Nantucket Historical Association, the Nantucket Civic League, the Nantucket Cottage Hospital, the Pacific Club, and various other local organizations.

On the 19th of October, 1886, Albert G. Brock was united in marriage to Annie C. Cartwright, daughter of Capt. William J. and Lucretia R. Cartwright, the ceremony being performed by the late Rev. Louise S. Baker, pastor of the Congregational Church, assisted by the late Andrew M. Myrick, as justice of the peace. Three years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Brock had the privilege of observing their golden wedding, an event which their many friends will recall with pleasure.

Besides his widow the deceased is survived by a son, William C. Brock, and a daughter, Mrs. Frank E. Lewis. He also leaves two grand-daughters—Miss Elizabeth Brock and Miss Frances Lewis—and two grand-sons—Albert G. Brock, 2d, and Brock Lewis.

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To brighten life's dark span.

—A. V. B.

In this town, November 24, Arthur Irving Weeks, aged 59 years, 11 months, 10 days.

Death of Arthur I. Weeks.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Arthur Irving Weeks, which occurred at the Nantucket Hospital early on Thanksgiving morning. He was taken ill suddenly on the night of November 9th, with a serious heart affliction, and although at times his condition seemed to improve, he failed to master the disease.

Arthur Weeks will be missed by nearly every household in town. For years he has been employed as meter reader by the Nantucket Gas & Electric Company, and he was always faithful to his position and courteous and gentlemanly wherever he went. His cheery "Good morning!" was welcomed by many a housewife as he made his rounds, and although a man of few words, he carried an air of good humor and interest that was refreshing.

He was not a native of Nantucket, although coming from island stock. He was born in Dorchester, Dec. 14, 1878, and spent his early boyhood there, although from time to time coming to Nantucket as a child. His parents were Marcus T. C. and Mary Abbie Weeks. His father was in business here for a time as an upholsterer and cabinet worker. When Arthur came to Nantucket as a boy to take up his permanent residence, he was happy—delighted to make his home on the island with his parents.

An older brother, William, who was a well-known artist and head of the Boston Art School, died many years ago. A sister, Miss Mary Weeks, lived here many years and passed away in 1917.

Arthur Weeks was awarded a medal for bravery in saving the lives of three men from an over-turned sailboat near Nantucket bar on the 22nd of August, 1903.

On the 12th of November, 1913, Mr. Weeks married Miss Elizabeth Jane Graves, of Millburn, N. J., and they have always lived together on Nantucket. He was stricken ill only three days before they were to observe their silver wedding at their attractive home on Prospect street. There are no children.

The deceased was a member of Union Lodge, F. & A. M., of this town, and also of Nantucket Lodge, I. O. O. F.

Funeral services are to be held Sunday afternoon from his late residence on Prospect street.

In this town, November 19, Edward Bruce Hayes, Jr., aged 15 years, 20 days.

Sad Fatality.

A sad fatality occurred late Saturday morning, when Edward Bruce Hayes, Jr., a lad of fifteen years, was drowned in Sesachacha pond by the over-turning of a skiff in which he and his companion, Charles Cahoon of 'Sconset, had set out on a cruise after ducks.

Word of the accident cast a gloom over the entire community, as young Hayes was a popular chap, a son of the late Edward B. Hayes (of Point Breeze hotel) and Mrs. Elizabeth B. (Hayes) Worth. He was born in Nantucket, October 30, 1923, and was in his freshman year at the Nantucket High School.

"Teddy" had ridden over to 'Sconset on his bicycle and there joined his chum, Charles Cahoon, the two trudging over to Sesachacha in quest of ducks. They were out in a small skiff, paddling about with boards, as the boat was not equipped with oars. The strong wind had roughened the surface of the pond and in some manner the small boat shipped water and then capsized.

The boys started to swim for shore and Cahoon reached it after a hard struggle. Hayes, however, became exhausted and sank some distance from shore. Realizing that his companion had drowned, Cahoon hastened to Quidnet and word of the accident was telephoned to town from that point.

Fishermen and Coast Guards started dragging for the body as soon as possible, but it was 4.20 in the afternoon before it was recovered.

Funeral services were held in the Congregational vestry, Monday afternoon, conducted by the Rev. Fred D. Bennett, a former pastor of the church, who came down to officiate. Interment was in the Hayes lot in Prospect Hill cemetery.

The First Carolers Sang in 1913.

This Christmas marked the 25th anniversary of a custom which has become a happy part of the holiday season on Nantucket—the custom of going about the streets of the town on Christmas Eve singing carols.

It was originated in December, 1913, by Miss May H. Congdon, of School street, who was then Supervisor of Music and Drawing in the schools. In her work she discovered that the old carols were being sung with enthusiasm, especially by the high school, and so she broached the idea to the members of the Class of 1914. They were eager to do it, and with a few friends became the first carolers.

The group was composed of the following: Stanley Baker, Helen E. Bartlett, Mary Cash, Bertha Chase, Frances Coleman, Margaret Folger, Clarence Hussey, Mary Mendonca, John C. Ring, Jr., Forrest Thomas, Franklin Webster, Lillian Wood, and Roger Wilkes.

Mrs. Charles S. Hinchman.

In the death of Lydia Swain (Mitchell) Hinchman Nantucket has lost a distinguished daughter, a true friend and a benefactor.

Mrs. Hinchman died at her home in Philadelphia, December 3, 1938. She was born at 1 Vestal street, Nantucket, on November 4, 1845, the youngest daughter of Peleg Mitchell, Jr., and Mary S. Russell. She attended Hepsibeth Hussey's school until she was sixteen, when she became a pupil teacher. Two years later she went to Philadelphia to teach in Miss Shipley's School.

In 1872 she married Charles S. Hinchman of Philadelphia. He also was a member of the Society of Friends and came of a long line of Quaker ancestry. They are survived by five children: two sons, C. Russell Hinchman of Bryn Mawr, Pa., and Walter S. Hinchman of Milton, Mass.; and three daughters, Mrs. I. La Boiteaux, Miss Margaretta S. Hinchman and Miss Anne Hinchman. There are nine grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren.

Besides being a member and in some cases an officer of several patriotic, literary, historical, and charitable societies in Philadelphia, Mrs. Hinchman was a life member or patron of the many outstanding Nantucket institutions, in each of which she kept an active interest.

She was particularly concerned in the preservation of the birthplace of her cousin, Maria Mitchell, and with her sister, Mrs. Albertson, in the founding of the Nantucket Maria Mitchell Association.

In this Mrs. Hinchman showed from the start a desire to benefit Nantucket by creating a living memorial to Miss Mitchell. The existence and development of each department in turn, the Memorial House, the Natural Science Department, the Observatory, and the Library, are due largely to her vision, her help, and encouragement. But here, as in the case of other institutions, she kept herself as well as her gifts in the background, not allowing her name to be mentioned.

However, in addition to being naturally executive, her ability to master and visualize details has made her good judgment and advice valued and much sought after.

Mrs. Hinchman was interested also in genealogy. She was the author of several books: "The Early Settlers of Nantucket", which ran into two editions, and two delightful volumes of "Reminiscences", one of her husband and one of herself.

Everyone who had the good fortune to know Mrs. Hinchman was impressed with her gracious and kindly manner, her consideration for others, and her ability to bring out the best in all with whom she came in contact. In a word, she unconsciously inspired our love and admiration.

M. H.

THE NEW AMBULANCE



Nantucket Cottage Hospital's New Ambulance.

Well, after many years of patient waiting, the new Ambulance has arrived and since November first, has been in active service. As you know, it was purchased with the proceeds of a special fund raised by the 1938 Hospital Drive.

It is smaller than the old one and much easier to handle around our narrow streets and sharp turns. But in spite of its smaller size, there is no comparison with the old so far as comfort and convenience is concerned. It is a 1938 model sedan which has been converted. This same conversion equipment is used on a great many cars for Hospital and Police Departments throughout the country.

Before this type was decided upon, a special committee made careful investigation of all kinds and having decided on this particular model, made a special trip to Martha's Vineyard

to obtain first hand information and to personally inspect one which has been used there by the State Police for the past two years.

Our old one has served its purpose and is being retired from active service. It was a 1926 Reo and while in its day it was considered an excellent motor, it has grown old and become very uncomfortable—as those who had the opportunity to ride in it, will tell you.

Like all other emergency apparatus, which must be always ready for instant use, it must be "exercised regularly." This keeps up the battery and insures proper lubrication of all the moving parts.

Consequently, if you see the White Sedan headed out towards the Polpis Road on Tuesday and Saturday mornings, the chances are that it is simply on its regular "exercise" run of 5 miles, twice weekly. Arrangements are made to flag it at various points if it is needed for an emergency call

Those who have served as Officials-in-charge of the local Weather Bureau station since it was established are:

Sergt. B. A. Blundon, October 18, 1886, to Sept. 1, 1893.

Lieut. Max Wagner, Sept. 1, 1893, to Feb. 2, 1897.

William W. Neifert, Feb. 2, 1897, to August 1, 1900.

George E. Grimes, August 1, 1900, to November 28, 1938.

Assistants who have served during the fifty-two years the station on Nantucket has been operated were:

Under U. S. Signal Corps.

Pvt. Max Wagner, Dec. 15, 1886, to May 14, 1888.

Pvt. George E. Clements, April 25, 1887, to Sept. 16, 1887.

Pvt. Henry Schneider, May 10 1888, to February 8, 1890.

Pvt. Levi A. Judkins, March 25, 1890, to May 30, 1891.

Pvt. F. W. Kritchelt, Feb. 15, 1890, to May 3, 1890.

Pvt. Charles T. Cross, May 12, 1890, to October 12, 1891.

Under Dept. of Agriculture.

Charles H. Richardson, May 30, 1891, to Sept. 1, 1892.

George E. Grimes, June 11, 1892, to August 1, 1900. (Mr. Grimes stationed at Vineyard Haven from May, 1896, to January 23, 1897.)

William G. Mitchell, June 15, 1894, to Sept. 15, 1894.

Albert B. Pitman, March 13, 1896, to December 30, 1897.

William H. Tracy, May 15, 1907, to June 30, 1908.

It was on the 17th of November, 1885, that the government telegraph cable was landed at Madaket by tug Storm King, preparatory to the establishment of the United States Signal Corps on this island. This was not the first telegraph cable that had been laid across Nantucket sound, however, as away back in 1856 a project to link Nantucket with the mainland by a telegraph line actually materialized. The cable was laid across from Monomoy Point—on Cape Cod—to Great Point on Nantucket. It was a small wire surrounded by tough gutta-percha, the cable being only 5-8 of an inch thick. It worked successfully and for a short time an office was maintained in the lower floor of Folger Block, corner of Main and Orange streets.

The cable was at that time heralded as "the longest telegraph cable in America", but the manufacturers miscalculated on its strength, as it broke in a couple of months under the weight of the accumulation of seaweed and was never restored. A section of this 1856 cable was pulled up by a quahaug dredge in 1916 and found to be in perfect condition. A piece of the cable is in the Historical Museum, along with sections of subsequent cables.

When the government cable was landed at the west end of the island in 1885, it opened the way for the present very efficient Western Union

"To the Editor of the Post:

"Sir—Could you please tell me the date of the so-called Yellow Day in Massachusetts? What was the cause of it?"

On Tuesday, Sept. 6, 1881, occurred a darkness which overspread New England almost all day. It was similar to the famous "Dark Day" of 1780, but on account of the intense brassy appearance, which everything assumed, it has gone down in history as "the yellow day."

The smell of smoke had filled the air for several days, indicating its presence in large quantities. With reference to the source of the smoke, various opinions were given: some believed that it came from extensive forest fires which, it was said, were then raging in Canada and the West; others thought it might be due to an active volcano in the interior of Labrador, while others supposed it came from the immense peat bogs of the Labrador barrens, which in dry seasons would burn to the rocks, the fire running over them faster than on a prairie.

On the morning of "the yellow day," there was no apparent gathering of clouds, such as occurred on the "dark

day" of 1780, but early in the morning the sun and sky appeared red, and toward noon every part of the sky assumed a yellow cast, which tinged everything, buildings, ground, foliage, with its peculiar novel shade. As the hours dragged on, the sight became oppressive. The spectacle will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The day was warm, and the air was close and still, being in some sections charged with moisture. The darkness continued until near the time of sunset, when the red sky and sun again appeared, and the darkness lifted.

The darkness prevailed over a large part of New England, being noticed as far northward as White River junction in Vermont, some distance into Maine, westward to Albany, New York, and south into Connecticut, where it cleared early in the afternoon.

Observer Grimes to Retire After Long Years of Service.

Fifty-two years ago last month—in October, 1886—the Weather Bureau service was first established on Nantucket. And of the fifty-two years that have passed, George E. Grimes has been connected with the Nantucket office forty-six years, first under the United States Signal Corps and then under the Department of Agriculture.

When Mr. Grimes first came to Nantucket the weather station was located in the Pacific Club building at the foot of Main street, the office being in the room on the lower floor, southeast corner. The observatory platform was on the roof of the building and a tall pole was located in front near the entrance to the present District Court offices. It was there the government station was maintained until 1904, when the government purchased property on the east side of Orange street, where the Weather Bureau station has since been located.

Before he received the appointment of "junior meteorologist" Mr. Grimes served as assistant observer to the late Max Wagner and William W. Neifert, he becoming the official in charge on the 1st day of August, 1900. Up to a short time ago the Nantucket office, although one of the most im-

portant on the Atlantic coast, has been a one-man station. Recently, however, there have been three men assigned here, as bulletins of conditions at Nantucket have to be sent to Newark at regular periods throughout the day and night, in connection with the air service maintained by the government for the assistance of aviators.

When Mr. Grimes turns over the reins to Mr. Underwood, on the 28th of November, he will return to private citizenry for the first time since he joined the government service fifty-two years ago next January. He deserves all the relaxation and pleasures that may come his way upon retirement at the age of three-score-and-ten.

service which Nantucket is receiving today, although in the years that have passed the cable has been broken number of times, repaired and replaced. The first line to cross the island from Madaket to town was built with hollow galvanized iron poles, 21 feet tall and 2½ inches in diameter. It needed about 400 of them to reach town, and at the time it was thought they would be far better than wooden poles. Such was not the case, however, as wind, snow and ice raised havoc with the line repeatedly and many of the poles doubled over under the weight accumulating on the wire.

AND MIRROR, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS., SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 30, 1937.

TWENTY YEARS AGO! CAN YOU RECALL IT?



Picture Board House Nantucket 1917



*This house is now owned by Mrs.
Edith Paun MacNeill.*

GAZETTE, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1936

The Old Peter Hoar Homestead in Lakeville

By Lewis H. Benton, Taunton

In beautiful Lakeville, on the east side of South Main street, some rods north of the Four Corners, is the old hip-roof mansion of colonial days built probably by Peter Hoar in 1785 or 1786, several years after his marriage on October 11, 1722 to Mercy Peirce. He built it on land purchased in February, 1785, from Jacob Tilson.

Mercy was the oldest of thirteen children of Capt. Job and Elizabeth (Rounseville) Peirce. She was his third cousin and was seventeen years old at the time of their marriage; he was twenty-three. The Hoar genealogy calls him a "gentleman and a soldier". This has nothing to do with the modern expression "a gentleman and a scholar", etc. Peter was born July 25, 1754, and died March 12, 1815. Mercy out-lived him 32 years and passed away May 20, 1847. She was born April 25, 1762, nearly 26 years before her brother, Peter Hoar Peirce. Mercy and her husband are buried in the old Peirce family cemetery in Lakeville, not far from the home where they passed their 33 years of married life together. He was the third of six children of Robert Hoar, of Middleboro. His mother was Judith Tinkham, who was the second wife of his father, they having been married Oct. 4, 1753. She died Feb. 26, 1761. His father was married three times.

Peter had a sister Sarah, born 1757 and died in her young womanhood on Nov. 22, 1775, who was noted for her beauty. She sleeps the eternal sleep in the old "Castle" cemetery on Staples street, East Taunton. At the time of her death she was betrothed to Ebenezer Peirce, brother of Capt. Job and uncle to Mercy. This Ebenezer was killed in the Revolution, in which he was a private, several years after the death of his sweetheart.

This "Castle" cemetery on Staples street was established by a reservation from the acres of the old homestead in a deed of 1745 of Deacon William Hoar, uncle to the beautiful Sarah, "as a burying place for him and his family." It was his son Peter, born 1757, who went "West". On William's headstone in this cemetery, now known as the "Castle" cemetery, his name is spelled "Hoar", tho' in his many legal transfers he spelled it "Hoar". His family record shows his birth as Dec. 30, 1721, while on his gravestone the date is Jan. 11, 1722. Both are right, strange to say, one being "O. S." (Old Style) and the other "New Style", tho' the real difference between the two is supposed to be 11 days. He may have been born close to midnight, one way or the other. The old Zenas Paul house, burned a year or so ago, was probably on a part of this farm, which was undoubtedly that of Samuel Hoar, the wheelwright, father of Deacon William.

Robert Hoar, the parent, was born May 23, 1719, and died sometime between 1784 and 1791. There seems to be no record of his death, but he was known to be living in 1784 and not in 1791. He was the son of Samuel Hoar, who was born in 1685 and who was a wheelwright in Taunton until 1712, after which time he purchased a farm in Middleborough and moved there. Robert was a miller and his gristmill was in operation when sold by his son John in 1792. Robert lived in Middleborough on the farm given him by his father. Samuel was the progenitor of the Middleboro family and was a prosperous landowner. He was the son of Nathaniel Hoar who was born in 1656 and whose wife was Sarah Wilbore, daughter of Shadrach Wilbore, the town clerk of Taunton who was noted for his beautiful and legible handwriting. The writer once knew a man who wrote a beautiful hand—if you did not have to read it. Nathaniel was, in turn, son of the prominent Ezekiah Hoar, one of the first proprietors of Taunton in 1639.

His homestead was at what is now the corner of Dean street and Longweadow road. The latter was then known as Hoar's lane.

Peter Hoar had a fine military record. He was a private in Capt. Isaac Wood's company of "Minutemen" in the battle of Lexington before he reached his twenty-first birthday, and later served in the expedition to Rhode Island, being sergeant in Capt. Job Peirce's and first-lieutenant in Capt. Henry Peirce's company. This was in 1777 and 1780. He was also a lieutenant in Capt. Edward Sparrow's company in Rhode Island arms.

When the local militia of Massachusetts was reorganized in 1788, after the adoption of the Constitution, he was commissioned lieutenant of the 7th Company of Middleboro, sometimes called the "Beechwoods company" and after he moved to the Four Corners neighborhood he was elected captain of the First Company of local militia, known as the "Four Corners Company", on June 6, 1793, and held that position until Jan. 4, 1797, and from this latter date until July 22, 1800, was major of the Fourth Regiment of Infantry of the local militia, which was part of the 5th Division of the First Brigade, commanded by General David Cobb, of Taunton. In 1800 Peter Hoar was promoted to lieutenant-colonel, or senior-major, the title of Major clinging to him rather than the superior one of lieutenant-colonel. He held the office six years, when he was honorably discharged.

He was one of the selectmen of Middleborough, as that part of Lakeville was then, for many years and Representative of the town at the General Court three years, beginning 1809. He was commissioned Justice of the Peace for Plymouth County in 1811. In his religious life he was equally active, being a member of the Second Baptist church of Middleborough, but on account of convenience of location was influential in having erected the "Pond Church", so-called, near the Pond cemetery on the west shore of Assawampsett Pond, between the pond and the New Bedford road. He provided for the church in his will. It was built in 1797 and discontinued in 1861, the year the Civil War began, and, after having been remodelled into various enterprises, was burned early in 1870. By the way, as a coincidence, there was another Peter Hoar who married a Mercy Peirce. They were married on Oct. 2, 1782, nine days before the Peter and Mercy who lived in the house which is the subject of this article. I do not know whose daughter she was, but he, like the other Peter, was a grandson of Samuel, but through Samuel's son William instead of Robert. Mercy was his first wife. They sold their farm in Middleborough in 1785 and went west, at least what was considered as the "west" in those days of the long ago, but going no farther than New York state.

Peter and Mercy, who had no children, lived in this house more than thirty years, and after his death in 1815 the property went to his widow's youngest brother, Peter Hoar Peirce, whom they had brought up, their mother having died when he was but a few months over two years of age. Peter H. Peirce was 27 years old when Major Hoar passed away. He had at this time been married nearly two years to Nabby Sprout, daughter of Thomas Sprout, the date of their marriage being May 10, 1813. They became the parents of ten children. She passed away in 1864.

Peter H. Peirce was the thirteenth and youngest child of Capt. Job Peirce and his first wife, Elizabeth Rounseville, and was born March 25, 1788, and died Jan. 17, 1861. He was named for his oldest sister's husband, Peter Hoar, the builder of this house and, like him, had a fine military record. At this period much of the time was spent in fighting to rid themselves entirely of the British yoke. Between times they did some farming and attended church. In 1812 he

was captain of a company sent to reinforce the Plymouth Coast Guard. He was captain of the second company of local militia from early in 1814 to 1816, and major of the Fourth Regiment of Infantry in the local militia and lieutenant of the Fourth Regiment of Infantry of the Plymouth County Brigade.

Peter H. Peirce was the leading business man of Middleboro and was one of the incorporators and trustees of the old Middleboro Academy. He began keeping store at Lakeville Upper Four Corners and later moved to Middleboro Four Corners. He in company with Horatio G. Wood erected a cotton mill under the firm name of Peirce & Wood. He operated also a shovel factory and a retail store, and also dealt in real estate, and at his death was one of the wealthiest men in Middleboro. He was a State Senator and also director of the Old Colony & Fall River Railroad Co. At the time of his death he was living in his new mansion on North Main street, Middleboro.

Between Mercy, the oldest child of Job and Elizabeth Peirce, and Peter H., the youngest, there were eleven other children, including Levi who, like his youngest brother, was a man of business and military prominence, having been major in the local militia in 1809. Another brother was Capt. Job Peirce, Jr., also a storekeeper in Lakeville and later in Assonet, where he was in company with his brother Ebenezer who, though he became a successful man in business and held a dignified and prominent place in Assonet was a mischievous little rascal in his youth, at one time playing ghost, and scaring his sister Lucy to such an extent that she nearly lost her reason.

One evening when she was returning from a neighbors he, mounted on stilts and covered by a white sheet, gave an unearthly groan as she passed him leaning against a tree, and when she fled he pursued her. This is no bedtime story. At another time, several years later, while living in Assonet, having stopped at Briggs' Tavern at Berkley Common, on his way home from Taunton with several companions just as "wild" as himself, he acquired some reputation as a marksman when a large and luscious pumpkin pie, thrown by him, was in a head-on collision with the face of Ezra Briggs, the tavern keeper. When Ezra had excavated his countenance from the ubiquitous pie-filling enough to be able to see, the young rascals had fled. One of Ebenezer's companions, not to be outdone, found some of Mrs. Briggs' hair-combs and dropped them into the deep fat in which that lady was frying doughnuts. This is no post-prandial story. Ebenezer was the Charlie Chaplin of his time.

The sister Lucy, the victim of the ghost episode, was born Dec. 18, 1771, and died Dec. 2, 1859. She married on Feb. 19, 1795, Hon. William Bourne of Middleboro, brother to Sally the wife of her brother Levi, William and Sally being the children of Capt. Abner Bourne. William Bourne was a captain and then a major in the Volunteer Cavalry. He was a Senator in 1820, a County Commissioner, a Justice of the Peace and an all-around man of affairs. They had two children. Major Bourne was a man of Herculean build and in his military uniform, must have been an imposing figure. He was a member of the firm of Washburn, Bourne & Peirce, later Bourne & Peirce. This firm was a family affair. Their place of business was at the Four Corners in Middleboro and known as "the old store" and was burned in the early '70's. General Abial Washburn, the senior member, was brother-in-law to Bourne and also to Levi Peirce, the junior member. Abial Washburn's wife was Elizabeth Peirce, sister to Levi, and Bourne's wife was Lucy, sister to Elizabeth and Levi, the latter being in business with his youngest brother Peter H. Peirce.

When Peter Hoar left this house to his namesake Peter Hoar Peirce, it is evident that Mercy had a life lease there, or some similar provision, as on April 2, 1827, Mercy joined with the legatee, as one of two grantors in conveying the property to Job Peirce. On Oct. 10, 1845, Job Peirce sold this house and the lot on which it stood to Benjamin Coombs, who owned it a year and in 1846 conveyed it to Capt. Joseph Black, the latter selling it to Albert Chace in 1854. He

the same year sold it to John Paun, who bequeathed this place to his two sons, Amos A. and John H. Paun. The latter bought out the former and occupied the place. John H. willed it to his son, John G. Paun, who now lives in the next house south and is the present Town Clerk and Treasurer and Collector of Lakeville. His son-in-law, Gordon E. McNeill is repairing and restoring this historic old homestead for a residence, including enlarging the cellar. Various families have occupied this house at various times. At one time, since John G. Paun's ownership, Ichabod B. Thomas, superintendent of streets, lived upstairs. He was father-in-law to Mr. Paun. His widow now lives in the house with Mr. Paun.

When Job Peirce purchased this property it included all the land to the corner and also several acres across the road. After this the conveyance covered only the house in question and the lot on which it stood. This Job had a story at the Four Corners just below, I think.

The ancient musterfield is in the rear of this house—the field where Peter Hoar and Peter Hoar Peirce trained with their militias, but who have long since gone to the Great Muster Field from which there is no return.

It is to John G. Paun, the Town Clerk that I am indebted for much of this information.

Mrs. John Paun's mother A Tribute

A wealth of flowers at the funeral service of Mrs. Almira J. F. Thomas, which was largely attended last Wednesday, was a tribute and testimony to the esteem and affection with which she was held by the community and friends.

Mrs. Thomas, who was in her eightieth year was born in Thomastown and resided there until she was nineteen years of age, when she moved to Taunton. She was married in Taunton and lived there several years residing on Map street. After the birth of her third child she returned to Middleboro and lived in Thomastown for many years, removing to Lakeville about twenty years ago. Several years she had made her home with her daughter, Mrs. John Paun.

Although confined to her room for the past four years following the amputation of a leg, Mrs. Thomas, maintained an active interest in the affairs of the town and it was a great pleasure to her to enjoy a brief ride about Middleboro one afternoon this fall.

During these four years she made a quilt for the Nemasket Grange and one for the Thomastown Sewing Circle which she was a charter member.

Mrs. Thomas held membership in Hannah Shaw Chapter O. E. S., the Nemasket Grange, the Woman's Alliance, and many years had been a member of the D. A. R. She had held membership in the Unitarian church since 1899 and had been treasurer of the Thomastown Sewing Circle for forty seven years.

She is survived by four children, five grandchildren and three great grandchildren.

During the past few years when Mrs. Thomas was kept within, her room was filled with flowers and greetings from her many friends and she also received many callers during this time. Her cheerfulness and interest in events of the day giving pleasure to all who came in contact with her.

Year 1936

Trustee

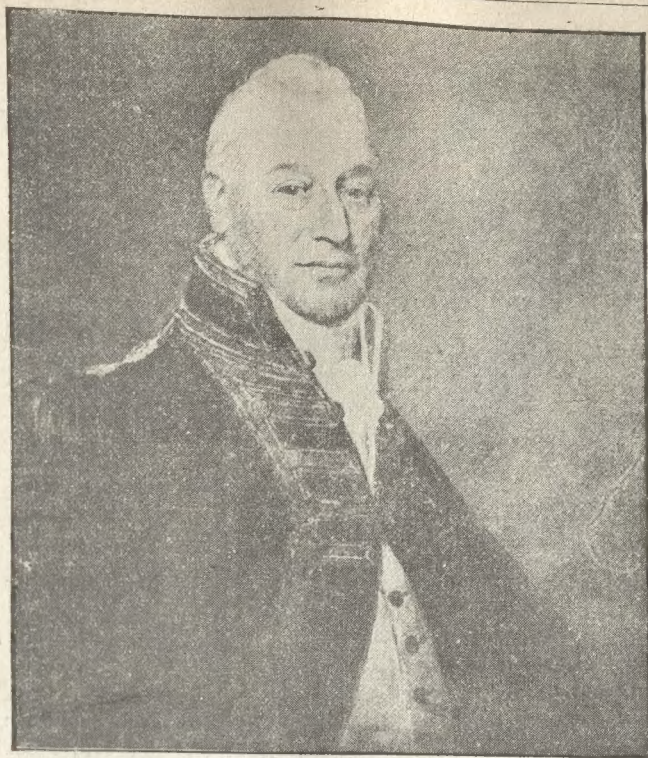
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*Truly Yours
Isaac Coffin
Admiral*

Trustees of Coffin School Accept Generous Offer.

Several years ago Copley Amory, of Washington, D. C., visited Nantucket and examined the portrait of Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, painted more than a century ago by Sir William Beechey, and which was designated by the late Walter Gilman Page as "the outstanding portrait on the island".

Mr. Amory saw that, to some extent, it showed signs of age and stated that if it could be restored by an expert he would be glad to pay the cost of such restoration. His offer was carefully considered, off and on, by the trustees for over a year.

Miss Mary Turlay Robinson, who knew of some excellent restorations which had been made by Charles M. Muskavitch, and William H. Tripp of the New Bedford Whaling Museum, for which organization Mr. Muskavitch had restored ten paintings, both felt that he was the expert who should do this work.

Mr. Muskavitch was then located in Dallas, Texas, where he was doing a very large job for the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts. Last August Mr. Muskavitch and Mr. Tripp came to Nantucket and, with Miss Robinson, inspected in detail the Admiral's portrait. As the result of this examination the picture was forwarded to Dallas for treatment.

In November it was returned and the trustees consider that it has been restored in a marked and satisfactory manner. It looks like a painting recently made, but its freshness is not too obvious. It is undoubtedly good for another hundred years and the trustees are grateful to Mr. Amory for generously paying the cost of this restoration.

Recently the trustees have received a letter from Louis E. Coffin of Surrey, England, who is a great grand-nephew of Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin. He offered them an opportunity to purchase, at a reasonable price, a portrait of the Admiral, painted by John Lucas, a famous artist of his day. The secretary of the trustees could only thank him and say that they were already in possession of an excellent and highly valued portrait of the founder of the Coffin School.

Death of Mrs. Thomas Ward in Albany.

Mrs. Adelaide Bell Ward, for many years a summer resident of Nantucket and owner of "Bonnie Castle" on the cliff, died December 20th in Albany, N. Y. She is survived by her sisters, Anna Jane Bell, Mrs. Archibald Moat, both of Albany, N. Y., Mrs. Mary Maxon of Schenectady, N. Y. and Mrs. Henry Bennett, of Parkersley, Virginia.

The funeral took place December 22d with services conducted at St. Andrews Episcopal Church in Albany, and interment in Albany Rural Cemetery. The Rev. Charles Findlay officiated.

Mrs. Ward was well-known to the residents and cottagers of Nantucket, and spent long seasons here each year.

Will Disposes of Estate—on Nantucket.

A memorial fund bearing the name of one of her sisters was set up under the will of Mrs. Adelaide B. Ward, which was admitted to probate this week by Surrogate Rogan.

She directed that "any and all securities" in her possession at death be given St. Andrew's Episcopal Church for the fund, to be known as the Anna J. Bell Memorial Fund. The only stipulation Mrs. Ward made was that flowers be placed on the altar each year on the Sunday nearest March 24 to mark her sister's birthday. The vestry was given the power to spend the money as it sees fit.

In addition to large bequests to employees, Mrs. Ward directed that her four sisters be given equal shares of all cash she has in Albany savings banks. The sisters are: Levina Moat, Slingerlands; Mary M. Maxon, Schenectady; Miss Bell, Albany, and Phoebe O. Bennett, Parkley, Va.

Two nieces and a nephew were given all cash on hand at her home. They are: Ethel M. Delaney of Slingerlands (wife of District Attorney John T. Delaney), Edna Gaede of Ridgewood, N. J., and Donald Moat of Cleveland.

Mrs. Delaney also was given property at 9 Main avenue, Albany, with its contents but Mrs. Ward directed it be held in trust for the support of Miss Bell—Mrs. Delaney to inherit it outright after Miss Bell's death. Mrs. Delaney also was made residuary legatee.

The two servants who were mentioned in the will are Oscar Machetti and Margaret Hamblin of Nantucket. Machetti was given "Bonnie Castle" at 3 Cabot avenue, Nantucket, and Margaret Hamblin "all money on deposit in the Nantucket Institution for Savings." *year 1938*

Legends of Nantucket Printed More Than a Century Ago.

From the *Nantucket Inquirer*,
February 28, 1829.

When the Island of Nantucket was first visited by the whites, they found it inhabited by two tribes of Indians; one in possession of the east, and the other the west end of the island. Their manners and customs were of a character similar to the majority of the tribes originally inhabiting the eastern shores of North America. They had a system of mythology, however, which was very remarkable for a close resemblance to that of the ancient Greek and Latin Poets.

The conclusions which should be drawn from a circumstance so wonderful, I leave for others to determine—content am I to assign the matter to a capacity better calculated to appreciate or speculate upon the subject, and pursue, myself, the more humble path of merely recording what those traditions were.

In doing this I shall relate the story, as it was told to my great grandfather by and in the words of his informant, the Sage Eaaoptooicoo, Great Medicine Man of the Western Tribe.

This Island was formed by the ashes from the pipe of a great and powerful Chief, many moons before anyone lived upon it. The Great Spirit looked down upon it and beheld it was fertile and green—he planted the trees and they grew—he made the Deer and many other animals, and they multiplied exceedingly, and the land was very fruitful.

The Great Spirit then said, "It is good, behold I will give this ground to my Red Children." The father of all our brethren then lived at Chapequiddie—he was a wise Chief. While before the great Council Fire of his Tribe, the Great Spirit spoke to him in his ear, and said "Arise, take thy Squaws, thy Papposes, thy skins and Canoes, to go out upon the Great Lake."

He was a wise Chief and arose to prepare to do as he was told. All the Chiefs of his Tribe and those of the Tribes around went with him to the shore, bidding him farewell and believing him thus singularly called from them as a reward of his virtues, and that he was destined by the Great Spirit to inhabit the blessed Hunting Ground and Prairies of the just.

He left them weeping behind, but he wept not—he sung his Death Song willingly—and the mournful echoes of those noble tones as they floated upon the wide waters, mellowed by distance and struck their attentive ears were all that they ever heard from the great, the good and wise Chief of their brave devoted Tribes.

Soon a darkness enveloped the scene, shut the view of the land from his sight, and left him to paddle his bark unaided by any but divine assistance. His voyage continued many days and then he was cast upon the shores of this Island, where his posterity now remain.

He had been here but a short time, when the Evil Spirit rebelled against the Good Spirit and fought for the possession of the blessed Prairies. The battle was long and severe; but the Good Spirit prevailed and they fled—the awful voice and fiery arrows of the Good Spirit struck the rebellious Chief and he fell prostrate—he was a Giant, with many heads and arms, and monstrous serpents instead of legs and his fall was upon this Island the force so great as to nearly divide it in halves; making thereby the valley called Matticut-Cham which extends through the whole Island.

Many Indians were killed by the fall, at which the Good Spirit was angry and sentenced him to an everlasting imprisonment beneath us, chained thereto by the whole weight of the Island resting upon him, since which his motion has several times been felt, shaking the Island like an Earthquake.

The monster was angry—so much so that he gnawed off his legs and sent the Serpents (hence the Sea Serpent A. S.) into all parts of the great waters to ravage and perplex the children of the Great Spirit. One of them found its way under the Earth into one of the Ponds situated a little westward from Shawkemmo.

He was discovered and the braves of our tribes embarked in their canoes in pursuit of the Pootar, as they called him, (which in our language means a whale or other monster of the water).

When closely pressed he disappeared and arose in the next Pond; thus baffling their skill for a long time, but our men were braves and our chiefs wise men; both Ponds were speedily filled with canoes, the monster was killed and the place ever after was called Pootar Pond, and is so even to this day.

Another Legend as Told By "F" at Sconset in 1830.

Where you now behold naked hills and barren valleys within two centuries towered the spreading foliage of the oak tree—where this village now stands, once stood the miserable hut of the savage, but they have passed away like mist of which no trace is left.

I remember many legends of the Indians, but the prepossession of the whites against their very name—the name of that people they have so grossly injured, is so great that they are desirous to obliterate every trace of them. However, I will relate to you a short story which was told my father by an old Indian and embraces a lively example of savage heroism and devotion. I will relate it as near as I can in the nervous style of the original. It is clothed in all the wild dress of fanciful exaggeration, to which untaught nations are so prone.

I suppose that you have heard that there were formerly two principal tribes of natives and that before their union there were many bloody wars between them? Many years before that union, where yonder hill rises so gracefully from the plain (he pointed with his hand towards an eminence) stood the cottage of an Indian Chief. His family consisted of himself, his wife, a daughter, beautiful as the sun unobscured by the wrath of the "Great Spirit," modest as the face of the full moon, and an only son, named Roqua.

They were as happy as mortals could be and their life was one constant routine of bliss, till an unhappy war broke out between the two tribes. Then the Indians took the field. Each warrior bound the bow and quiver to his shoulders and assumed the ponderous war club.

The armies met. They fought. The eastern tribe was defeated—they fled—they left their village, their women, their old men to the mercy of a merciless enemy. The whole were slaughtered and the habitations burnt to ashes. God of mercy, what a scene! The helpless and the aged shrieking for help, but alas! shrieking in vain! The scalps being torn from the bleeding temples, their bodies were thrown among the blazing ruins of their village. One young chief in particular distinguished himself for his bravery and his cruelty. He murdered 20 of the defenseless inhabitants and his tomahawk drank the blood of Roqua's parents and sister.

The victors returned home loaded with spoils, and the vanquished were permitted to return and mourn over their fallen fortunes. Roqua alone did not mourn. He despised unavailing tears and harmless sorrow. But

he vowed revenge on the murderers of his happiness and solemnly swore by the spirit of his fathers to wipe out the stain on his honor with the blood of the murderer.

He concealed his purpose from everyone, but as soon as the shades of night bathed the sorrowers in sleep, he assumed his tomahawk and bent his way toward the village of the unwary foe. The chill breezes of night whistled round him, and unearthly voices floated on the wind.

"My son, revenge my death! Drench

my tomb with the blood of my murderer!" He knew the voice of his father's spirit, and the beams of hope descended like the dew of Heaven. He reached the cottage of vengeance. His victim slept surrounded by trophies that made his heart bleed. He approached his couch, the tomahawk drank his blood.

Roqua seized a torch from the expiring fire—he applied it to the hut; the clear blaze shot up to Heaven—the flames flew from cottage to cottage—the whole village was soon one sheet of fire. The maddened Indians rushed from their habitations to seek the disturber of their repose. He shunned them not; his weapon drank their noblest blood.

Warriors fell before him as the forest falls before the axe of the woodman. At length a distant arrow sought him, the whizzing weapon pierced his bosom and he fell.

Before unrelenting death settled his voice forever, he thus addressed the wondering crowd. "Behold, a tempest approaches from the north—the canoes of the white men with spreading sails shall descend upon your shores. Victors and vanquished shall perish alike and one promiscuous grave shall bury all. For approaching Death—gives—" His quivering lips were silent—the warrior died. But his bosom friends were revenged.

Jan 28 Door Bells. 1939

John E. Moore, the Registrar of Voters, who is making the re-listing of men and women twenty-one years of age or over, as required by statute, says he is meeting with some very interesting and, at times, amusing incidents in the course of his rounds.

Some people (women especially) are reluctant to divulge their correct ages, and in cases where they refuse, the Registrar has to make recourse to the town records, or else make a guess—and usually guesses too much.

There are various ways in which the Registrars can determine the correct ages, in case persons are not inclined to co-operate to that extent in the town canvass. But the Registrar runs across some features that are not always in line with his work.

For instance, years ago, when on the delivery wagon, Mr. Moore said failure to respond to the ring of the door bell would be due to crying babies. Nowadays he finds it is because the radio is belching forth.

And he also finds something rather interesting relative to door bells. In fact, he has concluded that someone of a mechanical turn of mind could make a fairly good living just going around from house to house and repairing and adjusting door bells.

There are bells to pull, buttons to push, handles to yank, knobs to twist, knockers to thump—all kinds of contrivances. And what proved to be interesting in the door-to-door canvass, was the fact that so many of the door signals do not work or are not heard by the house-wives.

Here would seem to be a golden opportunity for someone to start forth as the town bell-fixer.

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